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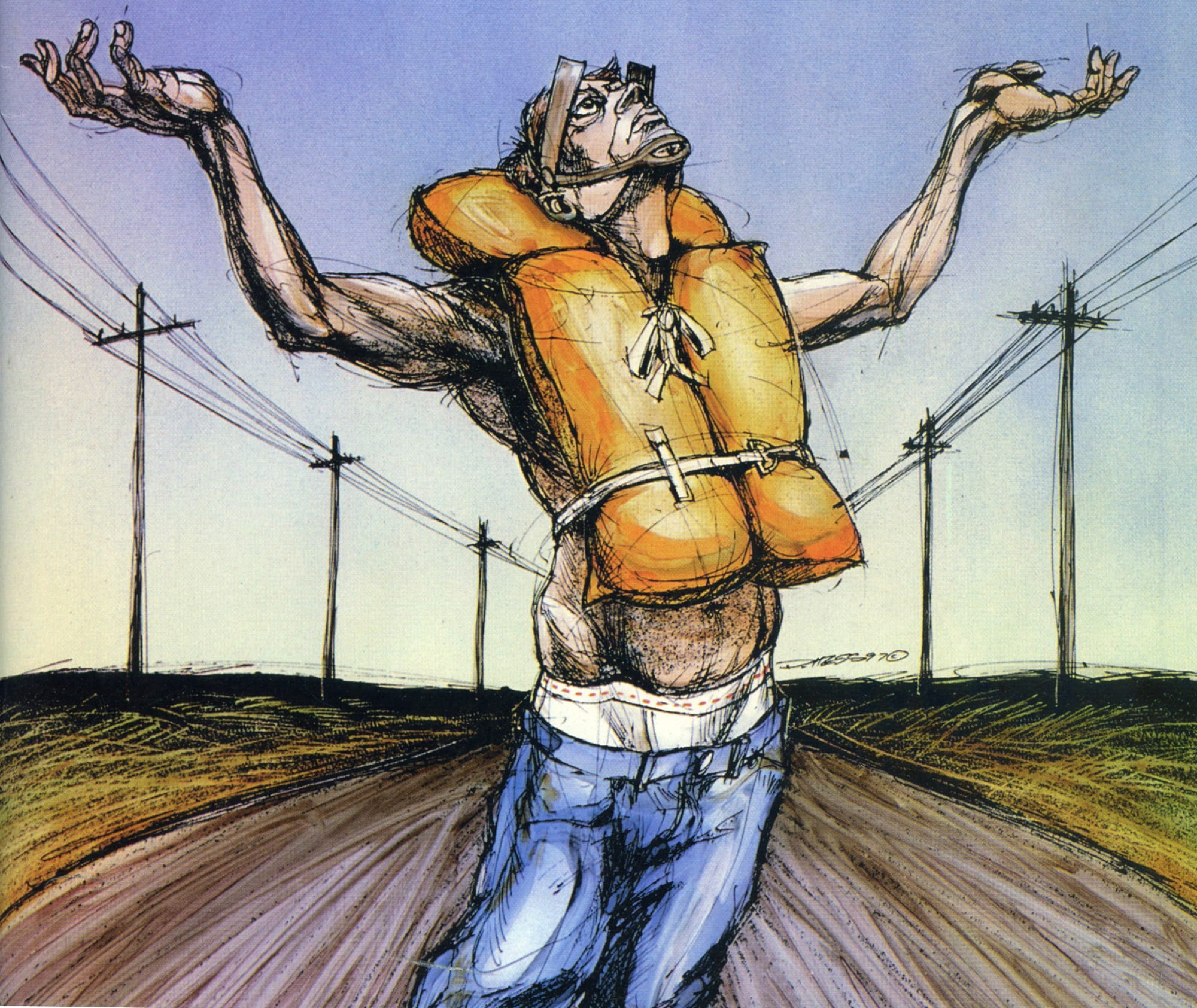

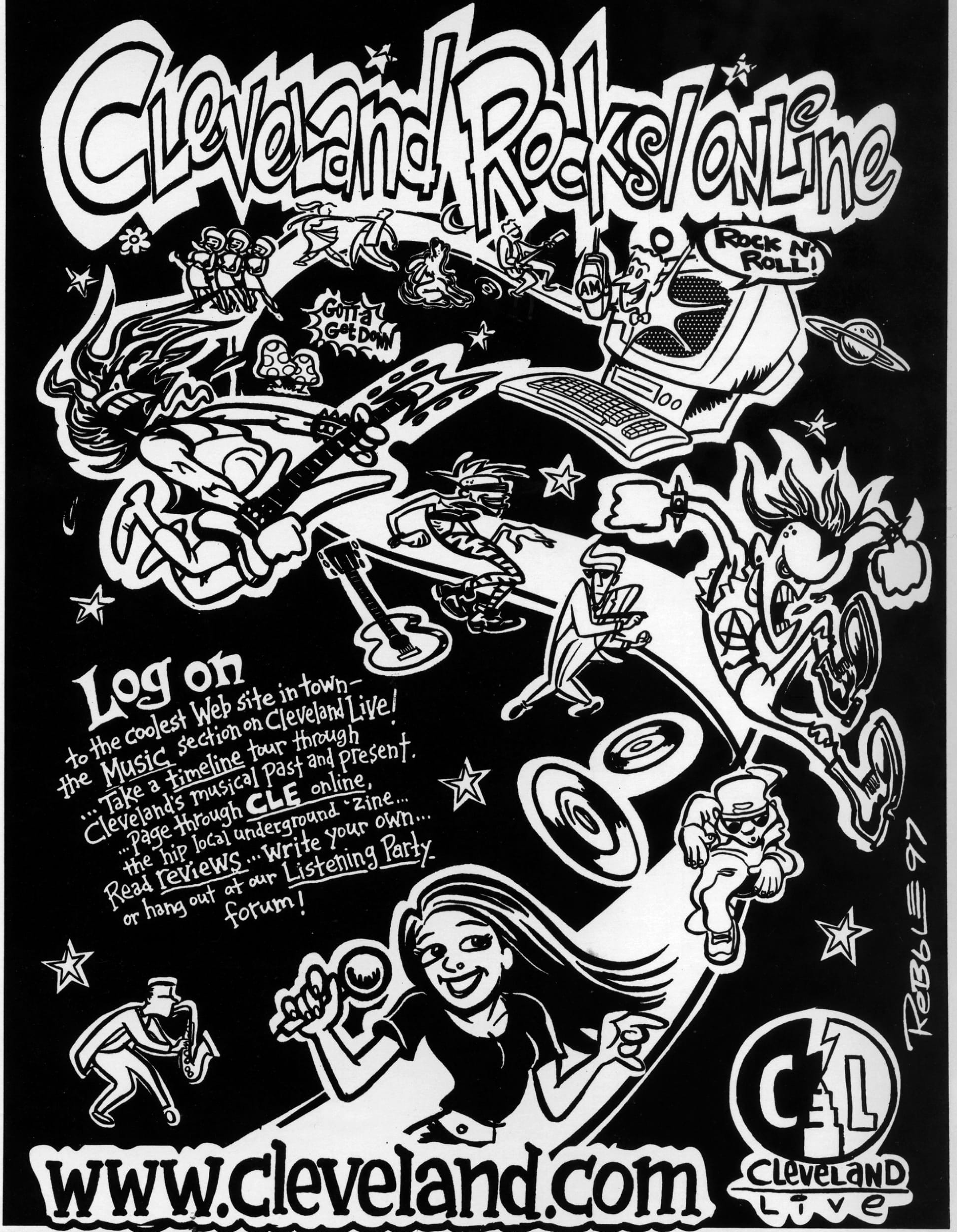
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CLE
MAGAZINE
No5

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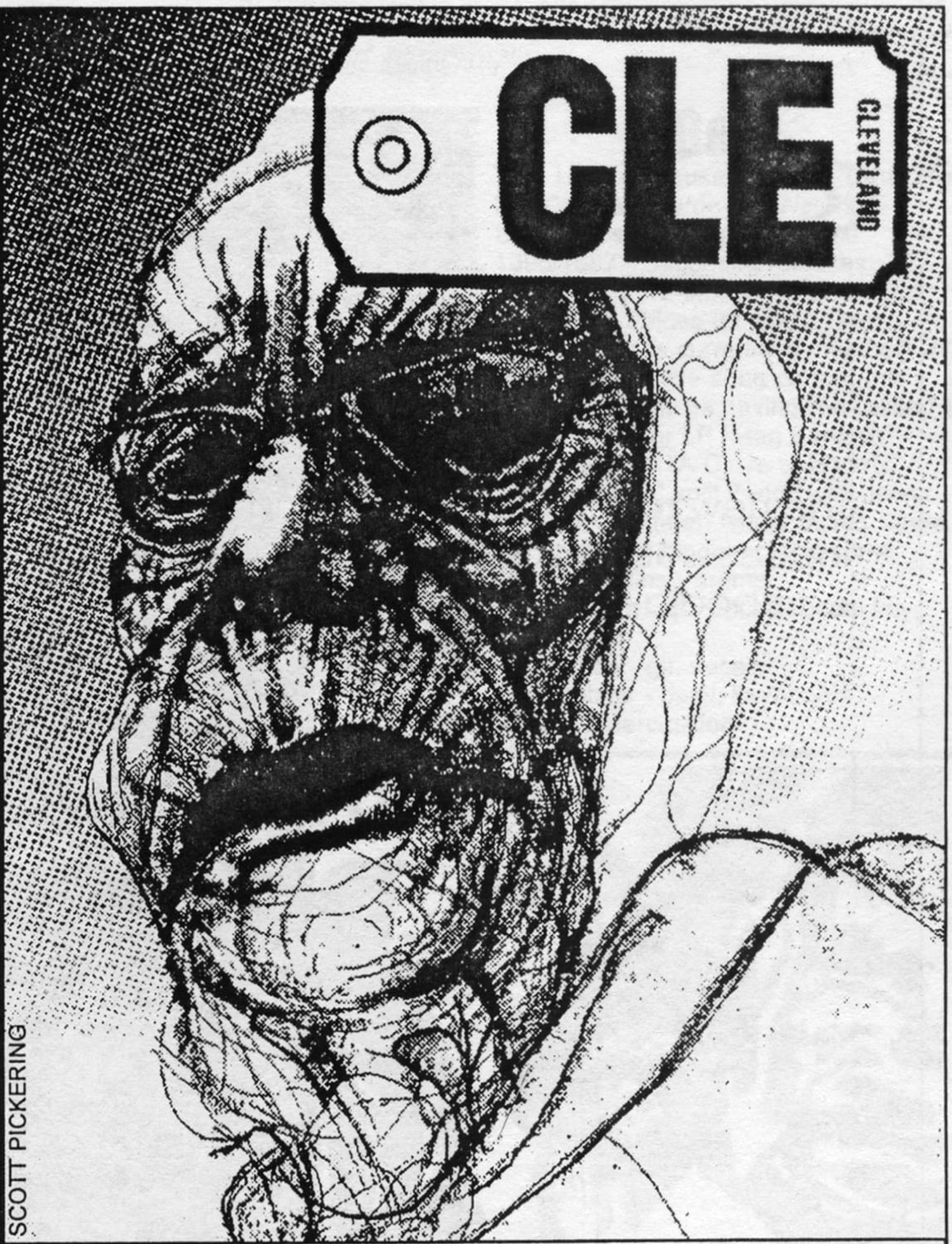

SCOTT PICKERING

AMPLIFICATIONS & CORRECTIONS (our fastest growing feature): Our sincere apologies to **Disengage**, **Biblical Proof of UFOs**, **DuValby Brothers**, and **Puff Tube**, all of whose names are missing from the back cover of this issue due to a typesetting screw-up, and **The Revelers**, whose name we misspelled. We have fired the whole staff. Last issue Karen Novak's credit was absent on her photo of Chump, and we also forgot to mention that Brenda Mullen, who did the Craw interview, is the publisher of *U.S. Rocker* magazine.

In case you didn't know, *CLE Magazine* is a multi-media energy center / historical preservation society, published sporadically by CLEWORLD Enterprises, Ltd. Subscriptions are NOT available, but you may be added to our mailing list to find out about future issues and projects.

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CLE MAGAZINE

map, monitor, surge

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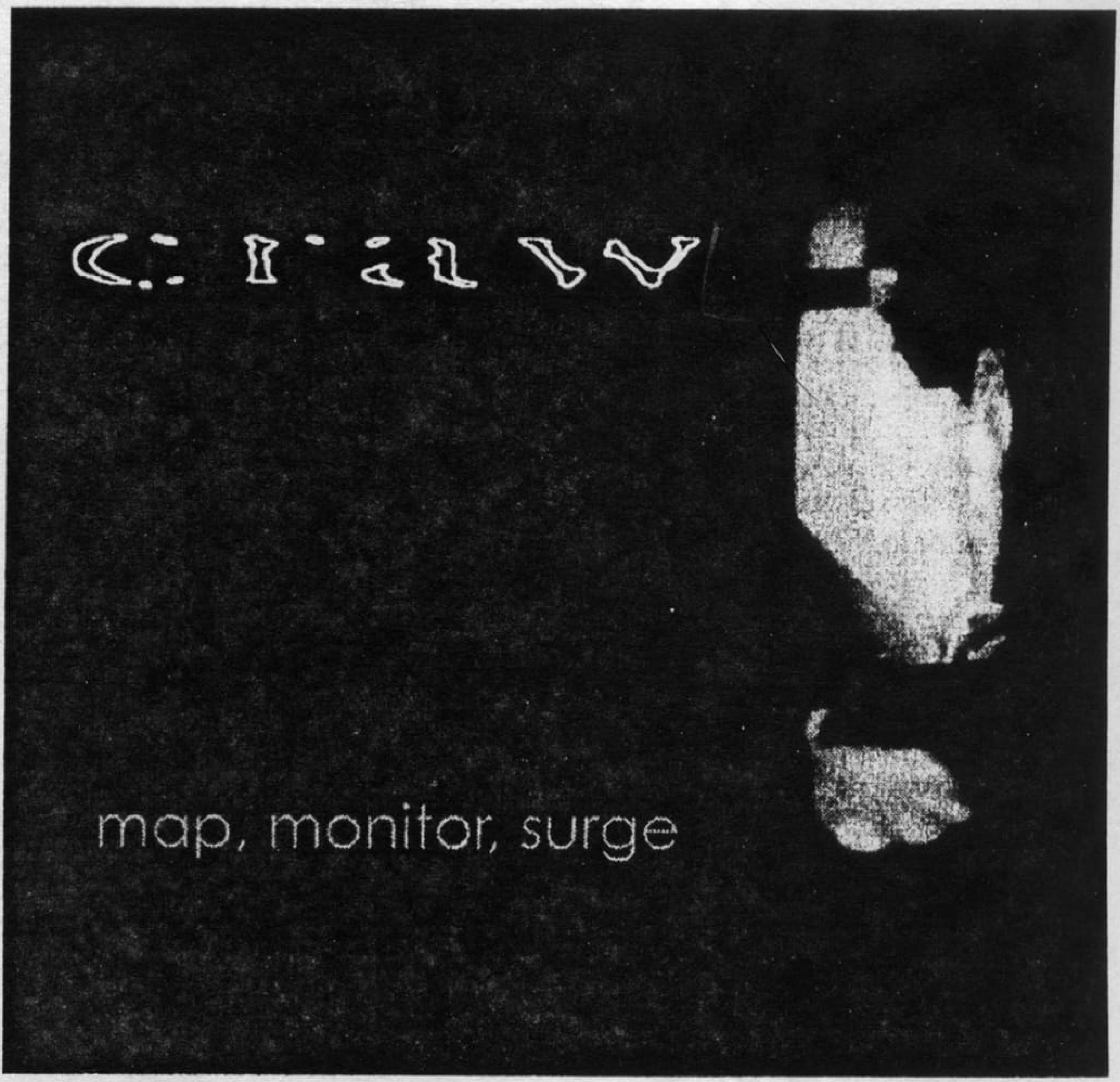

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CLE'S GROOVY GUIDE TO THE GROOPS

Fight Free Radicals with Cruel, Cruel Moon

"The drummer is in the mail..." Yeah, right. Recently decamped **CRUEL, CRUEL MOON** drummers include Derek Erdman, now eating at the big table in Chicago, and Ian Penter - yes, perhaps five bands was *one too many*... Trading guitars and drums for cheap electronics and found percussion, the Moonies--fortified with Ugly Beauty's Andrew Klimeyk--awed autumn audiences in Columbus and Cleveland with their proto-industrial, avant-roots live soundtrack for the 1928 film classic, *Salome*. Avant-Garage Film Festival organizer Tim Lanza booked 'em on the spot for the next one, coming later this year.

CCM has also returned to 609 to record songs for their second long-player, the title of which is being kept secret. This hot on the heels of their wildly successful 3-hour gig for the Akron Museum of Art's Andy Warhol opening, where the band easily instigated more dancing at that crowded exhibition than they have in two years of baffling bar appearances - is a change of venue in order, or what? By now you oughta be able to snag yourself a copy of the fanzine *Chunklet* #12, wherein you will find the Moon's hithertofore unreleased brimstone-poem, "Yeh, You." And don't forget to check out Craig's award-winning salsa recipe on the ever-unfolding CCM website at http://www.freedonia.com/~jeff/ccm/moonbase.html

Derek
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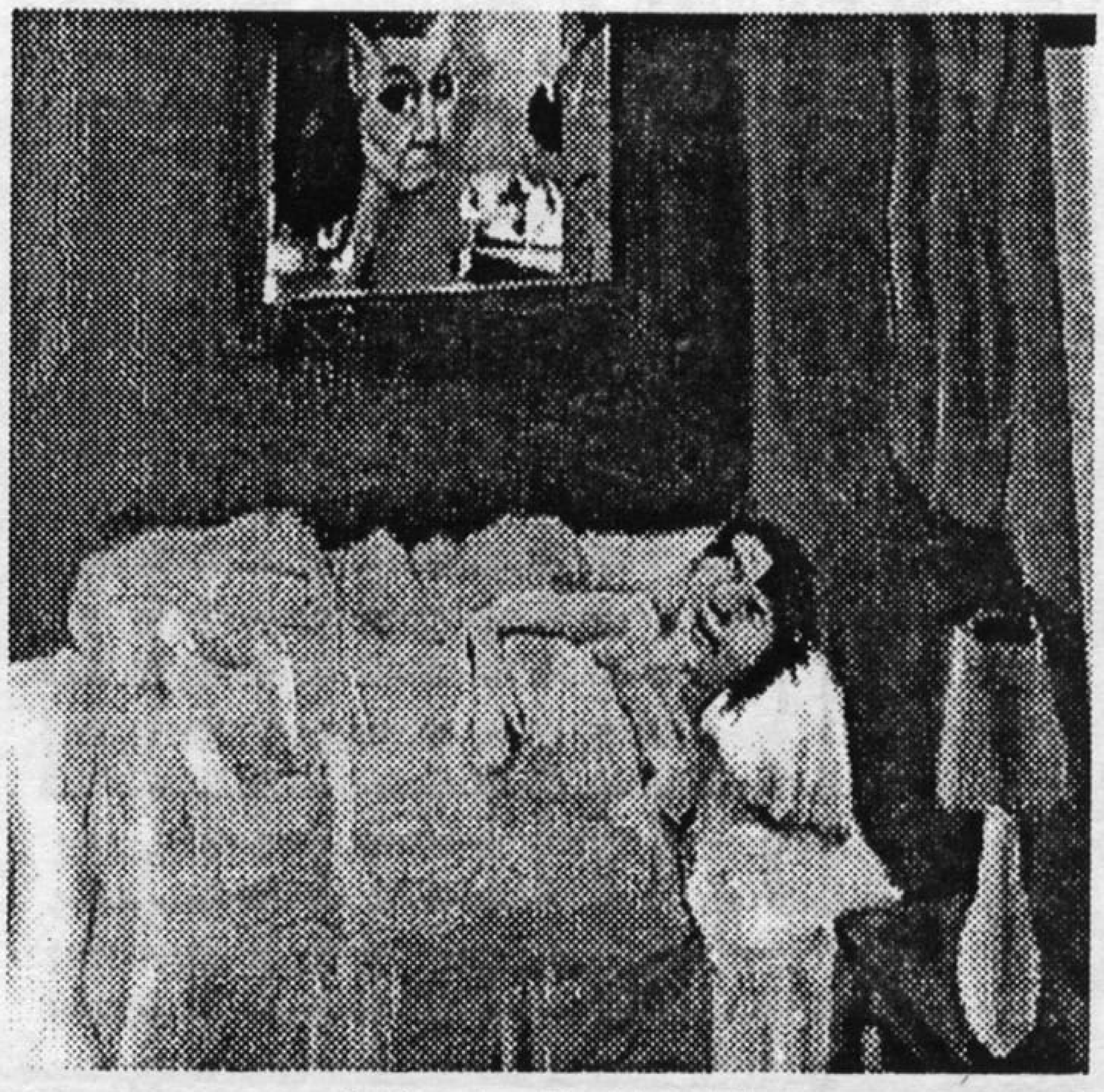
Craig



painting by Todd Tobias

Gem

"The Useful Thousands" and "Court Me Slow" were recorded at Waterloo Sound Recording in Kent, Ohio 1996/1997. Upcoming releases: "(I Am A) Tree" 12-inch vinyl EP on Scat. Guided By Voices (of which Gem's Doug Gillard is currently a member) will be performing the song on tour this summer as well as having rerecorded it for the Matador LP "Mag Earwhig!" Also watch for "A Clove of Harlots" / "Monochrome" split 7-inch with Jenny Mae out on Staten Island based Spare Me Records. Much more to come.

George Collins - drums
Doug Gillard - gtr, vocals, pedal keys, percussion
Tim Tobias - gtr, vocals
Todd Tobias - bass, keyboards, samples, percussion

Einstein's Secret Orchestra

Born on the FM airwaves in Cleveland, Ohio, the ESO experiment in right brain communication breakdown is now accessible to the entire planet. Einstein's Secret Orchestra has evolved in the blue-green etherwaves over the past few years by performing live on-the-air every Thursday night at WCSB, reconstructing and evolving on a vast repertoire of space rock-a-funk-a-punk-a-skunk-a-billy-a-soul-a-boogie'n blues'n anything new. The unusual ESO instrumentation of guitars, assorted keyboards, violin, theremin, bassoon, and percussion, along with the avant artistry found on their recordings and live on-the-air broadcasts, can be best described as "easy listening for the truly weird", and can now be heard via the internet (http://www.wcsb.org). As one writer put it, "These guys could write a great soundtrack for a monster movie. If I were to rate them, I'd say 'huh!'" Ever since this rocket was launched, ESO has inspired description, both musically and theatrically, as the surreality of their "A Night In The Swamp" squirms to life. As Church Of The Subgenius's Rev. Ivan Stang has said, "When talking about these guys, I'd say Space is the Place."

Ditch

was formed in 1992. Originally featuring Andy Stibora on guitar and vocals, Bill Coll on bass, and Karl Schultz on drums, a lot of reviews compared them to such bands as Mission Of Burma, Husker Du, pre-Jr. Dinosaur and Buffalo Tom. Maybe it was a volume thing. Make of it what you will.

By March, 1993, Ditch recorded "Little" for the WUJC / Scat Records compilation 3,128 Seconds Over Cleveland. Magnet called it a "faux psychedelic masterpiece". So much for the volume thing. As far as the live deal, there have been some pretty wild shows. The WUJC benefit featured a melee on stage with the New Bomb Turks. Now THAT'S punk rock. But as much fun as that was, the WRUW Studio-A-Rama was the highlight. The annual, all-day festival featured a raucous performance by Ditch. Much alcohol was consumed, a few patch cords saw their demise, and Karl was kicked out of the backstage area several times. In December, former Drill Kitty drummer George Collins took over the drumming duties. Shortly thereafter, the 7" ep "Laura" was released by Spazz Action Records, home of Cleveland freak-out PuffTube, as well as the real king of the airwaves ... The King Of Getdown himself ... Supie T.

1995 saw Ditch playing live and recording their full-length cassette little by little at Don Depew's 609 Recording. In the spring of 1996, George decided that he could no longer deny the incestuous Cle scene tradition, and added Gem to his plate, replacing departing Tubester Scott Pickering. Andy and Bill followed suit by joining Rollercoaster. September saw the release of *guilt is never to be doubted*, the band's full length effort on Punic Records. They have recently added My Dad Is Dead head honcho Mark Edwards to help out on guitar and vocals. In December, their song "Chippy Dippy" from *guilt* was released on Flux(xxx) Records compilation "Pee Out Yer Ball". Now, it's 1997 and the fine folks at CLE bring you "Codeine". **Punic Records can be contacted at: Box 19418, Cleveland OH 44119 or PunicRec@aol.com http://members.aol.com/PunicRec/index.html**

BIBLICAL PROOF OF UFOS

BPUFOs rock the casbah. pic: Novak

by Dr. Sandor Nimbus

BIBLICAL PROOF OF UFOS are Mike Peffer, Ray Pillar, Ron Kretsch, & Scott Silverman. They formed in December of 1995 & played their first gig the following March. In the past year they've stormed the Cleveland underground with concise, idiosyncratic, heavy rock, without incorporating trivial vocals for the sake of trivial vocals.

Guitarist Ron Kretsch moved to Cleveland from Transylvania, where he was the son of a blacksmith. "I used to hear my father in the barn", he explains. "I don't know what he was doing out there, but the sounds inspired me to make music."

Guitarist Scott Silverman aka "Shady Van Halen" has been in the music industry since birth. He was born in 1966 in the back of a falafel stand at a Grateful Dead show, & has strived to be like Jerry in all ways. He has been in & out of rehab & rest clinics for rock-n-roll abuse, but was recently released to help the UFOs with their recording sessions at Mars studios.

Bassist Ray Pillar is an orphan who was raised by a coven of witches in a west Cleveland suburb. He started playing the bass at age five, when the coven chose a path of rock-n-roll debauchery for him. He lives by his favorite adage by Dr. Sandor Nimbus*, "Hey, is that stuff free?"

Drummer Mike Peffer, also known as the band whore, cites his drumming influence from Animal of the Muppets & Leonard Nimoy's "Book Of A Thousand Flames". Born and raised in Kenya, he started playing with small twigs on an old tree stump at age three. His mother relocated the family to Cleveland to further her experiments on blind pigs.

Having played with such diverse acts as L7, Avail, Barkmarket, Guzzard, Unwound, US Maple, & Blonde Redhead, they've developed a powerful, straightforward, & energetic live show. Their first release is a 7" entitled "Vishnu Were Here" & is available on Cleveland's Cambodia Records.

*(Dr. Sandor Nimbus is also spiritual advisor for Biblical Proof Of UFOs, as well as the DuValby Bros., Amy Grant, Filter, Smashing Pumpkins, & 100,000 Leagues Under My Nutsack.)

My Dad Is Dead

What can be said about Mark Edwards and My Dad Is Dead? He's been writing and performing great songs for over 10 years, and the band, which currently includes Matt Swanson and Shayne Ivy on bass and drums, has never sounded better. With a catalogue of 10 full-length albums (including the soon to be released cd "Everyone Wants The Honey But Not The Sting" and the sort-of -reissued classic "Shine(r)"—both on Emperor Jones), a 1/2 dozen or so singles, and contributions to numerous compilations, Mark Edwards is a man with a lot on his mind.

1. ***CLE:*** *I'll just "86" the first question. Go buy CLE issue 3.x if you want to know the significance of the moniker My Dad Is Dead.*

2. ***CLE:*** *Here's cliche question #2. How's the new record?*

Mark Edwards: uhh... it had a bit of the flu for awhile, but it is recovering quite nicely..... actually we decided to go back in and trash all the grunge guitars and live drums in favor of samples and drum machine tracks so we can be on top of the "new wave of electronica" that has been anointed as the next big thing by all the major labels who are dropping alt.rock like hot potatoes....You know us in MDID always like to be on the crest of the wave....

3. ***CLE:*** *You recorded with Don Depew at 609 (who's produced New Bomb Turks, Cobra Verde) this time and experimented with recording digitally. Any opinion on the differences between analogue and digital recording?*

Mark: Well the whole record was actually done by Don hand etching fine grooves in a circular copper plate while we played in the other room... so it's highly interpretive. I guess you could say the producer had a major role in the sound of the record..... ok, now that I'm done being a smart ass... the record was pretty much done b4 Don got his dual Adat's.. so I don't really know... I went in a couple of weeks later just to get some experience recording on them but I was coming down with a cold and played really shitty.. the tracks we did are pretty much useless.

4. ***CLE:*** *Since we're talking about recording... On some of the earlier albums, you played all the instruments. Now you seem to be sticking to guitar. Do you miss playing drums?*

Mark: Actually the years in Drums Anonymous have lightened the load quite a bit... I still crave a stick in my hand and a blister on my finger once in awhile, but, you know, one day at a time and all. As long as I keep working my program I can steer clear of them..

5. ***CLE:*** *You've had so many people through the band over the years, it gets a little confusing. This lineup seems to be pretty well set. Matt Swanson's been in the band since '92, and Shayne Ivy's been in since '95. Does it feel like this group has started to gel as a band?*

Mark: None of the personnel changes were really by my choice... I must just be impossible to get along with.. everyone can't wait to get out of MDID.... It's kind of hard to "gel" when we live three states apart... we only start getting really tight after the tour is almost over... .so the recommendation is.. if somebody calls you to book an MDID show.. make sure you ask... "Now when did this tour start?" No really.. they're all pros... Matt is an amazing bass player, way more talented and deserving of a better band than MDID, and Shayne is a powerful drummer... both pick things up quickly... if there's a weak spot in the band it's this amateurish guitarist... we really only need about a week of practice to get it going again....

6. ***CLE:*** *Since this is CLE Magazine, let's talk a little about Cleveland. You've had a fair amount of success outside the city limits, yet the people in Cleveland hardly seem to know you exist. Would you call that a fair statement, any insight?*

Mark: The thing is...why should anybody care? I've always thought musicians, actors and sports figures are paid way more attention than they're worth... I don't care who knows we exist as long as the people who do know are getting something out of what we are doing...I've tried to stay true to the MDID "theme" over the years.. writing some songs with personal meaning and maybe a melody you can remember. Which isn't to say I'd love to sell more records... but the notoriety doesn't do much for me... It does disappoint me somewhat that our last few local shows have drawn about a fifth of the

continued next page

THE AGGRAVATORS

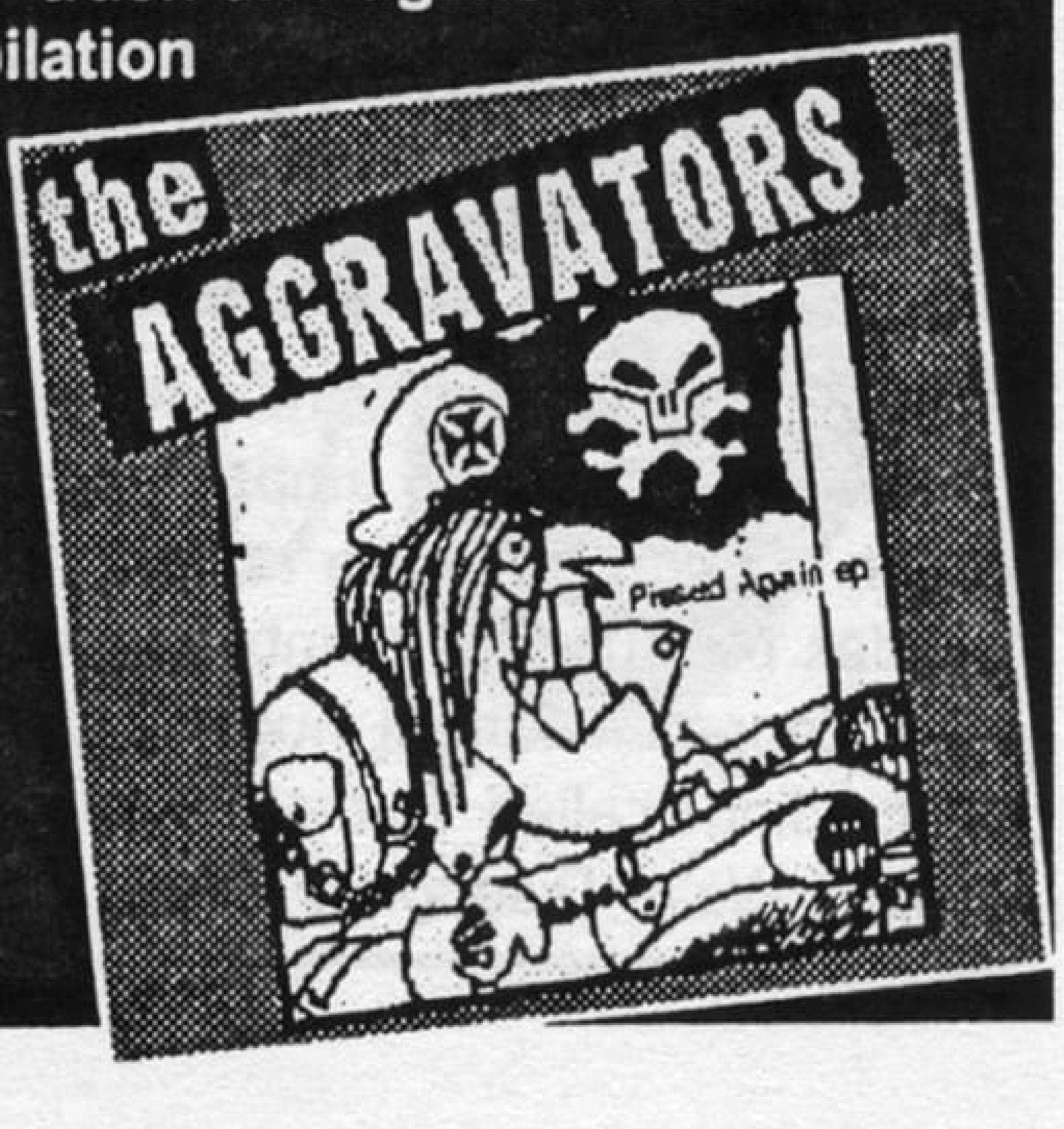
IN TODAY'S AGE of once-great bands moving into new genres in hopes of appealing to more "sophisticated" audiences, Cleveland's AGGRAVATORS have spent the last five years serving up a backlash to the in-crowd by defying the new to redefine the once-was.

Having no intention of being groundbreaking, hip, or appealing to a "cool" demographic, THE AGGRAVATORS play raw, dirty, in-your-face punk rock-n-roll that preaches *hanging on* to youthful angst and nostalgia, rather than discarding it. And unlike many bands involved in today's "underground" music community, they also stay true to their local roots, incorporating covers into their set by Cleveland punk legends like the Pagans and Starvation Army.

Since 1995, they have released 3 vinyl-only EPs (all on the Cleveland-based Sonic Swirl label), all of which have received critical praise in indie publications like *Maximum Rock-N'Roll, Flipside, Moo*, etc.

Their new release, "It's All For Fun" shows the band at their primal best, and is certain to become a hit on the turntables of punk-rock freaks everywhere. *--Robb McKinney*

AGGRAVATORS Discography:
"Pissed Again" EP, 1995 , 1000 copies (Sonic Swirl)
"Stuck In The Eighties" EP, 1996, 800 copies (Sonic Swirl)
"It's All For Fun" EP, 1997 (Sonic Swirl)
"I Do" track on Pagans tribute compilation



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MDID cont...

crowds we draw out of town, but that's partially my fault too... I take for granted that simply because I'm from here people will take notice... but in this day and age you've really got to get in other people's faces if you want to be noticed... and that notion has always turned me off... club owners in Cle pretty much expect the local acts to be out there selling themselves.. they save the promotional energy for the out-of-towners... which is why we do so much better out of town, I guess ... I'm a lousy salesman!

7. **CLE:** *Your web-site has a pretty good (and funny) history of the band. You've played with, how shall I say it, a diverse slate of bands. Everyone from Modern English to The Butthole Surfers to The Pixies. Any good stories you haven't told?*

Mark: Oh there's a lot of memories.. some good, some bad.. we've probably played with just about everybody on the 4AD roster at one time or another, which is probably how at one Chicago show a few years ago we were billed as "4AD recording artists My Dad Is Dead". We had all these people coming up to us and congratulating us, asking us.. you know, what's Ivo really like? It was pretty funny... the only thing that bothers me sometimes is that I've let the alliances I've had with people be temporary ones.. it's hard to keep in touch all the time, but it would have been nice if I had paid a little more attention to keeping up some semblance of a relationship with all the musicians I've met through the years...I look at bands like NIN who come from rather humble musical beginnings and "suddenly" they're hobnobbing with famous people and I wonder.. how did they do that? Would I even want to do that? I don't know.. I'm sure it will never become an issue....

8. **CLE:** *Back to the future. This is your third album for Emperor Jones. What kind of expectations do they have at this point?*

Mark: Well, I guess you could ask them... I really don't know. Both Craig and King seem enthusiastic about putting out MDID records.. but whether they have any expectations I really don't know... Historically there's no reason to believe we're ever going to have a "hit", but crazier things have happened I guess..

9. **CLE:** *Any plans for a tour?*

Mark: We'd like to once the record comes out... planning to hit the west coast for the first time in 7 years, depending on whether we can find a booking agent. We may do a more extensive fall tour...

10. **CLE:** *And finally, tell me a little about the song on this issue of CLE. It's a new recording, right?*

Mark: It was recorded at the same time as the new LP... the lyrics for "Mysterious Ways" were actually written 10 years ago...

So there you have it MDID fans, gospel from the man himself. Now get out there and buy the records—you'll like them.

We're *Disengage*. We're a hard rock band. We write angry songs, but we're not very tough. We have big amps and drums with cymbals but we're small. We like to dance when we play. We like to drink beer but heroin makes us puke. We don't like Korn or Adidas because it's dumb. We're poor. We're like Alice Cooper without the snakes or Led Zeppelin without huge packages in our pants. We have a single on Cambodia Recordings called "Exhaust". We will soon release our first CD called "Teeth, Hearts, and Tails". We're *Disengage*.

CUSHMERE BELL

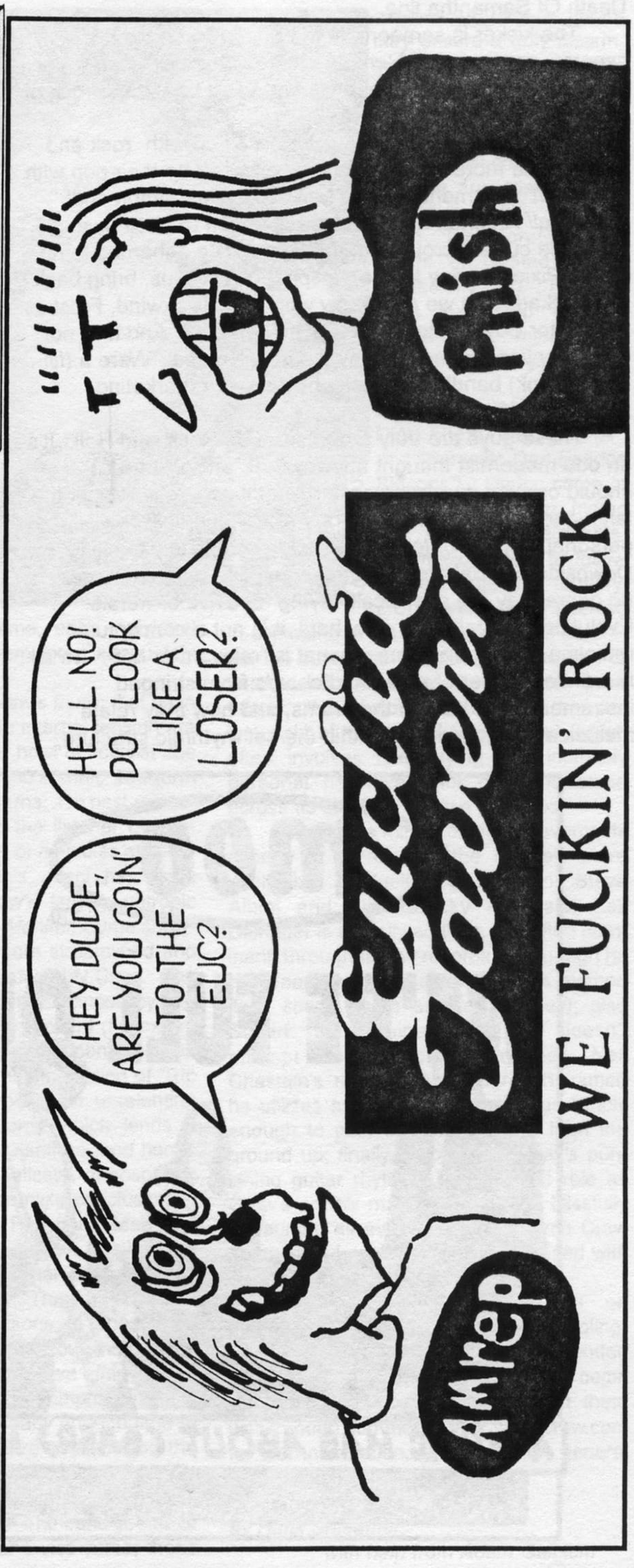
THE NORTH WILL RISE AGAIN

Downside Special. Live action kickass in the time of Kultural Kaos, summa the best musical soul food you'll ever eat. If the rock had developed like this circa '75 why would've anyone cared about punk? Maybe the ELO, ELP, James Taylor, Queen fans would've considered this P-Rock anyways, like they often did w/ AC/DC and Eddie and the Hot Rods. Containing one ex-Dimbulb (RIP...sigh), one current Quazi Modo and an unknown (to you Mr. Dumbass) twin sister drum and bass team, I was hoping for the best. Bingo, LAMF.

I have now heard seven recorded tracks and one live show by these guys and no band working the straight rock thing has bowled me over the same way. Much like the absolutely aces kick-ass Motorhead/Dead Boys/ Kiss-based attack of Electric Frankenstein or the Oblivions' power-hog retooling of the garage/punk fuzz/rock continuum, Downside take a firm footing within a form and move it on up.

Downside Special is working a tough terrain, besides the water-proof 4 minute rockers they pull off long jamming ascents That Never-Lose-The-Energy-That-The-Song-Has-Built and tight blues-based crackling fuzz attacks. A perfect example of a crackling fuzzbuster is "Canker", a full-on mix of Iggy "Kill City" and hardnut Brit-styled blues-rock like those early Groundhogs recs.

The thing that makes it stick is its utterly contemporary editing and punch, all riding on roughly held potent slabs of rhythm bash that demands attention like the best Cleveland rock. The reason I mention that isn't just geography, although these guys are rollin' down the same streets Laughner started to pave 20 years ago. I hope they have it in' em to rework the music into the contemporary world and step up to their place in the Laughner, Easter Monkeys,


Euclid Tavern
WE FUCKIN' ROCK.
HEY DUDE, ARE YOU GOIN' TO THE EUC?
HELL NO! DO I LOOK LIKE A LOSER?
AmRep
Phish

Death Of Samantha line.

The kicker is someone in the band (or the band synergy, or a couple of 'em, or whateverthefuck), can write songs, and if the tunes keep coming this'll be the bar rock of heaven.

Downside Special has a lot more to do with rock and roll than the more currently lauded who tart up their pop with "industrial" treatments or raid Mom's Beatles/Simon and Garfunkel/ America records for inspiration to $pell $ucce$$. Look, the current crop of "bands" should be ashamed to rip off the Pixies as any kind of "inspiration". Jesus, bring back the stockades so we can throw worn-out Hawkwind, Frost and Motor Boys Motor eight trax at 'em, OK? And let's not even mention those who play the genre game: "Were a (fill in the blank) band", i.e. please buy into our marketing-scheme-as-music scam.

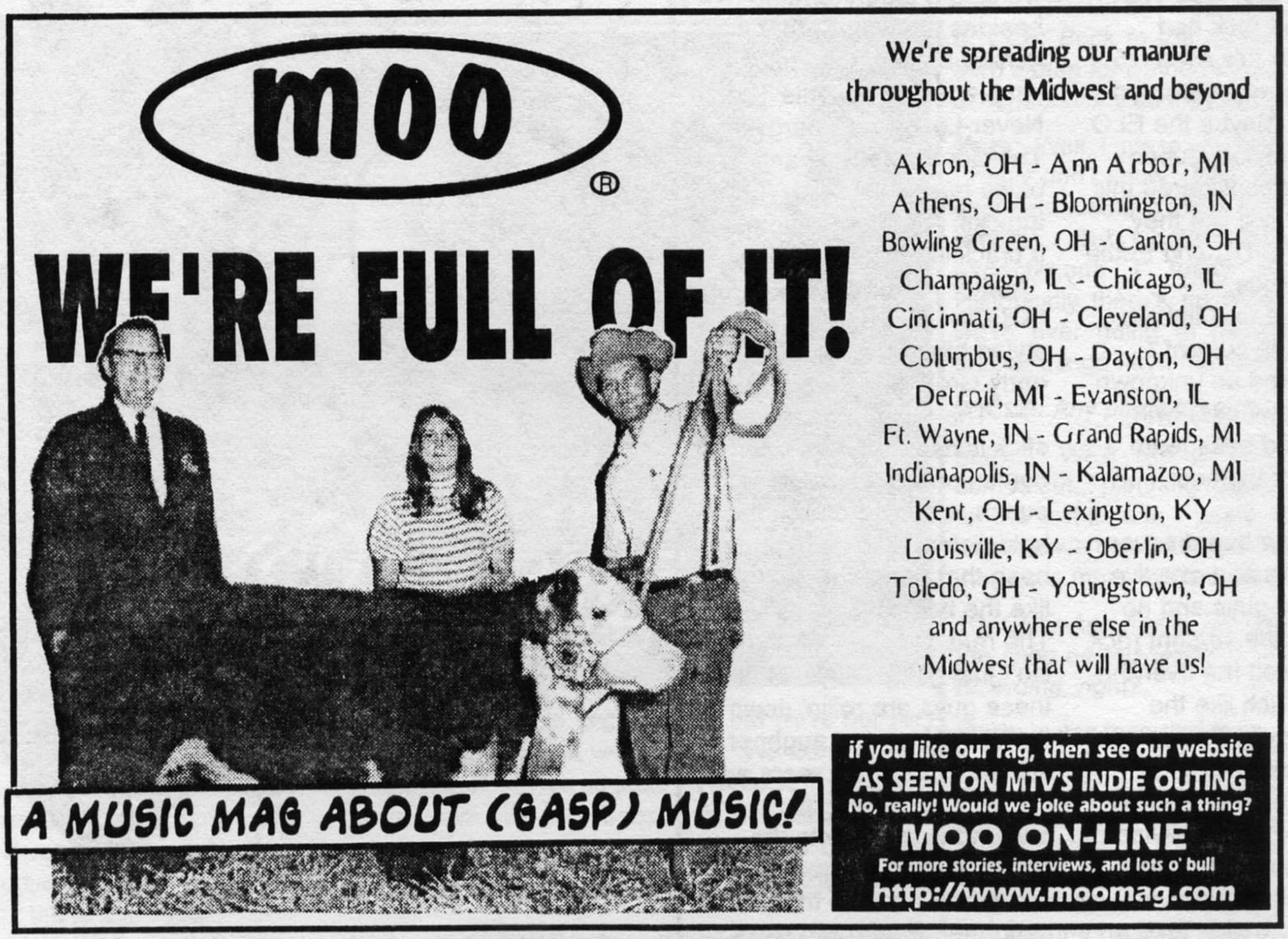
These guys are truly progressive as Rock And Roll. It's an odd modernist thought anyway that "art" or "music" should or even can "progress". What it can do is rework the language to match contemporary reality, the fluid realistic personal feelings of *today*. Although completely familiar, Downside Special are not retro in impulse or intent. I see no genre they are specifically trying to revive or herald. Evolution musically is a slow haul, it is not a conceptual retooling of the pop game of what is "relevant or not". It's all in a finite number of notes and chords from stringed instruments, the beat of the drums, and how they relate melodically/a-melodically within the set rhythmic structure, vocal line phrasing, and various tempos. It's a bonus that the words hew to the tradition of the common place and visceral realities of the day to day and the attempt to cope/transcend the mundane.

You want some schoolin' cheap? Track down CLE #4, (I trust you're holding your own copy of the ample proof contained here in No5), and hope their other tunes turn up somewhere. Better yet go see 'em rock the joint. Downside Special have the energy, power, restraint, and chops to rejuvenate the basic bar rock stance (from Chuck and Bo) to those weaned on rock and roll's bastard children (punk, boogie, garage) and come home ready to stand and fight, reintegrating those common rock tangents into one big, solid suckerpunch. When they do a ballad it's a blues, like a *we didn't give up, we didn't give in* update of "Eighteen". Fer instance, one of their newest tracks, "Mercury Millie": it's rolling mid-tempo build busts a knuckle with smooth even pressure, a perfect understated bass-loaded stroll with enough maraca-accented voodoo to bleed off your worst fears, the soundtrack of dealing with the murder in your heart after it goes cold.

Yeah, this stuff's not for everyone. The density and bristling reality of it may be a "bit much". But, if you're not a sissy or post modern sniffler, give these guys a shot.

cregala

Craig Regala is the founder of Datapanik Records and a frequent contributor to Moo Magazine.



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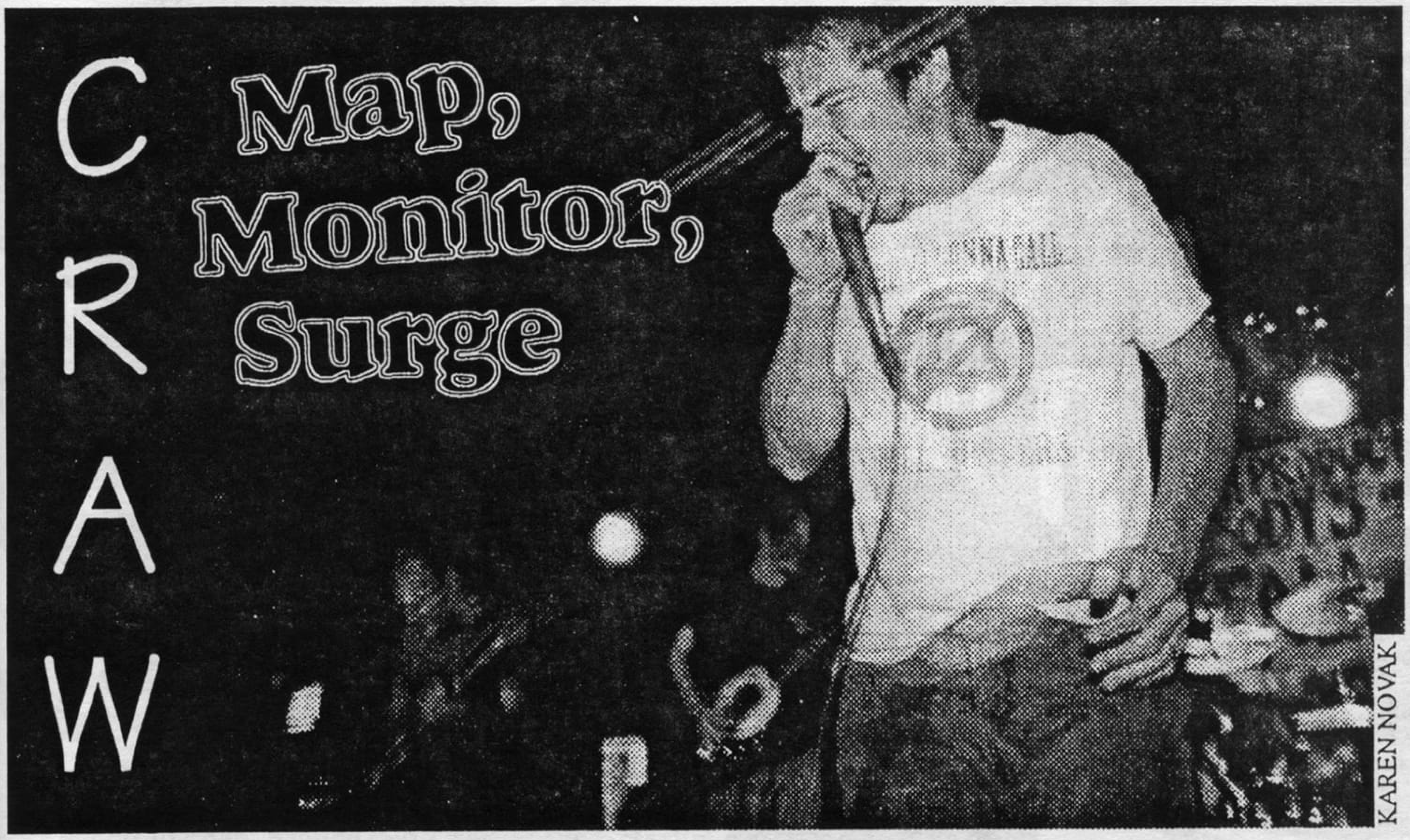
CRAW

Map, Monitor, Surge



KAREN NOVAK

CRAW'S MUSIC IS painfully cathartic. Simultaneously, it is experimental, rendering obsolete all notions of what elements the guitar/bass/drums/vocals medium should or shouldn't entail. Craw creates exhaustive, confrontational soundscapes which, as I have often witnessed, tend to alienate those accustomed to a passive listening experience.

Map, Monitor, Surge has a less cluttered sound than past Craw releases, but is by no means an accessible listen. Long-time listeners will notice a newfound sense of band unity. This is in part due to the permanent addition of drummer Will Scharf, who has been playing with Craw for nearly two years, but has appeared on only two of their recordings thus far (the Butterflies single on No Lie Music, and the Cancerman comic-book single, released by Super Model Records).

Guitarist Dave McClelland said he considers Craw's sound to stem, elementally at least, from hardcore. This is not necessarily misleading at face value, but Craw's music, while certainly aggressive, possesses, as well, a stark, primal beauty that must literally be studied to be fathomed.

On *Map, Monitor, Surge*, the various "internal possibilities" of any given passage are pushed further than on past releases. This is a difficult concept to relate verbally, but even first-time listeners should notice the clarity. Songs such as the opener, "Treading out the Winepress" or "I am Gunk" showcase an exhaustive array of moods and rhythms. The listener feels overwhelmed initially, but the arrangements are such that, over time, each individual passage begins to seem more adequately highlighted.

Two aspects of Craw's music that have always served to create internal tension are the unmistakable nasal howl of vocalist Joe McTighe, and McClelland's shrill, free-form guitar interference patterns. On past releases, McTighe unsettled the listener by running counter to rhythms or melodies at every opportunity. While this effect has done utmost justice to Craw's largely entropic back-catalogue, *Map, Monitor, Surge* showcases a band that is more streamlined and intelligible—but very undeniably Craw. The perverse, jangly grooves evidenced by last year's "Cancerman" are present (for example—the lopsided, thoroughly obnoxious riff which dominates the middle section of "Rip and Read", the album's most unrelenting song, and the 7/8 stomp which lends a sense of balance to "I Disagree (and here's why)"), as are their delicate, atmospheric passages, like the dreamlike conclusion of "Creating the New Paranoid Man" or McTighe's ominous whisper, backed by Scharf's organic, accentual percussion in the middle section of "Treading Out the Winepress". Comparisons to prior Craw releases certainly abound, but they by no means eclipse the progressive efforts here.

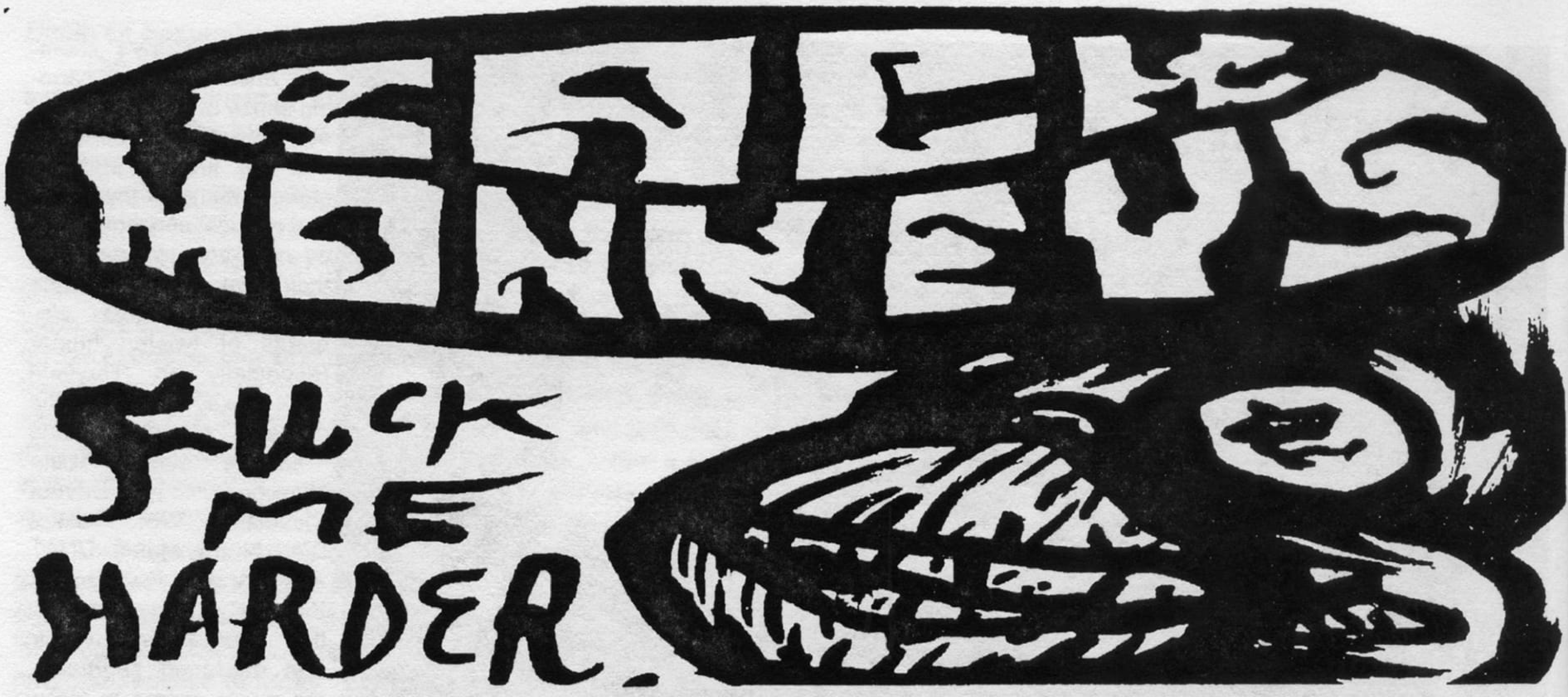
Joe McTighe's vastly improved lyrics, which I have not had nearly enough time to digest (incidentally they're available on the web at "www.craw.com"), coupled with his clearest vocal delivery yet, reinforce musical moods as never before. The band seems to thrive off of McTighe and vice-versa; these aspects of Craw's chemistry ensure a truly disarming sense of clarity throughout, not to mention the fact that the lucidity and the sheer volume of the lyrical and musical concepts related here are intimidating in their own right. McTighe often incorporates elements of twisted humor (especially on "Hayfield Jim's Texas Trip" and the triptych of minute-long "headline" songs: "Killer Microbes Devour Cleveland", "New Plastics Diet Alters Man's DNA", and "Parasitic Dad Evades Biocops"). During some of the album's more manic and depraved segments, the music seems to follow his lead into this territory. McTighe has never been so in-command of his delivery as he is here. I get the sense that his patterns owe less to improvisational frenzies than on prior efforts. It is obvious that McTighe has not lost sight of his original lyrical intent (which often involves role-playing and intensely personal narrative), nor does he come across as any less intense or poetic.

There are a million other improvements (worthy of mention is the infinitely more intelligible production courtesy of Steve Albini and Bill Korecky - bassist Zak Dieringer is actually audible, and often dominant, throughout the recording (although he has been turned up in the mix, his method itself seems more assured as well); also Scharf really shines here; he doesn't attempt to mimic ex-drummer Neil Chastain's mathematical approach; rather, he utilizes and asserts jazz stylings simply enough to alter the Craw sound from the ground up; finally, Rockie Brockway's punishing guitar rhythms reinforce his role as Craw's anchor-man, remaining as blissfully undaunted as ever). As a long time Craw enthusiast, I couldn't be more pleased with the results.

Map, Monitor, Surge is on Cambodia Recordings, the not-so-fledgling-anymore label owned, in part, and operated by Rockie. Craw and Season to Risk begin extensive touring which should last them well through summer (check www.craw.com for tour information, lyrics, and any general news flashes.)

by Hank Shteamer

with help from Adam Galblum



OUT OF 'TOON

Don't get confused. There's music, then there's rock n roll. Music is an art, rock n roll is hard-ass noise. No matter how pretty it may be, lovely and profound from time to time, its true inspiration starts where loveliness swoons and dies. Like postwar culture in general, it follows from the experience that nothing you can do without a gun in your hand is going to be deadly enough to even the score. And whatever you do, if it isn't sex it better have one hell of a beat. The Beatles (or somebody) may have clouded the issue, but punk and its successors brought back the primal, nihilistic purity of the whole thing. Right?

Take the art/garage band the Backmonkeys. Basically, from the standpoint of hard working musicianship, they suck. These guys are not going to be coopted by any entertainment-industrial, mega-bullshit enterprise. For one thing, they aren't good enough. For another, they don't care. On the other hand, if you dig desperation, substance abuse, and the suspense that comes with not knowing if the lead singer may drop dead before the end of the gig, Backmonkeys is the band for you — a band for sore eyes, you could say, since the experience they offer is largely visual. This is Clay Parker's band and, as you might hope, there are some parallels between a Backmonkeys' performance and a Parker drawing. In Parker's truly admirable, often deeply offensive graphic works, the human figure is buried in obsessive, rhythmic line and grotesque narrative detail, modeled like a scarab on a dunghill. In a typical Backmonkeys' "tune" the lyric supplies an analogous, episodic background, while Parker himself functions as subject. In both mediums he pulls splinters of dark existential humor out of the flesh of daily life. For Parker, jetsam culled from the sluggish flow of life's undercurrent replaces both epiphany and insight in a world where integrity is something you find stuck to the bottom of your shoe.

What this is not is guys pretending to have a good time, like your average garage band. Clay and the guys get off on what they're doing, but Music, Order, and Fun *haunt* the Backmonkeys, rattling the chains of disillusionment and addiction. Such a distance from complacency might be a good thing (sort of), and despite a shortage of serious musical artistry the band's chaotic format does touch on issues central to the arts in general. It helps that Parker and fellow visual artist / musician Eric Kunde have been backed up (until recently) by two veterans of the Cleveland music scene, Steve Mehlman on drums and Mark Gamiere playing guitar. The fact that both Mehlman and Gamiere have moved on at this point is only what you expect in the context of the band's highly unstable, 'toon-like dialectic. Their musicianship may have been wasted bracketing bass lines which, as one member says, "are so simple you

☜ *Clay Parker. pic: Novak*

have to be drunk to play them." On the other hand, maybe it's not merely waste, but also aesthetic contrast. The logic of differentiation is something that music pursues, but sound-performance might be more the model for a Backmonkeys gig, exploring raw texture and density. Parker's stoned, amateur status as performer is useful in generating the kind of revelatory, accidental moments that artists are always looking for. And there is the question, how good could the Backmonkeys dare to be before their "music" became music: just bad rock n roll? Whether it's exactly intentional or not, the band draws a kind of picture of rock n roll in the broad strokes of musical naiveté, somewhat in the same way Parker uses magic markers to delineate a dishonest, self-caricaturing reality, so that at times the unreal space of a Backmonkeys gig begins to seem like a fictional dimension, inscribed in the greater drama of the Cleveland art/music scene. The lines are blurred, or shift unpredictably from performance to performance, but the cartoon of a certain kind of Cleveland rock band emerges every time, loud if not clear. I know a guy who thinks people go to art school just so they can get a band together. Maybe that's part of what Backmonkeys describes. Or maybe it's a little like the play-within-a-play device in Hamlet – the Backmonkeys can seem more like a bad conscience than a music group. Certainly there's something Shakespearean about the endless, incestuous subplots encountered in the local rock/art scene.

Whatever. But if you happen to be at the Grog or the Euc in a fairly good mood and the Backmonkeys are on-stage doing their thing, it's hard to completely hate a song like "My Lighter," with its relentlessly dumb and gory barfly lyrics, in which the poignant refrain runs, "before you go, gimme back my lighter!" And harder still to take any of it very seriously

--Douglas Utter

My Lighter [Back Monkeys, 1996]

I'm bored to tears by your talk of suicide.
Take my keys, fucker, take a ride
into a wall or a concrete divider
but before you go
give me back my lighter

In a car I see that passes me
a couple laughing and having fun
he drives the car while she jerks him off
and I fantasize about a painful death

Explosion of metal, flesh and chrome
blood and semen, plastic and foam
I bite down hard on the steering wheel
push back the laughter and bring on the tears

[Repeat first verse]

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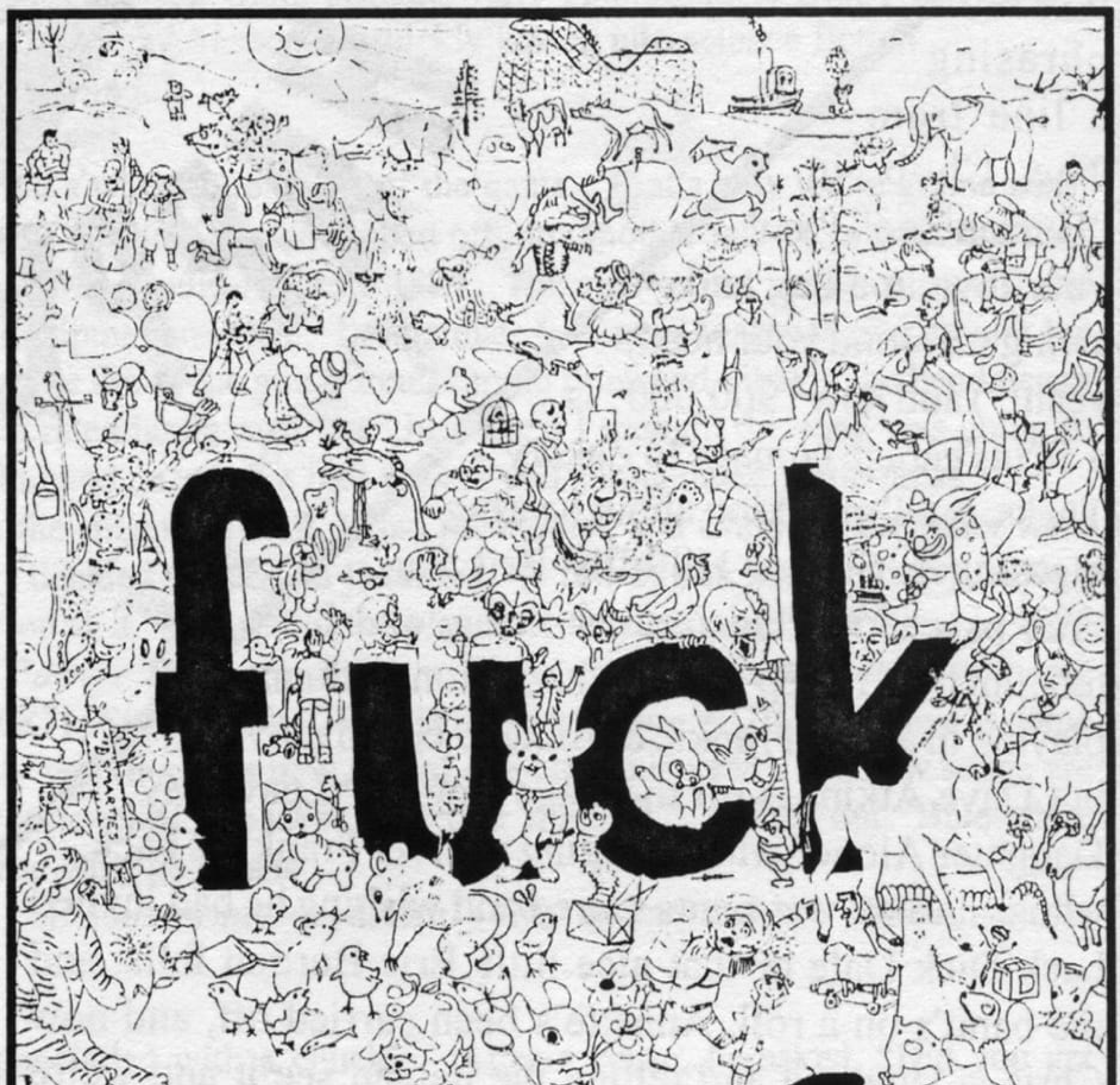

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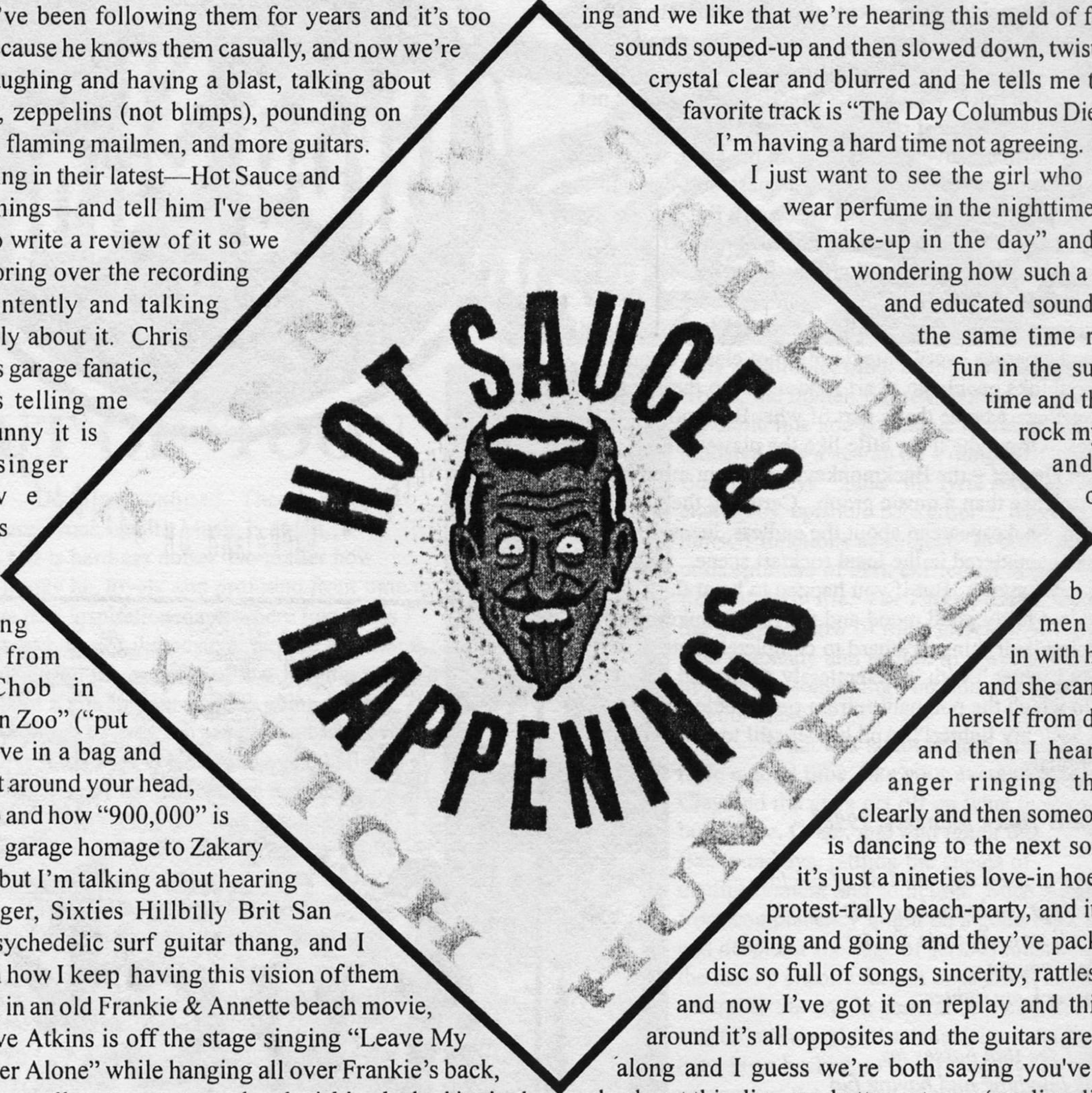
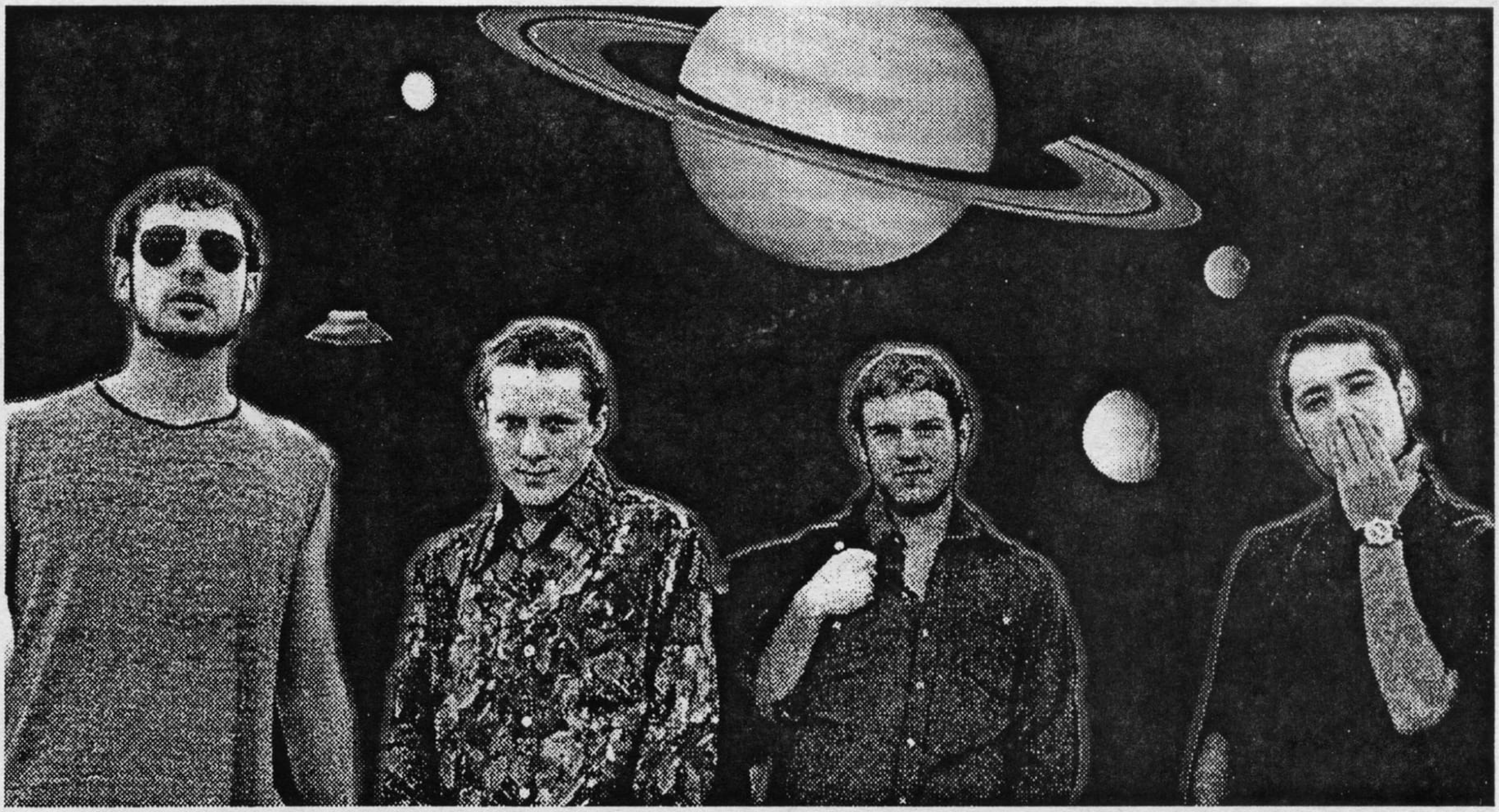


So I start this job at a Big Greeting Card Company redrawing bunnies and I'm being trained by a co-worker from the far East Side, and we find one common ground in that we're both big fans of the New Salem Witch Hunters. Now I've been following them for years and it's too cool because he knows them casually, and now we're both laughing and having a blast, talking about guitars, zeppelins (not blimps), pounding on pianos, flaming mailmen, and more guitars. So I bring in their latest—Hot Sauce and Happenings—and tell him I've been axed to write a review of it so we start poring over the recording more intently and talking seriously about it. Chris is a 60s garage fanatic, so he's telling me how funny it is that singer Dave Atkins is paraphrasing a line from The Chob in "Human Zoo" ("put your love in a bag and swing it around your head, yeah!") and how "900,000" is a Texas garage homage to Zakary Thaks, but I'm talking about hearing a stronger, Sixties Hillbilly Brit San Fran psychedelic surf guitar thang, and I tell him how I keep having this vision of them playing in an old Frankie & Annette beach movie, but Dave Atkins is off the stage singing "Leave My Daughter Alone" while hanging all over Frankie's back, who is now all wet-pants scared and wishing he had invited back Dick Dale or that nice little Eric Burdon fella, and the band's on a roll, Annette's been carried off, and now Chris is laughing and telling me he can see it and we're back to Sixties influences talking about The Byrds and how "Six Miles Of Bad" is so angst-ridden and to him reminiscent of Arthur Lee and I listen again and this line "There's a hole in my soul where something used to be" hooks me roughly and I just start really loving Jim Wilson's keyboard playing and though we're both talking about all this retro stuff we both really like this as a modern recording and we like that we're hearing this meld of familiar sounds souped-up and then slowed down, twisted and crystal clear and blurred and he tells me that his favorite track is "The Day Columbus Died" and I'm having a hard time not agreeing. Maybe I just want to see the girl who "didn't wear perfume in the nighttime or any make-up in the day" and we're wondering how such a skillful and educated sound can at the same time reek of fun in the summertime and the road rock mystique and then one of the big bossmen walks in with his wife and she can't keep herself from dancing and then I hear some anger ringing through clearly and then someone else is dancing to the next song and it's just a nineties love-in hoe-down protest-rally beach-party, and it keeps going and going and they've packed the disc so full of songs, sincerity, rattlesnakes, and now I've got it on replay and this time around it's all opposites and the guitars are crying along and I guess we're both saying you've got to check out this disc, or--better yet--see 'em live, listen to the rant, ride the wave, hear the passion, feel the intensity and watch your beers. *--Chrix K. & Chris A.*

Watch for the Witch Hunters' single "Last Patrol"/"I'm Gonna Make You Mine" (Shadows Of Knight) on Spare Me Records (NYC). They have just finished recording their new LP--tentatively titled "Colonial Root Cellar", which will be released on Get Hip.



RED GIANT

Some people call Red Giant a rock band. I prefer to think of them as a spaceship collision. In an era when underground bands strip away all traces of character in pursuit of the abstract guitar-rock "ideal", Red Giant remains fully committed to trippy effects and fantastical lyrics. In a recent interview with Damien, Red Giant's lead guitarist, responses quickly lapsed into science fiction.

"When Sirius the Dogstar rises, it causes illness," rambled Damien quietly.

"Uh huh," I mumbled. I was scribbling like mad but he wouldn't wait.

"Martians can't survive the sound," he said more excitedly. "That's why we're ahead of the game. That's why we're gonna *win*." He sighed. "I've got a *lot* of varied concepts if you want to hear 'em..." While Damien looped off into another tale of galactic conflict, my mind wandered back to the first time I saw Red Giant at WRUW-FM's Studio-A-Rama 1994. The air was hot in the courtyard and I was admiring the tiny rainbows that reflected off the vacuum tube equipment onstage. I remember four guys materializing among the amps in a dense cloud of swirling noise. A song emerged slowly from the din as the guitar tones turned thick and vibey. The band began to jam furiously and I had the sensation of a huge robot tank tracking relentlessly over me. Just when I thought the song was going to crest — POW! — the singer let out a wild, raspy yelp and the band lurched once more into violent and strangulated white noise.

Red Giant began its interstellar voyage in 1991. Damien, Alex the singer/guitarist, Brian the bassist, and Chris the drummer were all best friends in high school. With little to do after graduation, they decided to keep on jamming. A few of you may be lucky enough to have a cassette of their early songs from 1993 called *Candy*. Hold on to it. The rest of the planet first encountered Red Giant in 1995 with the "space punk" masterpiece, *Psychoblaster and the Misuse of Power*. This compiled nine of their solar epics recorded live in one take. It was released on their own label, Outer Earth (P.O. Box 360871, Strongsville OH). Bill Peters from WUJC-FM gave it some airplay and Red Giant got to play a lot of gigs. The band is currently working on a new record due later this year. The new songs are shorter and super-concentrated. Damien describes them as being "an explosion packed into four minutes." Check out "Blue-white Supergiant" and "Pervert," both of which appear on this Cle CD, to see what he means.

"...And that's why I'm the Solar Lord," whispered Damien, oblivious to my daydream. "My guitar, and the effects, are the Echoplex."

"Mmm-hmm," I said absentmindedly.

"Hence, I call myself Solar Lord of the Echoplex," Damien concluded with a chuckle. After a pause, he asked, "Did you get everything you needed?"

By now I'd stopped writing completely — I was still thinking about Red Giant's crash landing at Studio-A '94. Jolted back to consciousness, I stammered, "Yeah... I think I've gotten everything I need."

Sean Carney

Sean Carney is a staff writer for U.S. Rocker, a monthly Cleveland-area music magazine.

Steve Wainstead

Rollercoaster was formed in January of 1995 amidst the gloom of the local scene, in hopes of creating a new energy and optimism. Mostly it was due to the fact that they were misunderstood by every other musician, it was cold outside, and they were bored. Plugging away relentlessly, they've developed a solid list of semi-musical masterpieces while gathering a group of musicians able to see the "Rollercoaster Light" and willing to shoot for the flickering, but oh so dimly-lit stars.

The current line-up was set in June of 1996:

Robert O'Lexa, Jr. - Aggressively emotional loose edge (throat).
Steven Lee Rock - Unique style combining feedback with standout crunch (guitar).
Sir Andrew S. - Lead and Rhythm textures (guitar).
Sleepy Bill - Distorted heaviness (bass).
Darryl Lawerance - Bad attitude and unconventional generic rhythmic poundings (drums).

All of them have added to the list of songs that has created the Rollercoaster Sound.

Their style has been described as:

"Loud, punchy, fast, slow, modern noise."
"Self-centered oblivion rock."
"Easy listening for the mentally ill."

Presently playing a 24-song set, they have performed with bands such as Tenderloin, Bardo Pond, Gem, The Murder Junkies, Daddy Longhead, and New Bomb Turks. Three of their recordings appear in this issue of CLE — "Black Sabbath", "Jonathan Richman", and "Fu Manchu", recorded at 609 Recording with Don Depew.

Opening your hearts and minds to the Rollercoaster Experience one can only expect:

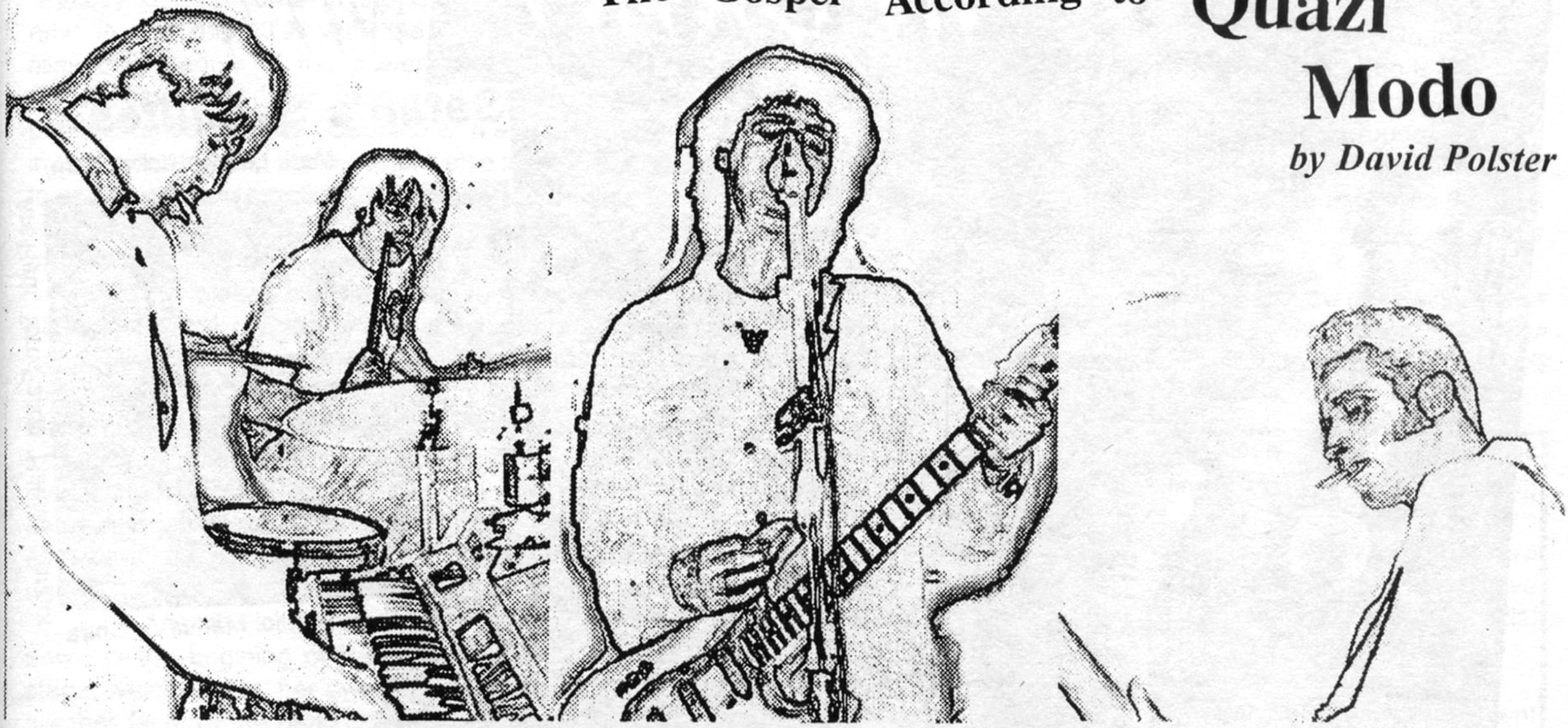
"An unbridled lust, spit, choke, and crumble to ashes Armageddon"
"Nostalgia, nausea, fear, and gratitude"
"An intriguing way to bring much enjoyment"
"Recurring nightmares"
"Something catchy, something different, something painful"

Send $3.00 for a 6-song cassette or contact them at: Rollercoaster 16013 Waterloo Suite #493, Cleveland OH 44110 (216)486-5041

Rock N Roll Mythology:

The Gospel According to Quazi Modo

by David Polster



Nine years ago, Frank Vazzano was wandering around the train-tracks of Kent on a beautiful, moon-lit night, when he came to a crossroads. Suddenly, out of a cloud of smoke, Zimmy appeared, and said unto Frank: "You don't have to think about such things as eyes & rooftops & Quazi Modo." "Wha?" Frank exclaimed, befuddled, but in a flash of lightening Zimmy was gone. Soon, curiously enough, Frank was playing in his own three-piece rock-n-roll band named Quazi Modo, and wore a red guitar strap with the very same flash of lightning upon it. And we all saw that it was good, or, more specifically, "that it was all-right." Backed by Jerry on drums and Ken on bass, Quazi Modo played the authentic rock-n-roll blues of the Stones and the 'Mats like no else before, all channeled brilliantly through Frank's "aww, shucks" dirty-love of aggressive pop-sentimentality. Watching them on stage, it was easy to see that they were true believers, and we believed in them in return.

After graduation, the trio moved to Cleveland, but eventually broke-up. The great Quazi Modo were sadly out of commission. Frank lulled away his days working at various record stores, and Ken joined forces with Dave from the Burning Lesbians. Then the vision, mysteriously, struck again. "The band, the band", Frank was heard to mutter at the time. Getting Ed from the God Squad to take over on bass, the revamped Quazi Modo struck back with a vengeance. Releasing their first CD, *... and you can chew it* on the Australian-based Zero Hour label in '93, the new 'Modo proved even more adept at cranking out pure pop-driven rock gems, driven by Frank's honey-and-whiskey voice and blistering, beautiful guitar hooks and leads. Wearing his genuine rock-n-roll romanticism proudly on his sleeve, songs like "Go Away" and "Ride" are infectious numbers, and recall a certain joy long thought dead in today's bleak, so-called "alternative" world.

By '95 the trio expanded, adding "dimbulb" Dave on second guitar and Lou on ? and the Mysterians style organ. They released their second CD, *Ten To Midnight* on the Sonic Swirl label in '96. More whiskey than honey, *Ten To Midnight* rocks out like *Exile*-era Stones meeting the Sonics, and Frank's tight song-writing skills are in full-bloom on great rave-up tunes like "USA" and "Automatic".

In fact, it appears as if Frank and Quazi Modo are quite willing to pick up the gauntlet thrown down by Mr. Richards, Berry and Westerburg, and keep good ol' rock-n-roll music alive well into the next millennium. Fuck all that Marilyn Manson shit that the MTV fat-cats are throwing at the kids nowadays. That ain't what it's all about.

What it is about is this: one night while wandering around the streets of Cleveland in a glowing, semi-mystical state, I happened to stumble upon a Quazi Modo show. Listening to the dueling guitars of Frank and Dave, Jerry's drums, Ed's bass and Lou's meandering organ, I was having a bona fide experience of some sort. It was all coming together: the sweat, the noise, the beat, the rhythms, the anticipation, the release, the cigarettes, and the booze ... Towards the end of their set, Frank gave me a wink and motioned for me to come up on the stage, where we proceeded to do an ecstatic, throw-down, raw, drunken, rock-and-rap version of Zimmy's "Like A Rolling Stone". It was electrifying, man, would have made the old man proud. As I gazed out into the audience, I saw flashes of lightning beaming all over the room. Zoom! Zap! Zing! People's hair was singed! The bar was on fire! A bush was burning somewhere. As the garage-punk-blues pushed further, washing us in the howling music, Frank turned and grinned at me, and I at him, and we saw that it was good, and that our lives, indeed, "had been saved by rock-n-roll". So can yours.

IN ORBIT! WITH

Satan's Satellites

Mark Leddy, Ricky Brom, Ant Petti, Tom Fallon, Hadley Connor

pic: Marius A. Chira

CULLED FROM a 1952 Republic sci-fi serial, *Zombies of the Stratosphere*, the 1958 movie *Satan's Satellites* seemed antiquated and archaic even when it was new. Although the cast included one of the earliest screen appearances of Leonard Nimoy, later to become famous as Mr. Spock on TV's *Star Trek*, the movie was primitively staged, and included cheap outdated special effects from the 1930's. With rocket ships left over from the Buster Crabbe *Flash Gordon* serials (flying via the miracle of not-quite-invisible piano wire) and moronic robots apparently made out of old water heaters, it was truly a classic of the genre.

Culled from several old Cleveland bands such as New Salem Witch Hunters, Swank Motel, and Psychobilly Cadillac, the newly formed *Satan's Satellites* has quickly established itself as this area's premier "retro" instrumental/vocal combo. Formed in the summer of 1996 by fellow record collectors, Ghoulardi fans, and B-movie buffs Tom Fallon (guitar) and Mark Leddy (Farfisa "Compact" organ), their goal was to put together a band that would produce the kind of music they loved, that they knew, that they felt to be the basis for everything that is great and true in rock 'n' roll. Inspired by the likes of Link Wray, Duane Eddy, Davey Allen and the Arrows, Dick Dale, and countless other obscure late '50's/early '60's instrumental rock artists, they set out to produce a sound that would evoke this great early period, yet transcend it, energize it, and supercharge it with the power of the '90's, to create a sound for the ages.

Realizing that a vocal presence could help widen both their scope and their audience, the Satellites soon recruited former Swank Motel chanteuse Hadley Conner. Rounding out the rhythm with Ricky Brom on bass and local rockabilly madman "Ant" Petti on skins, Satan's Satellites were ready for take-off!

Aside from their name, don't look for kitschy B-movie campiness here. Oh, sure, there's the occasional "novelty" tune ("Anesthesia"), but what's a rock'n'roll band without a sense of humor? This is no goofy send-up of 60's sensibilities where the whole thing is a po-mo put-on for you jaded types who've seen it all before, just waiting for the next 20-year-old fad to appropriate (it's already time to be nostalgic about New Wave!). This is legitimate rock'n'roll expression, played raw and of the moment, and about as exciting as music can be without having to resort to exploitative audience manipulations, instead catching you merely by the intense visceral impact that this sort of pure rock'n'roll delivers best.

And don't think they're just trying to catch a trend, either. This "genre" of music has been returning in popularity in regular waves in almost exact 10-year intervals just when it's needed most, each time making a bigger and bigger splash: with the classic "Nuggets" compilation album put together by Lenny Kaye in the mid-70s, which inspired the "Pebbles" series of obscure 60's comps in the 80s, the uprise of a "Paisley Underground" in the California music scene, and now in the mid-90's, with the "Pulp Fiction" soundtrack reminding people of the power of Dick Dale's guitar and almost single-handedly bringing the music back into the public's consciousness. Coupled with a fin-de-siecle malaise in the "modern rock" scene, where else is there to go but back to where the music is always right, and where you don't have to know anything about it, because it doesn't hit you in your brain...it hits you in your guts, your groin, and your feet?

All it takes is a trip down to one of their weekend gigs at Pat's in the Flats, or one of their other numerous area appearances, to experience what is truly more than just a "blast from the past." Witnessing local guitar hero Tom Fallon blaze his way through a set of instrumentals along with Leddy's insightful Farfisa accompaniments, one is first struck by the authenticity of the sound—they don't miss a lick. But soon any question of where the music is coming from loses all meaning as you are simply persuaded to follow their lead and ROCK.

After the instrumental foundation of the band is laid down in the begining of the show, Miss Connor takes the stage, welcomed by her own legion of fans as she ushers in another facet of the band. The tone shifts slightly toward a `60's "girl group" feel, which Hadley conveys with natural ease. She handles the vocals with the same air of authenticity as the band handles the music. Bringing ambience, glamour, and a vocal focus to the band, fans have been overheard remarking how Connor "owns the stage" during her rendition of the classic "You Don't Understand." Far be it from her to steal the show, though. She is happy to take a supporting role during the instrumental numbers, adding an ethereal "ooh" or "ahh" in the background, or taking up occasional percussion. Above all, Satan's Satellites is a band, each member contributing a unique aspect to the total sound.

— *Jeff Curtis*

Julie Adams, Al Adamson, John Agar, Davie Allan, Dario Argento, John Astin, Clive Barker, Michael Berryman, James Best, Roberts Blossom, Larry Buchanan, John "Bud" Cardos, Timothy Carey, David Carradine, Regina Carrol, Bob Clark, Robert Clarke, James Coburn, Coffin Joe, Larry Cohen, Luigi Cozzi, Royal Dano, Brad Dourif, Julie Ege, Timothy Farrell, Antonio Fargas, Leo Fong, Peter Fonda, Dolores Fuller, The Ghoul, Ghoulardi, Robert Ginty, Bruce Glover, William Grefe, Sid Haig, Curtis Harrington, Wings Hauser, Jack Hill, James Hong, Clint Howard, Peter Jackson, Brion James, Steve James, L. Q. Jones, James Karen, Stuart Lancaster, John Phillip Law, William Lustig, Harrison Marks, Patty McCormack, Radley Metzger, Cameron Mitchell, Christopher Mitchum, Titus Moody, Jeff Morrow, Paul Naschy, Sammy Petrillo, Andrew Robinson, William Rotsler, Tura Satana, Joe Spinell, A. C. Stephens, Dean Stockwell, Russ Tamblyn, Lawrence Tierney, Susan Tyrrell, John Vernon, June Wilkinson, Fred Williamson, Don "The Dragon" Wilson, Robert Wise, and Zalman King have all been interviewed in

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CLE Magazine is delighted to bring you two tracks from the Satellites on the enclosed CLEVELAND SQUAWKS! collection: their own "Shark Reef Theme" and a storming rendition of the old Lulu number, "I'll Come Running".

Your Official *Satan's Satellites* Movie Guide! (All movies guaranteed 1-1/2 stars! (according to "expert" Leonard Maltin))

1. *Satan's Satellites* aka *Zombies of the Stratosphere* (1952/1958): Leonard Nimoy as a Martian helping to save the Earth from certain destruction at the hands of bad special effects!

2. *The Mask* aka *Eyes of Hell* (Canada,1961): An ancient Aztec mask causes wearers to have 3-D hallucinations of ritual sacrifice!

3. *Door-to-Door Maniac* aka *Five Minutes to Live* (1961): Johnny Cash stars as a singing, murdering bank robber with Vic Tayback and Ronnie Howard! (Includes the song, "I've Come to Kill")

4. *Faster Pussycat, Kill! Kill!* (1965): Russ Myers' famous film of murderously insane drag racing chicks on the rampage

5. *World's Greatest Sinner* (1962): An insurance salesman quits his job, changes his name to God, starts a rock'n'roll band, and runs for president! (Soundtrack by Frank Zappa)

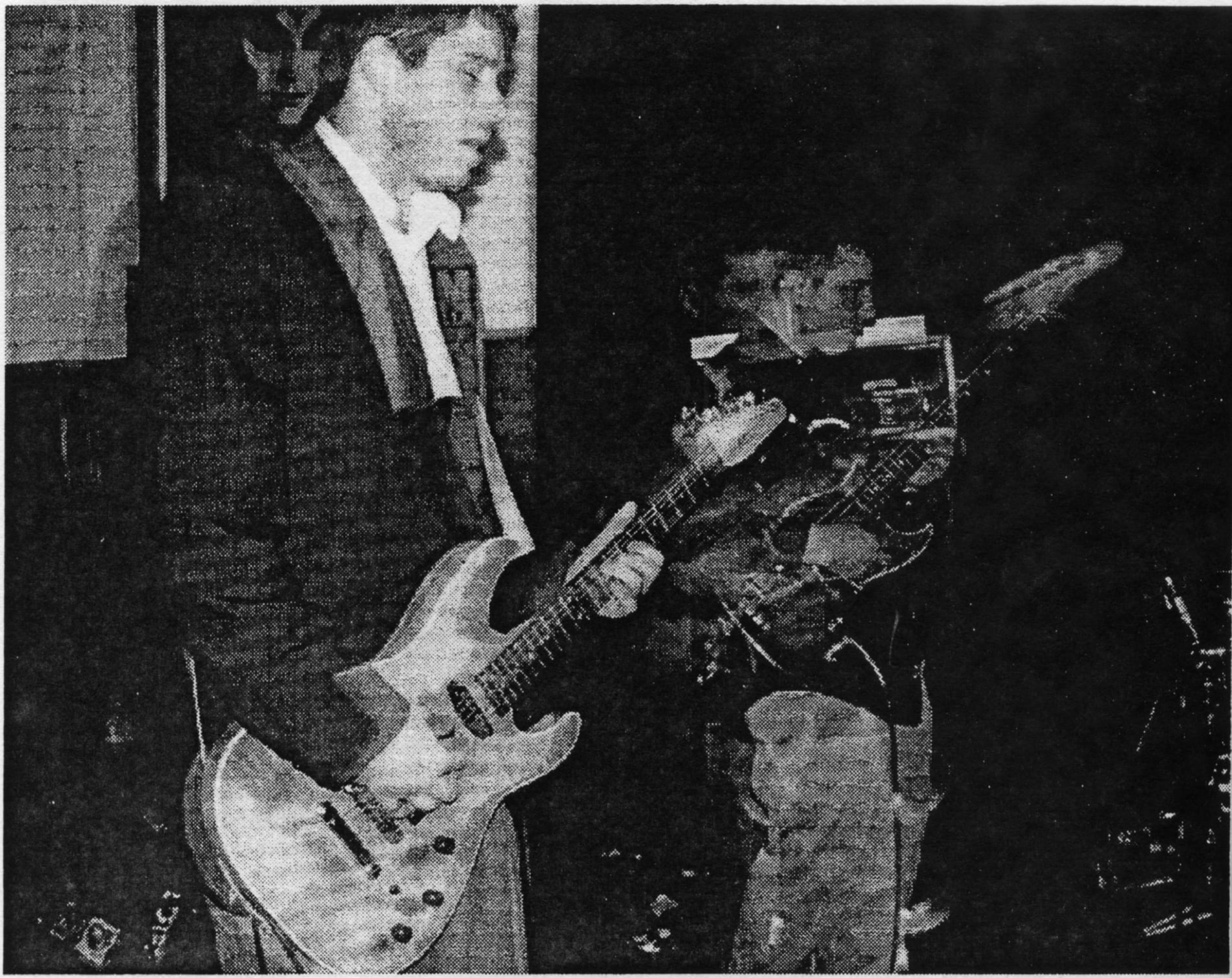
6. *Riot on Sunset Strip* (1967): Real life on the Strip, featuring drugs, hippies, the Chocolate Watchband and the Standells!

7. *Ghost of Dragstrip Hollow* (1959): Hot-rod gangs and haunted houses—what more could you want?! (With music by the Renegades)

8. *Sidewalk Surfin'* (196?): Tommy Kirk, Deborah Walley, and the Animals in an exploration of early skateboard culture!

9. *Dr. Goldfoot and the Girl Bombs* (1966) (May possibly be confused with _Dr. Goldfoot and the Bikini Machine_): Odd mixture of beach-party mayhem and James Bond/sci-fi parody complete with Vincent Price!

10. *The Wild Angels* (1966): Roger Corman's film with Peter Fonda, Nancy Sinatra, Bruce Dern, etc. defined the whole biker-film genre that Easy Rider tried to take credit for—see the real thing!



Between Sleep & Dreams

by Millie Asheton

☆☆☆ When you enter a movie theater after the movie has started, there's an in-between period when your eyes are adjusting to the darkness and you're trying to figure out what's going on in the film. Listening to the music of the DuValby Brothers can create that feeling. Sometimes they make you feel as though you've never heard a four-piece rock band before: not by doing anything particularly unorthodox on their individual instruments, but through the relations of the instrumental parts and their dynamics.

☆☆☆ You could compare the DuValbys to Codeine due to the molasses-slow tempos that both groups favor, but the D.B.'s are less rigid rhythmically, more willing to swing, speed up, slow down, stop, shake out quick bursts of noise, fade out, or (unironically) layer a standard rock guitar solo over a bludgeoning rhythm.

NOVAK

the DuValby Brothers

☆☆☆ Lyrically and vocally, they can be both direct and indirect as the mood of their songs take them, dealing with real life struggles and emotions unashamed:

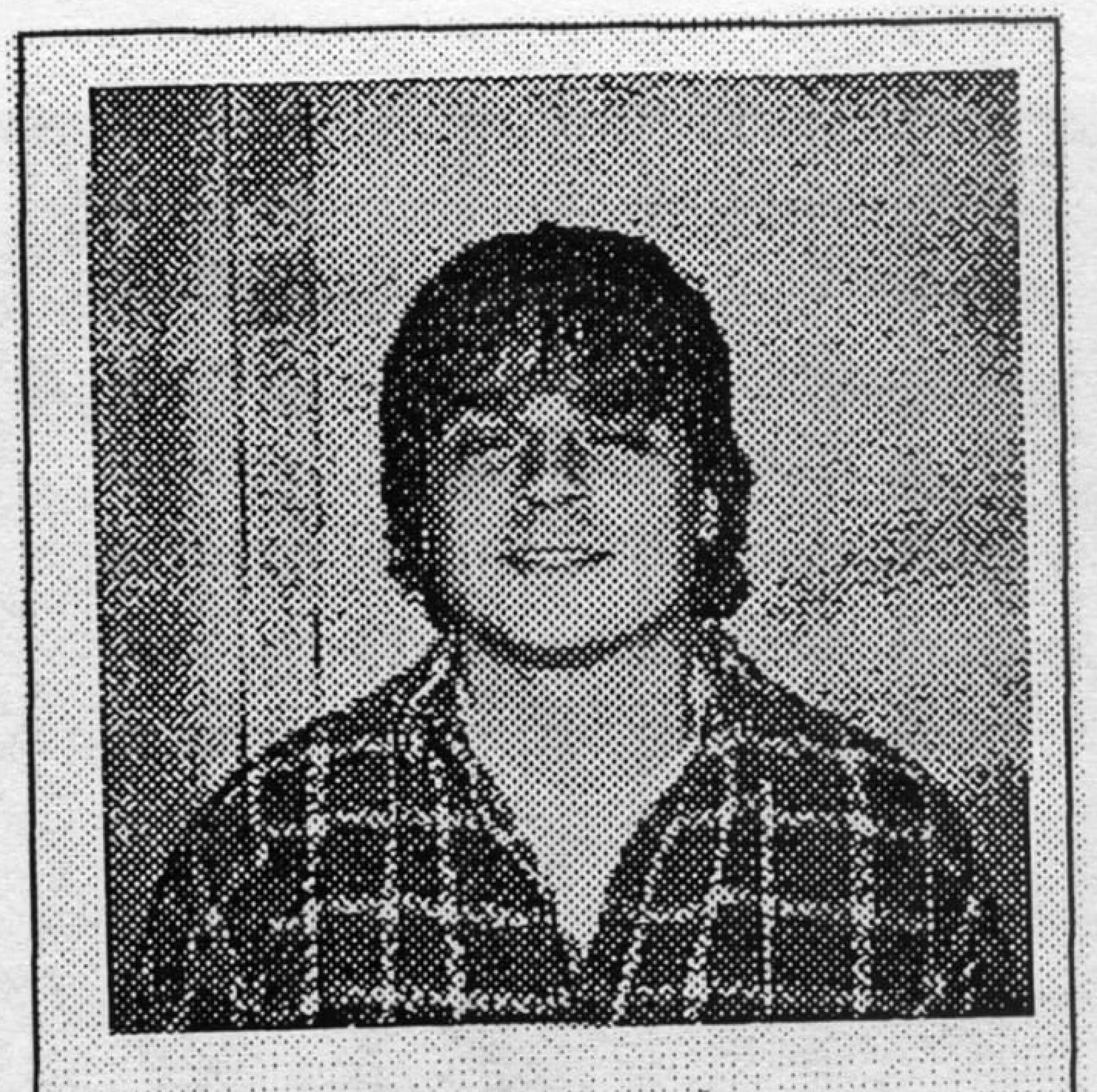
"There is a welling and it multiplies inside
Whenever you swallow your pride ...
It grows and it flows in your heart,
sometimes it shows when you create a work of art"

—"The Welling" from CLE Magazine's *Cleveland Squawks!*

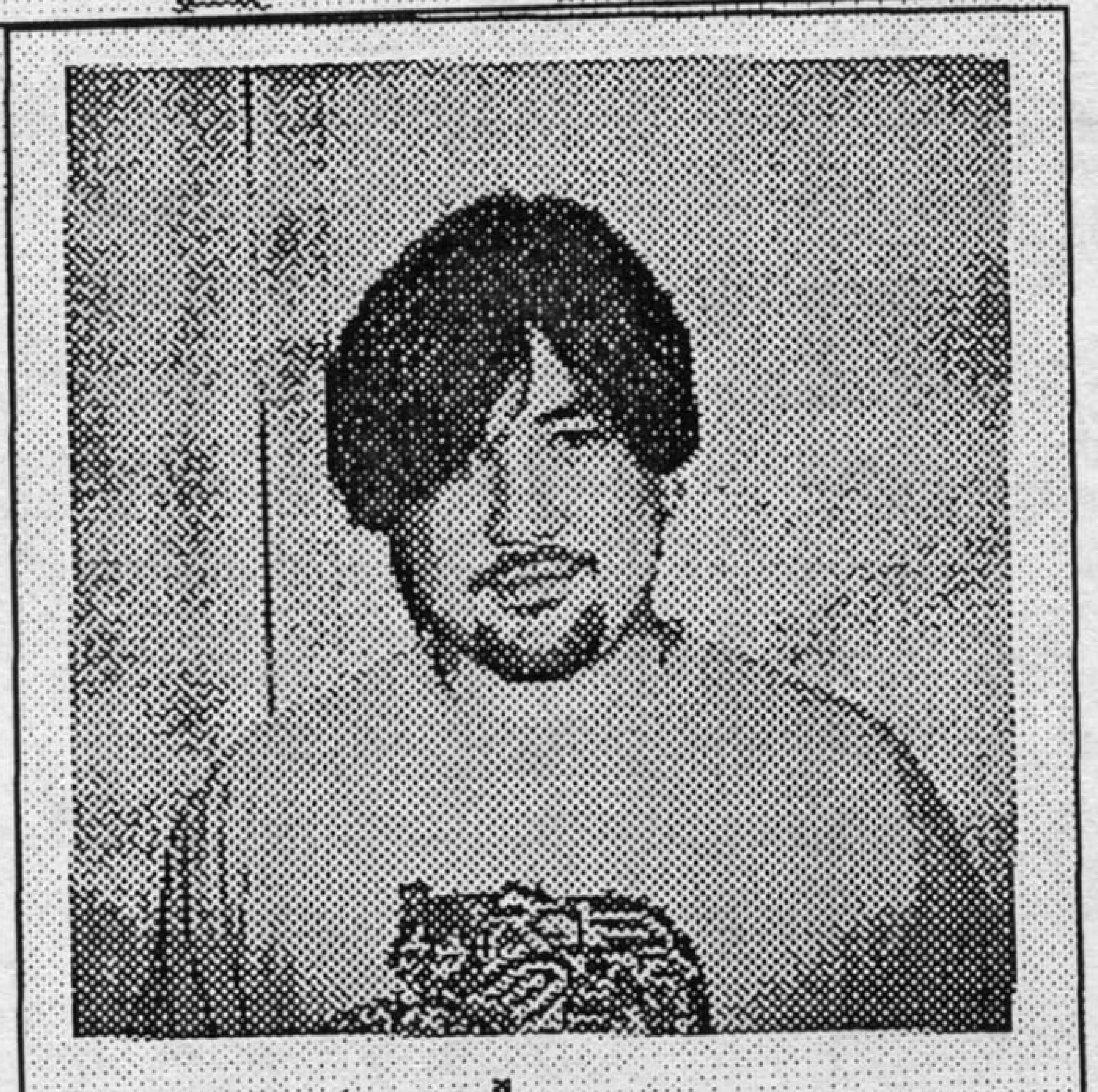
☆☆☆ DuValby Brothers: a band that has no use for safety pins, gas masks, Batman masks, or nylon shirts.

CHUMP

CAROL



MIKE



Shohei

Melvis

Cleveland's **Chump** is where every rock band should only hope to be. The perfect blend of musicians of various physical, emotional, and spiritual orientations, playing with good attitudes, talent, kindness, and humble self-assuredness. It's not that they couldn't kick your ass or piss you off, if they felt so inclined. It just ain't their style. All of that aside, and most importantly, they ROCK like they freakin' mean it.

High-energy, raw, melodic, garage sounds that are so good, that if The Industry wasn't pumping trillions into crappy bands, Chump would be the real deal. A few dollars, and the turn of a few dials ... *Someone please come to Cleveland and do something with the bands that are this great, because the rest of the world needs this RIGHT NOW!*

So many big-time commercial bands come to mind as trying hard but poorly succeeding at the sound Chump has never had to fake anyone into believing. Honest, heavy anxiety. They play the music they do "because we can't figure out anyone else's songs!" They have released two seven inch vinyl singles, as well as a track on the last CLE release, and they've got more great stuff in the can, man.

Also, let me be the first to tell you about the high-octane, rock on freak-out slam of Chevelle, a 3-piece hot-rod psycho-surf mayhem project consisting of Chump's Melvis on guitar, as well as former Chump members on bass and drums. It's kick-ass heavy, psychedelic, retro arena-rock done up in pure Nineteen Ninety Now.

Chump has played with such notables as Fu Manchu, but the real highlights and outstanding moments are yet to come. Look for them in the future at a launching pad near you. And *please*, don't hate them because they're beautiful!

Darryl Lawerance

THE REVELERS

by Pat Dull and Eric Davidson

Call it "beat music," "rhythmic tonal harmonies," or "Cleveland dance hymns of copulation," simply put, The Revelers are rock 'n' roll. After three full-length releases and scads of singles, that much is abundantly clear. This band's brand of upbeat lyrical verse steers clear of the typical "Mods vs. Rockers" philosophical quagmire, wisely setting its sights on the humble goal of leaving no ass un-rocked. The Revelers, not unlike their Mexican *bandito* compadres, simply aim their instruments straight for your tired dogs and say "Dance, gringo!" And, as Power Pop guru Eric Carmen once declared, "That's Rock 'n' Roll!"

The outfit consists of guitarist Joel Kaufman, fellow guitarist Andrej Cuturic, bassist George Frank, and drummer Tommy Fox. Joel and Andrej, sharing songwriting and lead vocal duties (as well as taking front and center stage during their live shows), are usually considered their unspoken "leaders". Newcomer George Frank, although nimbly stepping into recently-departed Matt Charboneau's shoes, has yet to make his bid for power within the band (i.e. he still shows up for practice on time). If there has to be an epicenter of this maelstrom, however, it's drummer Tommy Fox: that boy pounds the skins like he has a dozen giant centipedes scurrying around his back, flailing his arms about in a manner not unlike Animal from Dr. Teeth's Muppet Show band. The result is a rhythmic fury not seen in these parts for many a Moon.

The Revelers have recently taken an extended trip to New York City to test the musical waters of the Big Apple. Before departing, however, CLE Magazine caught up with them at The Distillery in Columbus, Ohio, for a brief interview...

CLE: Be honest now, what are your feelings on doing interviews?

Andrej: It's awful. (laughter) Really, it's hard to sit down and talk about yourself...

George: ...after years of nobody being interested. (laughter)

Andrej: ...and I'm sure it's hard for the writer to capture what you or your band is like. Not to be too philosophical, but they can only get their impression of what the band is like. You'd have to be Socrates to sort it out! (laughter)

CLE: Sure...as a band, I'm sure you never sit around and ask yourself, "So, guys, what have we been listening to these days?" (laughter and pause) So, guys, what have you been listening to these days? (laughter)

Tommy: *Funky Kingston* by Toots and the Maytals.

* * *

As you can tell, The Revelers like to joke around a bit (although they do listen to *Funky Kingston*). For those who may not know the band, some background is in order...

* * *

CLE: Can you give us a brief history of The Revelers?

Joel: Tommy, Andrej, and I have been playing together about 7 or 8 years now. For a couple of years we were a five piece, with Chris Klasa (mastermind behind Inbred Recording Co.) on percussion.

CLE: What brought the three of you together initially?

Joel: Andrej and I vaguely knew each other through a mutual high school friend. I knew some of the guys that he was in a band with, and we got together and started The Revelers.

Andrej: That was in the fall of 1988.

CLE: How long was it after that until your first single was released?

Joel: We recorded it in the early part of 1990, I think it was. It didn't come out until almost the end of the year...

Tommy: ...and then we didn't put anything else out until 1994, I think. We were on hiatus partly because I had tendinitis during that period.

Andrej: The 1994 single was on Shimmy Disc.

CLE: How did you hook up with Kramer (from Shimmy Disc)?

Andrej: We sent a bunch of tapes out, and he wrote us back.

Tommy: He said "I can do a much better production job than you did!" (laughter)

Joel: I think we were the first Cleveland band he worked with.

CLE: Are you still in touch with him?

Joel: Oh yeah. In fact, we're heading back there in a little bit to record some stuff before we go to the South by Southwest festival.

* * *

Shortly after this interview, The Revelers played at an off-festival party (hosted by Jim Clevo) at South by Southwest. For those unfamilar, the South by Southwest festival is a huge annual event held in Austin, Texas, as a showcase for more bands than you'd ever be able to see in one massive weekend. Of late, participating in the festival seems to have become part of an indie ritual for any band interested in playing dates outside of their own hometown ...

* * *

CLE: Are you interested in touring more?

Joel: Definitely.

Andrej: That's where we're trying to get to right now. You know, it seems like all we ever did from the time we started the band, up till 1995, was play in Cleveland and Youngstown. We broadened our base in 1995 to include Pittsburgh and Columbus. (laughter)

CLE: Do you have steady jobs that would interfere with touring? What if you had to go on the road for, say, two months?

Andrej: If they wanted us on the road for twelve months a year, we'd be there.

CLE: What prompted the decision to go to New York City?
Andrej: That's a secret. (laughter)
Joel: (mock anger) How did you find out about it? (laughter)
CLE: We can't give out our sources, you know! (laughter)
Andrej: Seriously, we want to be a band, not necessarily making a ridiculous amount of money, but out there playing and touring and just doing it, you know? Nothing's happened for us in Cleveland for seven years, you know? We have friends in New York, and it's the biggest city there is...
CLE: Plus all the heroin! (laughter)
Joel: Of course! (laughter)
Andrej: We're not planning on staying in New York....we just want to go there and meet some people...
CLE: So how long are you planning on staying out there?
George: We figure to get out there by the end of March, and by mid-April we should be signed. (laughter)

****

As The Revelers have a slew of recordings available for the music-buying public, most recently a seven-incher on Break-Up! Records (see the discography elsewhere in this article for all the gory details), naturally the topic of the music business came up...

****

CLE: So if a small record label came up to you and wanted to put out a record, what would you do?
Andrej: Well, right now, Break-Up! Records is the only label that isn't run by a Reveler that has wanted to put out a Revelers single! (laughter)
Tommy: The way I see it, if anybody would want to do a record with us, why not do it?
Andrej: To be honest, except for maybe making pizzas, we don't have any real talent outside of playing music...
CLE: I hear you guys do make one hell of a pizza, by the way! (laughter)

****

After a lengthy recitation on the merits of hand-tossed vs. frozen pies, the conversation delved into topics ranging from band solidarity, band rivalries, and legendary Cleveland band The Mice (of which Tommy was a youthful member). As George is a rather new addition to the roster (replacing long-time member Matt Charboneau), the discussion also involved the transition between the two bassists.

****

CLE: So what is Matt up to these days?
Joel: He's playing with The DuValby Brothers now. Matt was in the band a good chunk of time, certainly during our most productive time, in terms of playing shows and recording.
Tommy: He also plays in a jazz band, which is great. He's very talented.
CLE: How did George get involved with The Revelers?
George: I started hanging around a Youngstown, Ohio, band called Boogie Man Smash in about 1989. In 1992, their bass player was graduating from college and moving away, so I started playing for them.
CLE: How did that get you hooked up with The Revelers?
George: We kept seeing these crazy freaks from Cleveland coming down, getting drunk, smashing bottles all over the place, jumping around like idiots, and we figured that we might as well be friends with them! (laughter)
Joel: They were intimidated by us! (laughter) Actually, we played with Boogie Man Smash before George was even in that band, and we all hit it off pretty much from the start.
Andrej: Boogie Man Smash just broke up recently. That's how we got George in the band.
CLE: Well, George definitely shakes it up while he plays!
George: I got the devil in me! (laughs)

****

Devil or no, the band definitely shakes some action when they play live. In summing up, given their affinity for 60's pop, CLE decided to poll The Revelers on their favorite Kinks records, as well as quiz the group on a little band philosophy...

****

CLE: So, what's your favorite Kinks record?
Tommy: Probably Something Else or Village Green.
Andrej: Yeah, probably Village Green. I like every Kinks record. That's such a tough question. Kontroversy, Something Else, Arthur, Village Green. Those are the ones I've been listening to lately.
CLE: What about Schoolboys in Disgrace?
Andrej: Yeah, that's a great one, too.
CLE: In the big picture, what do you want people to get out of The Revelers' music?
Andrej: I know the feeling that I get, the excitement, when I hear a good band. I may not be able to put it into profound words, like "This Is How I Felt When I First Heard The Who," but I definitely want to put that same feeling back into the records that we make.
CLE: Final question. What's it all about: Girls or Music?
Andrej: That's a question for George to answer! (laughter)
George: Did you ask "Girls or girls?" That's a dumb question! (laughter)

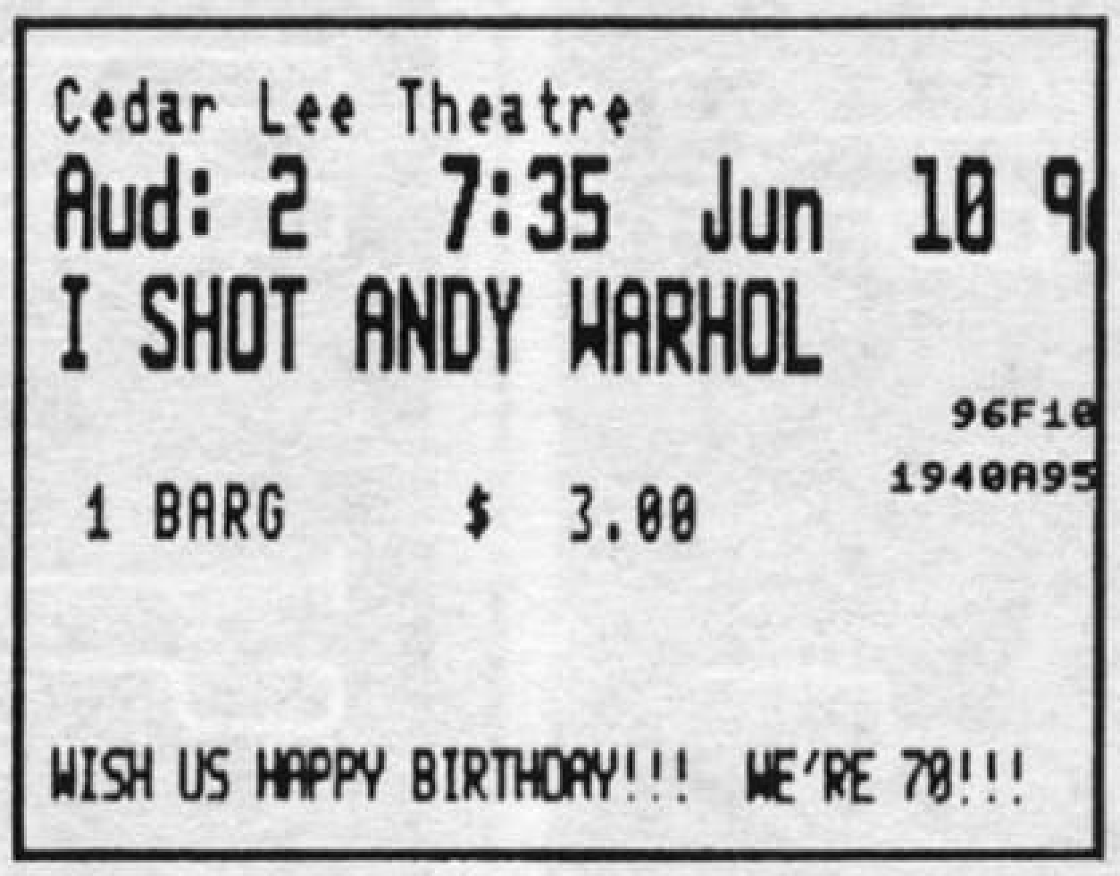
DISCOGRAPHY

Singles
"Set Myself Up" b/w "Warning Sign" (St. Valentine) 1990
"Walking Thinking" b/w "Underwear" (Shimmy Disc) 1994
Do The Ronettes (Inbred) Split 7-inch four song e.p. with Boogie Man Smash (featuring one original and one Ronettes song covered by each band) 1995
Afterbirth of Cool (Inbred) three song e.p. "This Little Light of Mine" b/w "And Your Bird Can Sing" & "Bonded To You" (Inbred) 1995
ReCHOIRed Listening (Inbred) Split 7-inch four song e.p. with Boogie Man Smash (featuring one original and one Choir song covered by each band) 1996
"Silver Ship" b/w "Meet Me at the Station" & "Little Kings of Rock `n' Roll" (Break-Up!) 1997

Albums
91st Street Stomp (Inbred) 1994 LP
On Top (Inbred) 1995 CD
Better Get Hit in Your Soul! (Inbred) 1996 CD
25% of Nothing (working title) (Inbred) - CD scheduled for summer 1997 release

Compilation Cuts
"Hands and Knees" - Clearing the Air (JCP) 1990
"Walking Thinking" - Audio Mag Vol. 2 (U.S. Rocker) 1993
"Trouble On My Mind" - NORML Compilation (JCP) 1996
"Bonded To You" - The Three Minute Revolution (RPM) 1996
"Heaven" - Ubu Dance Party (Pere Ubu Tribute) (Datapanik) 1997
"Silver Ship" & "Yes, I'm Feeling Lonely" - Cle Magazine 1997

Ugly Beauty Summer Fun Page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I SHOT ANDY WARHOL
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WISH US HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!! WE'RE 70!!!

Go to a movie

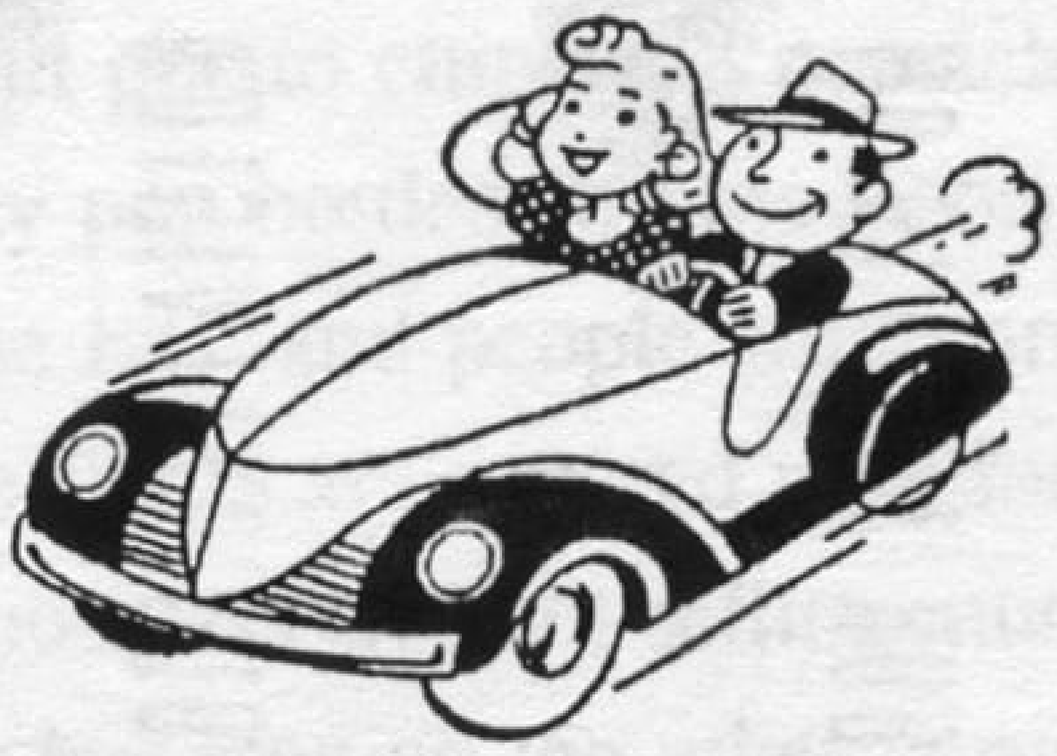
Have a cookout

Go to the track

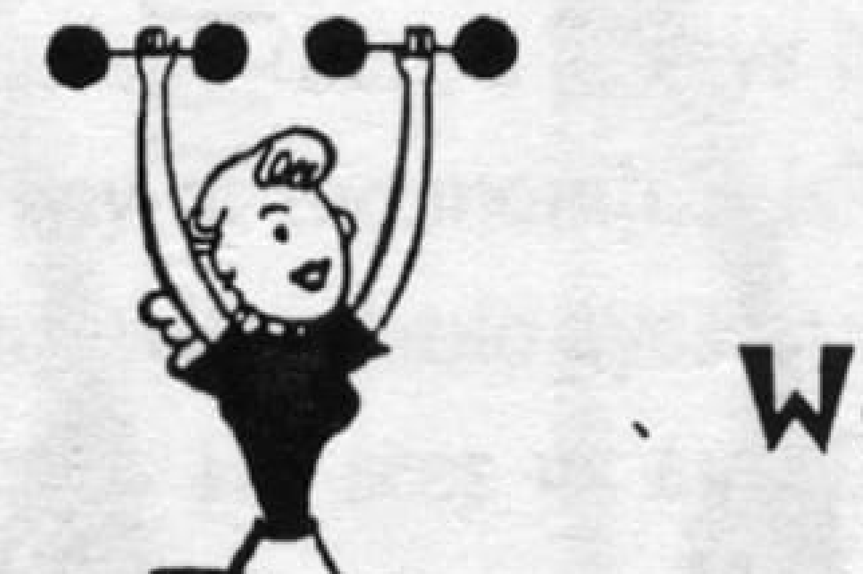
Start a rumor

Go to the beach

Go to the zoo



Go for a drive



Work out

Take a trip

EL SALVADOR

Ugly info:
John Scully•drums
Joe Milan•accordion, bass
Andrew Klimeyk•guitar, vocals
John Hricko•keyboards
plus:
John Petkovic•vocals on "Ariel Said"
John McAndrews•trumpet on
"Virgo Feedback" & "Ariel Said"
recorded at Magnetic North
produced by Andrew Klimeyk
& Chris Keffer

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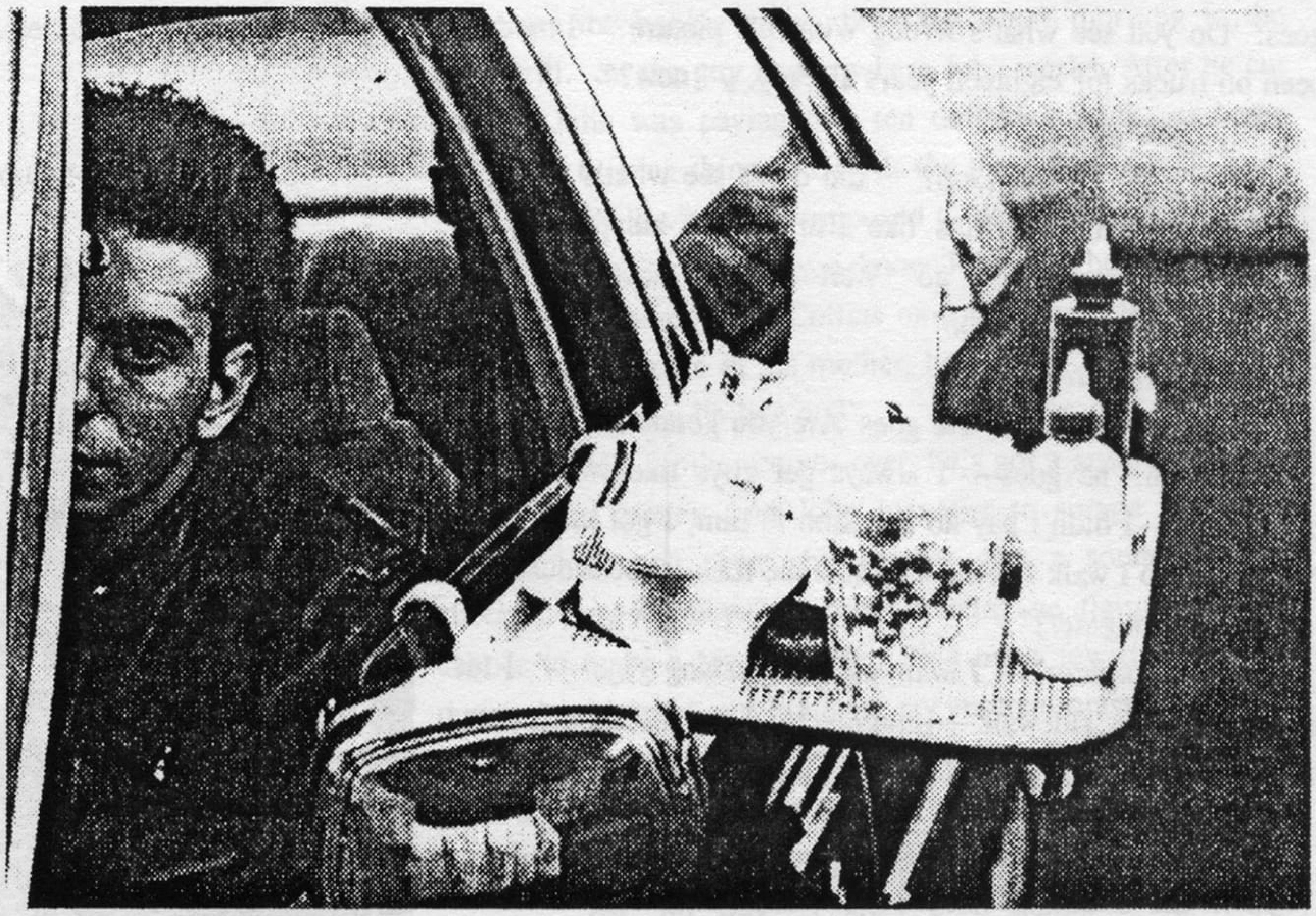
THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

AN EXCERPT FROM THE STILL-UNPUBLISHED NOVEL

BY MICHAEL DeCAPITE



SUSAN HULME

We're sitting on Ed's porch with a six of Schaefer's watching the world go by. It's the kind of neighborhood where there's always some baggy-pants motherfucker selling something out of a shopping cart, and if they're giving away government cheese on a Monday morning there's a guy in a baseball cap leaning on your fence by noon tryna get five bucks for it, although you can knock that down to a buck and a pint of cream sherry, and if you put a refrigerator door out with the trash on the treelawn it's bound to get dragged away scraping up the middle of the street by a guy with a quart of Colt 45 jammed into his back pocket and a taped-up axe-handle tucked under his arm, and the little grocery'll give you cash for your food stamps at three-quarters the face value, and you never seem to see anyone in those stores buying anything but potato chips and popsicles and beer and sweets, and the favorite form of currency besides what the government prints is empty pop bottles and the favorite drugs besides what the government taxes are glue and tulio stolen from the paint factory down the hill, and people who don't know you by your name know you by your car, and most of the bathtubs have legs and most of the floors are covered with four layers of linoleum in floral patterns differing from room to room, and the gas station does a lot of business without selling much gas, and the payphone on the corner is always in use until it gets ripped out once a month, and the bus stop on the other corner gets the glass busted out of it at slightly less regular intervals, and there's always dogs and stray kids running back and forth, and the mailman is a friend or an enemy depending on what day of the month it is—

Pancho goes by…a hard little shambling Puerto Rican with diablo eyes in a pigskin face…always looks like he's ready for battle, just returning from it, or musing over battles past… He sees us and flashes the fist of power, sings out "YEEE-HAAA!"

Ed says "I worked for Budweiser today with the fucking Colonel. Don Davis. He's in the Reserves, he's a colonel? Everything on the truck's gotta be straight. His uniform was—*pressed* to the hilt—shined shoes—"

"[*laughter*]"

"—His fucking Budweiser pin was shining— This guy's a total fucking lunatic. His shirt was starched—buttoned all the way up—He's got a bottle of Windex for the truck, everything. I lit a cigarette he almost went bananas…gave me a lecture about smoking, y'know? The koop de grace was—I'm throwing beer cases on the wheeler, haphazardly, just throw `em on there...One's hanging this way one's hanging this way—-but they're on the wheeler, basically, right?"

"Yeah."

"Fucking—-Colonel: Puts his hands on his hips and goes: 'Do you see what's wrong with this picture?' I mean I been on trucks for eighteen years already, y'know?"

"Aw god..."

"I go 'What, Don?' 'You don't see what's wrong?' Got his hands on his hips like I'm one of his privates or something, y'know? I go 'Well I don't see, Don,' he goes—-'*That's not uniform!*'"

"[*laughter*]"

"I go 'What?' He goes 'Are you gonna fix it?' I go 'C'mon Don,' he goes—-'I always get guys like you on my truck!' So—-I didn't pay no attention to him, I got the beer... No sooner do I walk five fucking feet the fucking beer dumps."

"[*laughter*]"

"[*laughter*]—-'*I told you, you fucking guys*—-' I hit a crack in the sidewalk—-[*laughter*]—-I says Motherfucker, man...It was so funny... He gave me a stern lecture, man..."

"Aw, that's great..."

"His fucking *dick* got hard, soon as I dumped that shit."

"[*laughter*]"

"He was in fucking heaven, man..."

From the gas station came the sound of a lugnut gun...and then banging...and then someone started an engine and revved it until a cloud of blueish exhaust came across the porch.

Three Puerto Rican girls walked by like accordion music under the trees, looking like they'd accept nothing less than perfection.

"You betting anything tonight?"

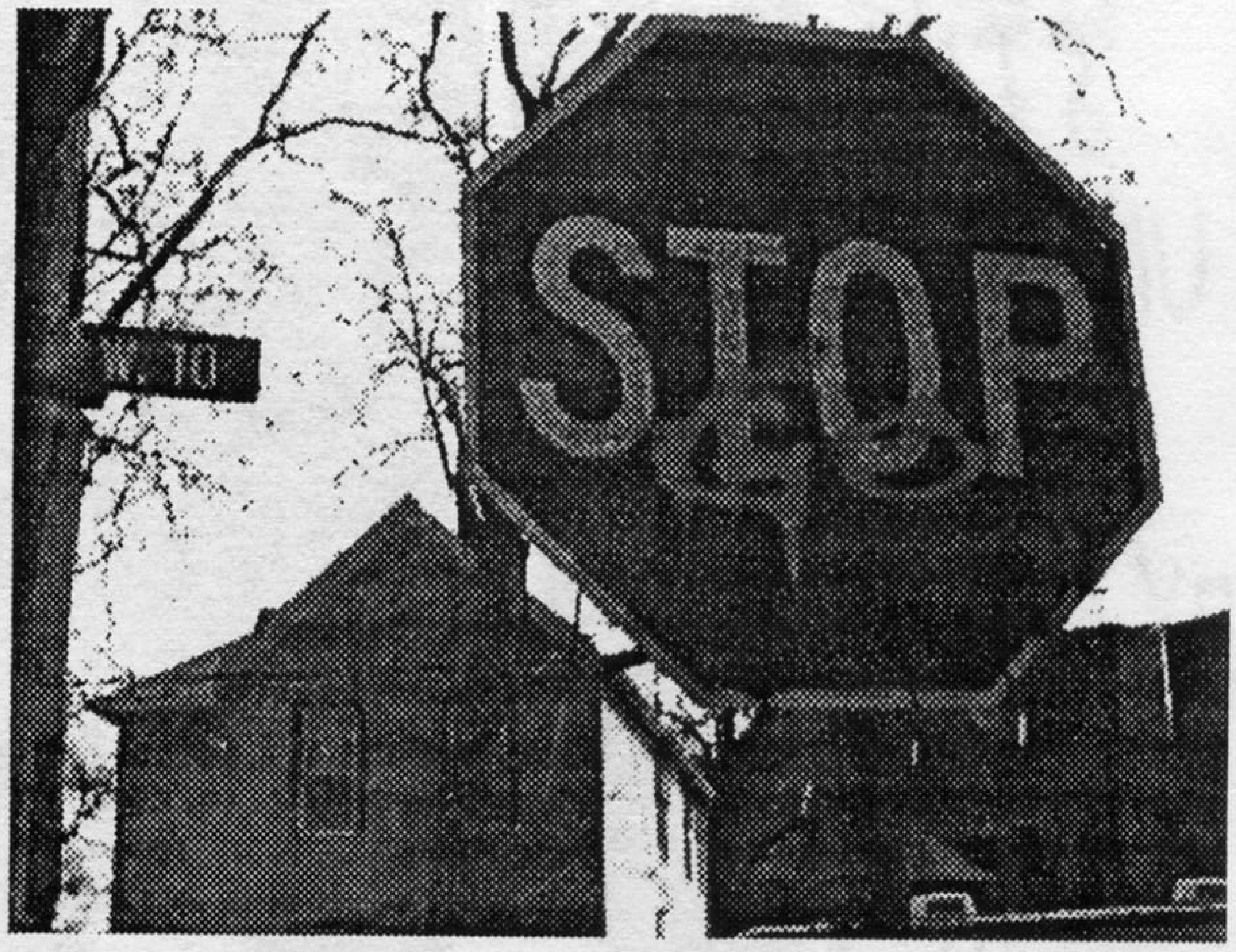
"I took a two-teamer for twenty; Chicago and Detroit."

A dog wandered into the yard...Ed went into the house and brought him out some baloney.

Evening pulled its hatbrim.

Pancho shuffled past with what looked like a shotgun wrapped in a blanket over his shoulder, a pint of Wild Irish Rose trailing from one hand... His yeee-haa came softer now. Apparently he lived on the streets. Midnight would find him camped in front of Professor Market under the light of the Pepsi sign. When they switched it off he'd move to a bus stop, everyone he knew gone home.

PHOTOS BY ANDREW KLIMEYK



In like a lion, out like a lamb: crazy Spring weather: slow sunlit exhalations, rain comes mixed with hail, and then empties out at one end of the street like a turned-off garden hose, while the sky breaks clear... A couple incisors in the air and golden fleece above. I throw the window wide and climb out on the ledge, Billy Lee Riley singing in the room:

Oh well I climbed up on the steeple and I—-rang the bell
I want the whole world to know that I'm under your spell
I got your water boilin' baby: I'm gon cook your goose!
*Well I need your lovey-dovey, ain't gon turn you loose!**

---

*Sun 322, "Got the Water Boiling", Copyright Charly Records LTD

Baseball season was starting.

Ed was on his porch, pretending not to hear the phone…

"That's that fucking Uncle John, he's been calling me for the last three days."

"Who's that?"

"My half-uncle, I told you about him."

"What's he want?"

"He's a sick gambler, he wants to start betting baseball with Feef."

"Yeah?"

"It's a long story, I grew up with the guy on St. Clair, I ain't talked to him in years. He lives with his mother, never goes outa the house. They got three rooms over an auto part store, been there twenty-five years. He just stays in the house looking after his mother."

"She sick?"

"Naw, she just old, y'know. Tough old Polack broad, smoked two packs of Pall Malls and drank whiskey every day for sixty years, and now John decides she's too frail to take a walk to the store. He's got like a—-like a mother complex, y'know? Constantly putting his arm around her, asking 'Are you alright Ma? You need anything?' *Every* fucking five minutes: kissing her—-big wet smacks on her top of her head: you can hear him, over the phone: 'You want some ice tea Ma? (*smack!*)' And she's trapped in there with him `cause John don't let her outa the house. And he don't go nowhere except to Convenient or the laundry, y'know, he—-uses her as an excuse never to go out and face the world."

"Doesn't he work? What's he bet with?"

"He ain't been betting for a long time `cause he ain't got a bookie. He owes one guy like three grand, so he's cut off till he pays it back. He's broke. Even when he's working he only made a hundred a week…"

"Where was that?"

"Delivering pamphlets. The absolute lowest form of spot labor. They send you out in a truck in the morning with thirty other derelicts, give you a neighborhood to cover—-y'know, door-to-door, sticking fliers on people's doors. He used to carry mace, in case of dogs. He thought of himself as a mailman."

"Of course."

"After eight years they let him ride up in the front of the truck with the driver."

"Yeah, right."

"Anyway, the office they report to's at 65th and Detroit, right across from his bookie, y'know. He said he could see the bookie eating breakfast every morning in the City Grill. So the guy knows where John works. After he cut him off John was paying him ten dollars a week, or some ridiculous fucking thing—-towards the three thousand."

"Well what's he supposed to do?"

"Bookie don't even know John's right name, John gave him the name Tom Collins or something. But he quits the job, to take care of his mother, he says."

"What's he live on?"

"His brother comes over, he's got a sister; they give him haircut money, and John manages to scrape up a few pennies here and there, his mother gets a social security check… Anyway now baseball's starting he figures this his chance to make a big hit. He called me a few days ago—-I dunno how he got my number, my mother musta give it to him—-and I mentioned I been betting with Feef, so now he's been calling to see if I can get him in with Feef."

"Yeah. You know how Feef is…"

"Aw, no way—-I ain't even gonna bring it up. Fucking guy blows up if you say goodmorning to him. Besides, John's a perpetual loser."

"Yeah?"

"So I'll take his fucking tens and twenties and tell him I put `em in with Feef under my name. I'll tell him Feef ain't taking any new action till football."

"[*laughter*]"

"Danny, the guy's a perpetual loser. He bets mostly parlays, which any gambler will tell you are impossible. I know because I bet `em myself. And even when he hits he'll wanna bet it all on another parlay. He's got some kind of—-grandeur illusions he's gonna make a hit and keep building it into the thousands. He wants to make enough to pay this bookie back and wipe him out too. I know because he keeps asking me how much action Feef'll take. 'Will he take a thousand-dollar bet? Will he take a thousand-dollar two-teamer? What about ten big ones? Could he handle that? Who is this guy? I can't be dealing with no small-time bookie…'"

"What's he got to start with?"

"Get this: he cashed a two-hundred-fifty-dollar life insurance policy for the opening of baseball, and he donated his body to Science for fifty bucks. He's really hyped-up about—-"

"He what?"

"Donated his body to Science. He found out about a place you can go and pledge your body to Science: they put like a—-some kinda tattoo on your foot and when you die they take your body. Fifty bucks."

iquor & Groceries
Scratche
CAMEL

Saturday. Opened my eyes after a forty-dollar night in the cab, the window open wide. A warm breeze.

I stood on Ed's porch, watching the business of the street. People look dazed on a Saturday morning: emerging from a week of work, unsure what to do with a day off. They're moving back and forth, pulling themselves together...a little stunned...intimidated by all the options a sunny Saturday seems to offer...sorting through them...before shuffling into gear and becoming inevitably involved in the same concerns they were involved in the Saturday before. There's that brief moment of guilt when you realize you're alive and don't know how to live, and you look at the sky and sun and feel like you should be doing something spontaneous or fulfilling...until you find one of the convenient excuses that're always waiting for you to do nothing but go shopping or do the laundry or whatever...

I heard the door open and turned to see Ed emerging from his chambers—-barefoot, in checkered pants and a t-shirt, squinting resentfully at the sun.

"Whattayou want boy?"

"I'm gonna get some breakfast. You coming?"

"...Uh—-Yeah, gimme a minute to get my brain together here...You going to the Spot?"

"Yeah."

"Do me a favor, get me a paper and a pack of Newports. Here, waitaminute, lemme find some cash—-"

"I got it."

"No, no, I got it. Whattayou think I'm a fucking bum?"

He leaned inside and ruffled through papers and loose change...

"Here: here's a buck."

I come back from Abdul's, he's leaning on the porch rail.

Walking to the Spot there's a big slouchy guy coming toward us.

"Aah shit. I didn't wanna wear these check pants, but if the Mayor's wearing `em I guess it's okay."

"Huh?"

Guy's got a cigarette with two inches of ash and a challenging look in his eyes...

"The Mayor. Mayor of the Southside."

I turn to look as he passes. *Racing Form*, back pocket. "Who's that?"

"Don't you know your mayor when you see him? He's on his way to a meeting with the Sewer Commission."

"What're you talking about?"

"That fucking guy—-I stop at the Spot for an egg sandwich on my way to the Hall: he's in there. Nine-thirty he's on the corner by the drugstore with a couple of his aldermen. In the afternoon I see him patrolling the streets. Look out the window at midnight he's walking past. Come home from a cardgame last night, he's wandering around under the bridge, y'know, making—-estimations on projected street repairs. I see him on 14th, he's down by the projects, discussing racial issues—-In Abdul's, chatting with local merchants—- At least twice a day he's in Feef's, talking with his constituents—-"

"Yeah, yeah..."

"I see him buying numbers, supporting the school system—-"

"[*laughter*]"

"The guy never sleeps. He's the Mayor."

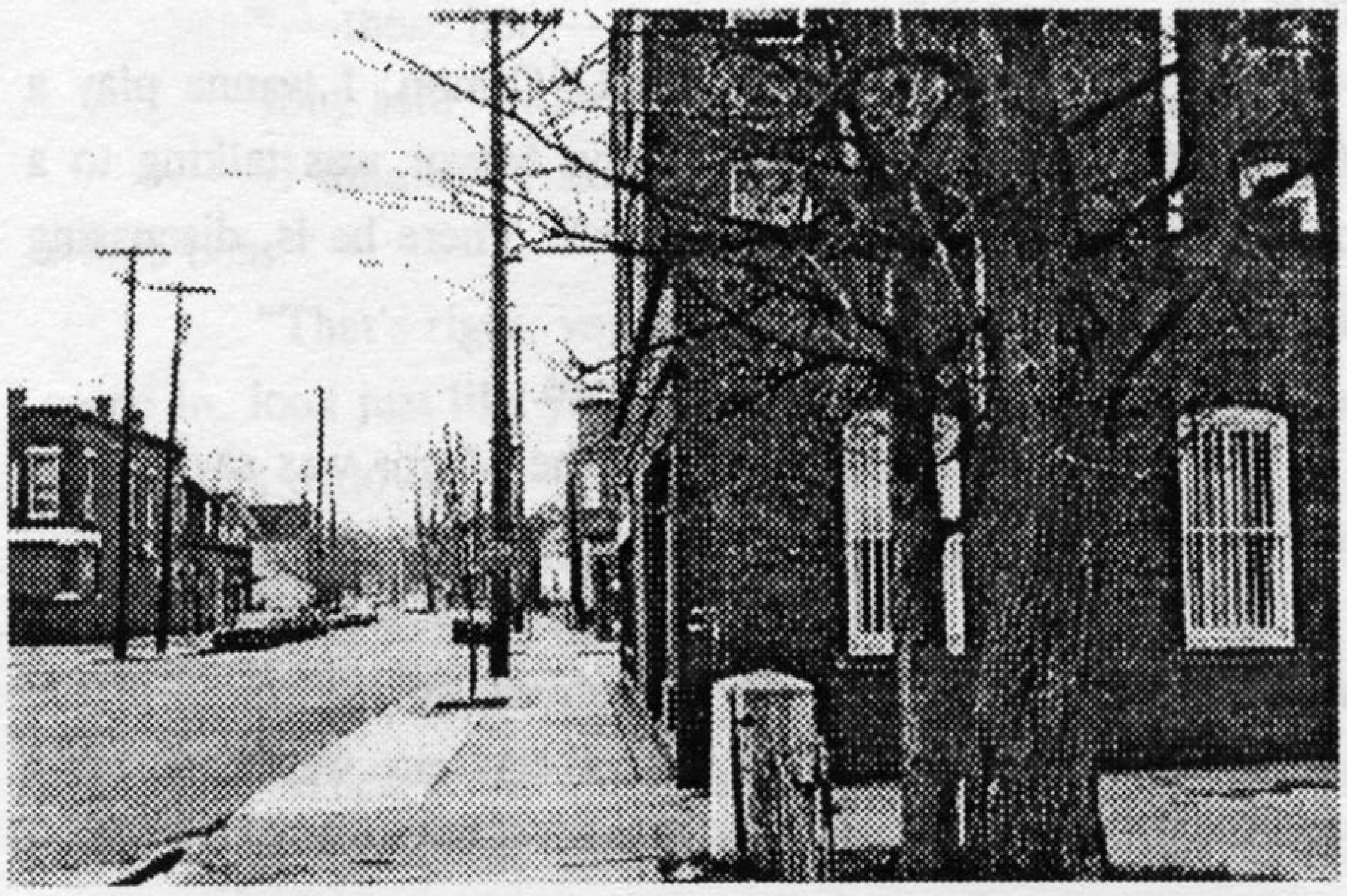
"I thought Pancho was the mayor."

"Fuck no, Pancho's a Mex. Mayor's got Pancho in charge of neighborhood security."

At the Golden Spot we sat down, Ed opened the paper to the sports and folded it over. A girl came and filled our cups and we ordered.

"What're you doing today?" I asked him.

"I dunno, I got sixty bucks. I'm gonna fill out a couple Lotto tickets, and



then I's thinking of possibly hitting the track for a few races—-get back in time to put in a bet with Feef, and then shoot out to Vegas Nite at St. Mary's from five to seven, then there's a possible game at TJ's."

"That all? We could pitch some pennies while we're waiting here..."

"Many possibilities."

"Shoot a little craps between races...ask around about a cockfight for after TJ's..."

"...many possibilities...the Indians're playing—-"

"The Indians're in town?"

"Opening day."

"Who they playing?"

"Boston."

"Fuck, let's go down there."

"Yeah, it's a possibility, I—-Naw, no, I couldn't do that—-"

"Why not? Let's go down there, sit in the bleachers."

"No really Danny, I couldn't do that, uh—-"

"Why not?"

"It's fucking opening day, all the families'll be down there with their plastic coolers and their Indians hats—-waving flags... Y'know the typical—-All-American—-dildo guys with their programs and headphones and souvenir bats yelling 'YAY! GO INDIANS!' and all their kids'll be jumping around, climbing over the seats, yelling `HIT A HOMERUN! YAY BRETT BUTLER—-I LOVE YOU! I LOVE YOU MY FATHER'S AN ASSHOLE!' You know what it'll be like down there."

"Yeah I guess."

"I wish you'd meet a broad, get me off the hook. If I had your looks and my personality I'd have broads knocking on my door. What're you—-twenty-two? twenty-three?"

"Twenty-three."

"When I was your age I was out every night! I don't do it now because I'm a fat, bald, broken-down slob: my back is broke from lifting cases for twenty years, I'm tired all the time I don't have the energy to go out meeting people, so I gotta rely on these whores I pick up, and various other—-tactics I've mastered—-But you're a young guy, you got youth on your side!"

The girl came with our plates.

"Jolene," he said, "This guy's always knocking on my door, hanging around...I don't really mind too much `cause he's good for a loan once in a while—-I don't wanna cut him off completely, but basically he's a—-lonely guy, he needs a girlfriend."

I sighed, embarrassed.

"Ain't you got any friends you could fix him up with? What about you?"

"Sorry...I'm engaged."

"Well you must have some friends—-"

"Jolene—-"

"I realize he ain't got my personality, but he's basically—-good-looking guy, he's got a car—-"

"I'll ask around," she said.

"Yeah—-Let me know," he told her. "And let me know if you decide to dump your fiance. I got a car too. And I could use another shot of coffee when you get a chance."

I looked at him and shook my head.

He said "It's no joke. You'll turn into an Uncle John before you know it."

"You heard from him?"

"Called me nine o'clock this morning. He wants a three-teamer for fifty. He's starting out with a bang."

"*Fifty?* Where'd he get that?"

"I told you he donated his body to Science."

There was a crash from the kitchen.

"What if he hits the fucker?"

"He hits I'll be on the first Greyhound as far as fifty bucks'll take me."

"He's gotta catch on to this..."

"Hey, I ain't tryna rip him off: He hits, I'll pay him, one way or another. Besides, John ain't the most worldly guy. He spent the last forty years in his room."

"Yeah, what's the deal with him?"

"His parents gave him Coca-Cola out of a baby bottle. He spent the next eight years under his bed, naked, with the old shoes. Kept to himself during school, stayed in the house at night...Graduated from high school and spent another five years in his room. By then the family's starting to get a little concerned—-start pressuring him to maybe go out and get a job of some kind, y'know... He got a job in a pie factory. Lasted one day. They put him at the end of a chute, and as each Mrs. Smith's pie came sliding down the chute he's supposed to wrap it in plastic. The pies start coming faster and John panicked: he's wrapping one pie another one gets by him, he—-reach for it—-stick his thumb through the crust—-another one coming down he get the cellophane tangled up... Pies sailing down the chute, dropping on the floor—-people were yelling at him...So he retreated into the bathroom, started crying. Came back out, they gave him another chance. Same thing: pies flying all over the place, John's wrapped in cellophane... The experience was so revolting it put him back in his room for another seven years."

"[*laughter*]"

"Seven years. Think about it. That's another seven years of his life John was MIA, holed up in his room. Then he started with the pamphlets."

"What about women?"

"Well...Sixteen years after he graduated, when he was thirty-four, John started to blossom out a little, socially. He met a woman in some hillbilly bar—-a complete horse—-three-hundred-and-fifty-pound hillbilly woman with a pushed-in face, about forty-five years old—-"

"Yeah."

"Really: good, solid three hundred pounds. She's divorced, got one kid in reform school and another at Brushy Mountain State Pen in Tennessee—-she's completely in love with John. He don't see her no more. She lives way the fuck out on the Westside, he'd take like three buses to get there, then three buses home. Simple date, nine o'clock movie, he gets home three in the morning. She don't know his phone number, address, or his right name—-she been seeing him two years, thinks his name is Tom Collins. Totally in love with him. Whenever they have a fight she puts an ad in the Classifieds: 'Tom:
Please come see me. Love, Barb.'"

He paid my laughter no mind, eating his eggs and glancing through the paper. Then he said "You feel like taking a ride out there for a few races?"

"I think I'm gonna stick around here...think things over."

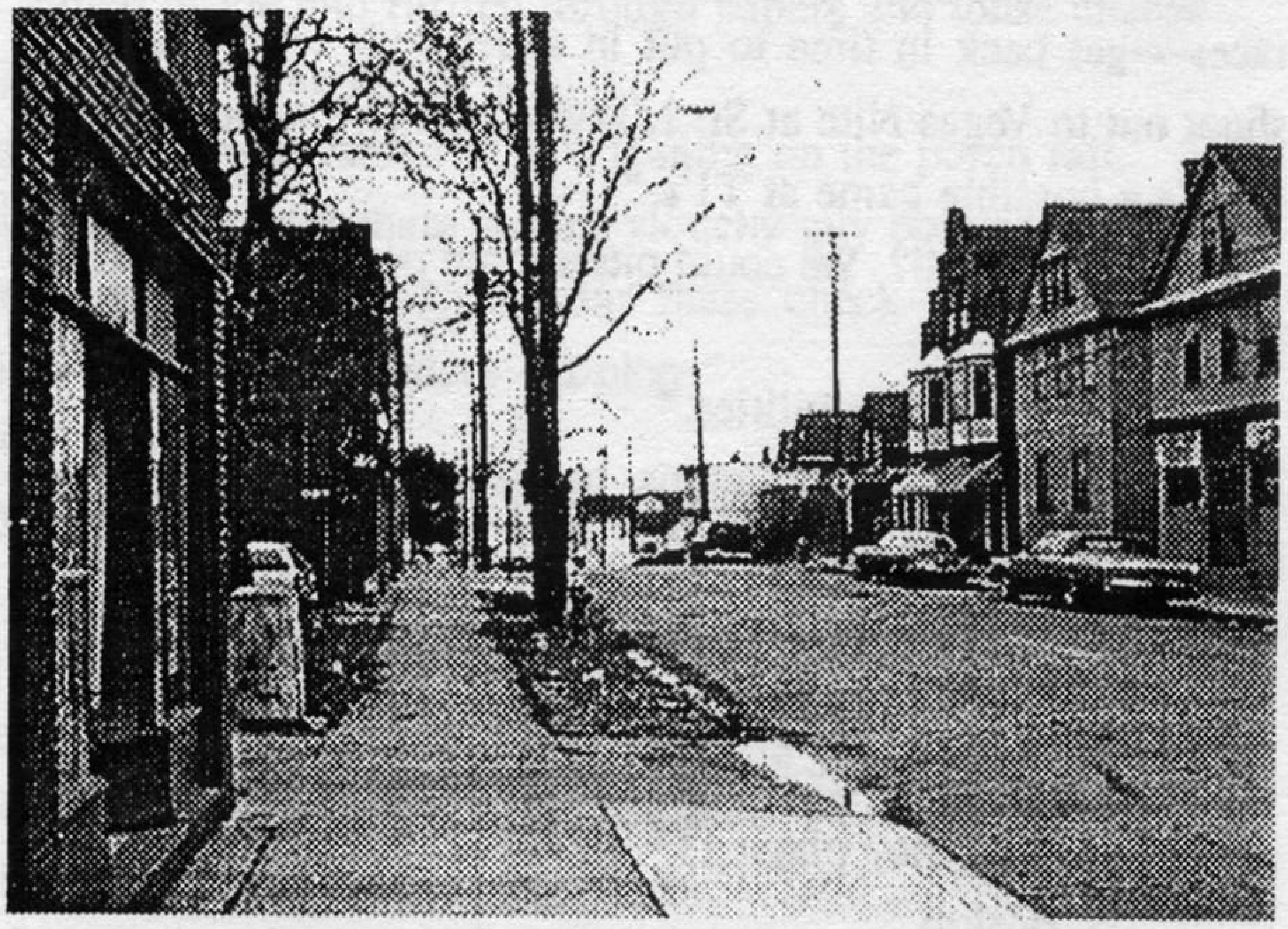
Stepping outside he said "C'mon, I wanna play a few Lottos." Across the street the Mayor was talking to a couple of old-timers. Ed said "See? There he is, discussing the issues of the day."

We crossed to the drugstore.

"Post time's one-thirty," the Mayor was saying. "I ain't taking the goddamn bus! Ain't nobody going out?"

I looked him over. His head was too small, and he was wearing a huge pair of workshoes worn through at the heels to his socks. The ash on his cigarette was impossibly long. He looked like a clown from a circus in Hell.

* * * * *



All afternoon I tried to get something up for the night. I called Al, Jack, and Dave, but each of them was out. Around 6:30 I got a number from the girl Ed claimed was in love with me. I decided to believe him if 721 came in.

I walked to the Greeks and Mihale made me dinner.

The other room was hung with smoke and the slapping of cards. At a table by the window Tony sat like an old orangutan, chewing an ancient cigar, gazing alternately past his reflection to a place in the night above the Greek Orthodox Church, and across the table with a patient smile for Nick Stavros, who was going through the paper.

Nick was saying "There can only be one boss. Just like there's only one boss in the sky. Once in a while America's gotta step in and show everyone who's boss, and then everything's fine again."

Tony smiled and shook his head.

Nick said "Ain't that right Danny? Tony here don't believe that—-"

"Well, I dunno Nick, uh—-"

"—-these here—-"

Tony said "Now let's hear what the *boy* has to say."

"I dunno," I said. "I don't like anyone telling *me* who's boss."

"That's right, you tell him, my boy. When I see you come in, look just like you daddy when he was a young man. How's you daddy?"

"He's okay. How you doing, Tony?"

"You see you daddy?"

"Yeah, sure."

"When you see him tell him Tony says hello."

"Okay. How come you ain't playing cards?"

"There's no one good enough for him," Nick said from behind the paper.

"These men," Tony said, "They pass the time. A waste of time."

"Your father used to play Tony. He was the only one who could beat him once in a while."

"That's right: you daddy—-he was a concentrate, was a good with cards. He teach you cards?"

"Naw, I'm no good at cards."

Tony said "That's okay. You daddy good at cards, you maybe good at something else. You a young man, have plenty time..."

At 7:30 all attention was turned to the television. Saturday nights there was a drawing for the Lotto, in addition to the three-digit drawing. I looked around at the men checking their tickets against the numbers on the screen; Lea was ringside. Somehow even if any of these guys hit the thing, I couldn't see it making much of a difference in his life. Lea would be walking back and forth to the drugstore with eight million dollars in his pocket, sitting in front of the tv at 7:30 with that many more tickets.

A few months back there'd been a picture in the paper: some bust-out guy from the Westside had hit the damn thing for like five mil. and they'd picked him up a few months later for shoplifting. The money from his first installment check was gone, and he was deep in debt. The picture showed him slumped in a sleeveless undershirt in a kitchen chair, stunned, with a sea of recent losing lottery tickets at his feet. He was described as an alcoholic and inveterate horseplayer. I'd cut the picture out and given it to Ed, and he'd taped it to his wall.

...The number came 712. So I had forty coming on the box price. But I was still confused about the girl behind the window. Nick insisted on paying for my dinner. I said goodbye to them.

"Remember now," Tony said, "When you see you daddy, tell him Tony says hello. *Whenever* you see him, always tell him Tony says hello."

And there I was, walking through the immediate early dark of the April street: trying to catch one clear promise out of the jittery confused language of promise the night was whispering. The breeze was spiked with purples, golds, and silvers indiscernible to the eye, with rustlings beyond the ear's perception. I stopped on the porch and looked around, and then stepped into the close blackness of my stairway. Hit the lights in my room. I found myself alive and unfocused: I wanted to punch a hole in the wall, dive into the air, kick the door off its hinges: I wanted someone to talk to. I did some pushups and then some situps—-threw the window open and sent out a yell—-I put a record on and grabbed a beer from the fridge, cracked it and took four or five gulps and called Alex and called Dave and neither was home so I sat on the edge of the bed with something from inside me dancing in front of me and smoked a cigarette, feeling in the air that Saturday night was starting to happen.

I washed up.

...The avenue widens under streetlights—-floating alongside and trailing behind me like a filmed background, tilting as though the camera's hand-held: a big Puerto Rican dance joint up ahead, the B&E: guys on the sidewalk... I slow down, checking it out...spot a parking space—-And the front door blows open, the boys jump back and a wall of flame carries across the pavement, engulfs a parked car—-people run out screaming, I think Not tonight and keep going...

The warm weather's brought out a whole new crop of hookers: a tall blonde out front of the Dairy Mart...two brunettes in the light of a phonebooth...a shimmering Spanish girl steps out of a doorway...Suddenly it's overt, exciting—-like some two-bit Vegas: headlights, taillights—-jockeying, double-parking—-It pulls me in like a revolving door: I'm cruising with the flow: stopping, starting—-diving for the curb to just miss and beating down dark sidestreets, around and back. I spend half an hour up and down Lorain and Detroit: I spot Wendy's car...two guys pounding something in a doorway...a fat hopeless broad sitting angry on a wall in a Sea World t-shirt...three kids with big sticks around a pinball machine in a pizza joint...And then I make a wrong turn and the revolving door spits me out, and I realize I don't necessarily want a hooker: I just want contact with tonight.

Couldn't lay a glove on the Westside so I picked up the shoreway and shot East. The lights went out and I was into the dark territory of Route 2...figured I could catch Al at the Cosmopolitan. I looped into the parkinglot and circled a few times, looking for his car. No dice, so I stopped at Burger King for some fries and hit the Taco Bell drive-thru for an enchilada before saluting the enormous flag over Gastown and heading to McDonald's and then filling the tank at Sohio and Shell. I picked up a dozen assorted at Mr. Donut, caught half a double feature at the Euclid Avenue Drive-In and then stocked up on windshield fluid at Sunoco so I'd have a clear view of everything to come...bowled a quick game at Palisades and hung out with the gang outside Martin's and picked up a couple majorettes at the Kentucky Fried Chicken and took them to Euclid Creek and had to fight for a spot on lover's lane...dropped them at a late-night sub shop and bought a motorcycle and an anchovy pizza down the street and...

...The film ran steadily past, and finally I parked in the Heights. I knew a girl named Sadie and I thought she might be working.

The place was crowded, music was playing. Sadie was mixing a drink behind the bar. She served it and rang it up and gave the guy his change and laughed at something he said. She saw me and came over smiling.

"Hey baby! What're you doing here?"

She leaned over the bar and kissed me on the lips.

She said "I thought you only drank at home alone."

"Yeah, I decided to take the show on the road tonight."

She laughed. "What're you drinking baby?" Everyone was Sadie's baby.

"I'll have a shot of bar bourbon."

She poured me a big Wild Turkey, the eight-year-old, and then slipped away before I could pay for it.

When she came back I thanked her and wished her health and swallowed half the shot, expecting trouble and finding only warm assent as things began to feel like they were working inside and around me and Saturday night was here.

That's when the manager came out and said "Last call."

Sadie moved along the bar taking care of the final push. When she came back she had another Turkey for me and a shot of B&B for herself.

"My first one tonight."

"How you been?"

She rolled her eyes and exhaled. I waited.

A guy about my size came up beside me in a torn t-shirt. He smiled at her, sweetly, and asked if he could get another rum-and-Coke. She smiled back, not so sweetly, and introduced him to me as Willy.

I said "Hi Willy." We shook hands and his smile increased.

She went to fix his drink; he said "You a friend of Sadie's?"

"Hardly know her." I pulled out a cigarette.

He glanced down the bar at her and then, turning to me as though curious for my opinion, he said "Some chick, huh?"

I looked at him for a second and said "Well, she pours a good drink. Good luck." I took a sip and lit the cigarette.

Sadie brought his drink, they exchanged bitter smiles, and he took it back to his table of friends.

She said "That's the guy I've been living with for two years. And that girl in the leather jacket at his table is some chick he's been sleeping with."

"Mm. Why's he bring her here?"

"He thinks I don't know. Or he doesn't care. I've been looking for a place. Willy isn't working, so I'll never get him out of my place. So I'm just gonna move out at the end of the month. Let his floozy support him."

I nodded. She downed her B&B.

Willy's table got up to go and he came to the bar. He told her he'd see her at home, later. She didn't bother to return his smile this time, so he turned and gave what was left of it to me, and I smiled back, and he left.

Twenty minutes later I decided to get out of there myself, so I thanked her for the whiskey and told her to give me a call, and she gave me another kiss.

I hit the car pretending to feel sorry for Sadie and pretending to feel sorry for myself, until the silence of driving enclosed me and I realized I didn't feel sorry, just bored and a little frustrated, and then not even that; the world running behind glass, and the whiskey working...

Ed's car was gone.

I sat in the dark on the bed…waiting to merge with the nignt—-to be absorbed by it…trying to hear a place of silence inside me, and hearing only the buzzing in my head…

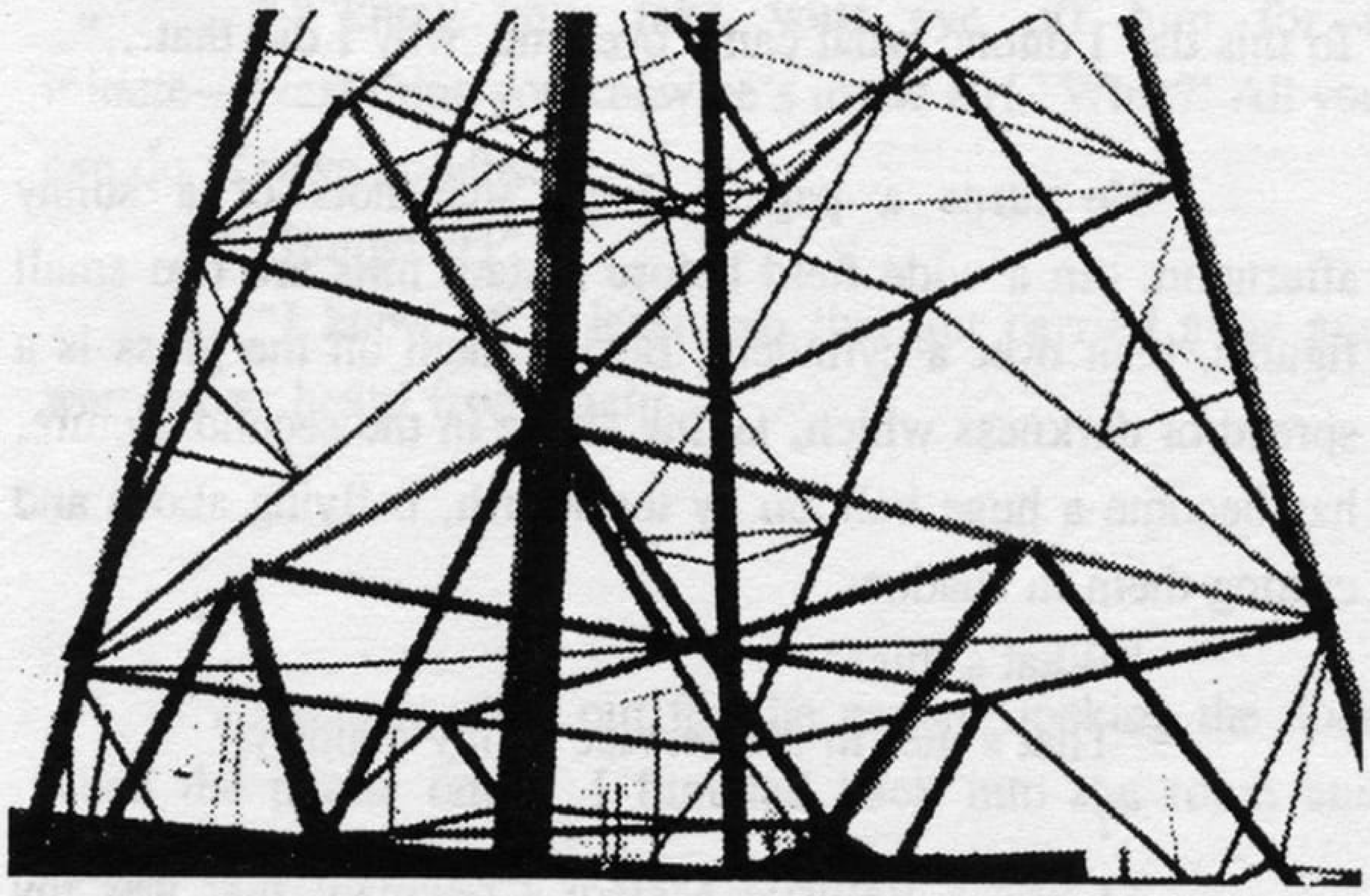
The world fell away and spread below me. Sunday morning on the railroad bridge. The sunlit blackness of old iron, over the river, above the sun-spread land… I'd picked up the tracks on the bank and, thinking twice, had ventured onto them…

as the hill fell away in a steep tangle of green and gold and the river bared its shimmering width…

I stepped from tie to suspended tie in the smell of oil-black wood. As long as a train didn't come I'd be fine.

From the stripes of shadows I scanned the day. Ahead, the tracks broke into light and stretched in a trestled curve across the valley and along the other side to a tunnel. Behind me was the neighborhood, along the ridge: the spires and domes of churches…below was the winding river… I had a moment of foresight—-of detachment—-of joy—-

Two sunlit blades of grass growing from a crack in the oilblack wood, stirred by a light breeze.



sitting in the cab pool, with the Duke…

I said "How many cigarettes you smoke today?"

"A billion; I got a billion under my belt so far—-"

"Yeah; yeah…"

"You?"

"I hit a billion around seven o'clock—-a billion, billion and two, something like that. Anyway I just bought another pack: I'm off to a trillion now."

"Yeah, no use stopping now. A billion's a nice round number, but now that you broke it—-"

"Oh yeah," I said. "Obviously. It's like breaking a twenty-dollar bill, y'know. Once you break a twenty it's gone; you can write it off."

"Yeah, right…"

"…Looks like they're moving down, here. I'm gonna go back to my cab."

"Okay man. I'll see you at the trillion-mark."

Distant hills:

On the porch, a weekday after work. He's brought out a photo album, black-and-white snapshots. Ed was stationed in Korea during the Vietnam war.

"Here's Ernie Kovacik: killed while changing a tire. He was putting one of them big truck tires on a rim: he's pumping it up and the fucking rim blew outa there, hit him square in the face. Killed him instantly.

"I actually enlisted. One day I get a letter to report for my physical. So I went downtown…I get done, they tell me to sit outside in the office and wait…And then the guy comes out, tells me just be patient, they'll be sending me to Georgia in a few hours! I didn't even have time to—-y'know: go home, say goodbye, get changed—-pack a lunch—-Nothing! I made one phonecall, I said `Ma I'm going to Georgia in two hours!' I remember she burst into tears, over the phone…

"I was a village rat, in Korea. I hadda be out, at all times, Some guys were married, stayed at the barracks, read a book…I needed action, I'd go out, fuck six different broads and then get a courtesy blowjob on the way home. That's how much—-*stamina* I had in those days…

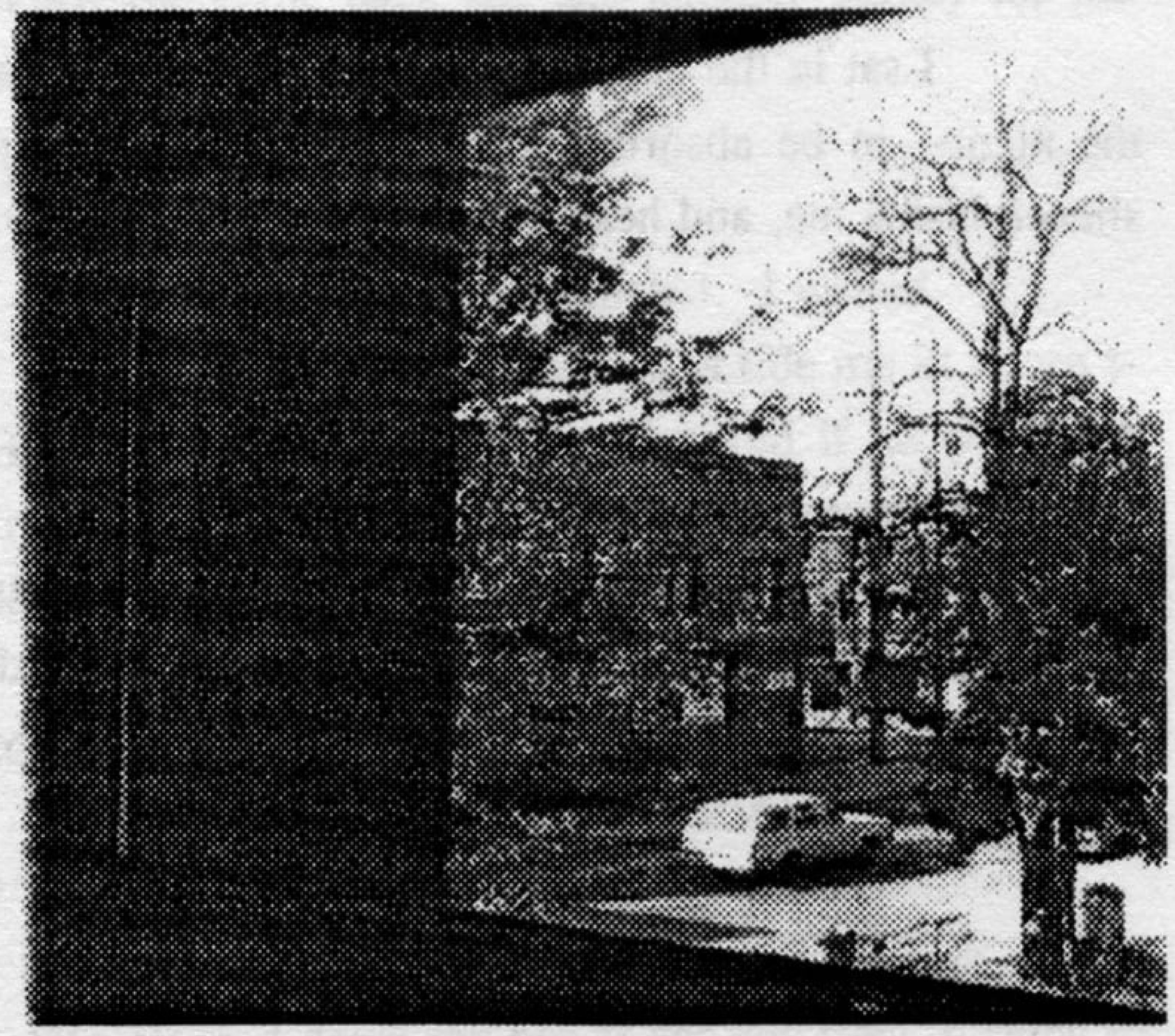
"On the way back to the base was a guy sold egg sandwiches; a little alley there, and this guy had a table, like a lemonade stand. He had a bunch of—-just—-*black*, syphilitic chickens, lying around in the dirt—-half dead—-and somehow he torture `em into pushing out one last black or brown or green egg, about the size of a golfball—-and he'd fry it in his dirty black frying pan—-in the earth—-and then, with his dirty, shit-eaten hands he'd press it onto a piece of black, moldy bread, totally burnt—-You get these egg sandwiches: they were *black*. Cost like a penny, I'd eat ten of `em on the way home. Never got sick."

"Who's that?" I asked, pointing.

"That's Miss Kwan, my long-lost Korean sweetheart. I lived with her in a little hootch for like six months. … One time before I met her: I'm coming back to base in a topcoat, it's late, I hear the bells for midnight. `Cause midnight they lock the gates, right? I got my hat pulled over my eyes, going past all the little hootches… Y'know, you could pay a broad five bucks a month and stay with her in the hootch, she wash your clothes, give you a massage, whatever—-like a *wife*: five bucks! And a lotta them broads got rich doing that, by Korean standards. They lived—-just—-in little huts, with a dirt floor, mats on the floor—-And they'd have tv's in there, record players, whatever… So it's Friday night, I just drank fifteen of them OB beers, I get the idea—-start kicking open these hootches—-guys're jumping outa bed: `What's going on?' I'm going `Get up, This the Lieutenant—-Get your fucking pants on, start marching!' —-Down the whole street: I'm kicking doors open, guys're stumbling out…And it was *freezing* outside man, I—-Whole street was frozen, it was late—- I rounded up all these guys, I got `em marching down the middle of this alley—-in the moonlight—-They all thought they're getting arrested! And they were *scared* man: Some of `em just got to Korea just young kids—-They were worried maybe they're gonna get sent to Vietnam to the fucking jungle—- And some of `em—-turn around to ask me who I am, ask for some ID, I'm going `Never mind that you piece of shit, I'm your commanding officer! Keep marching!' I had like twenty-five guys, all in a herd, just—-marching toward the base in the middle of the night!"

"[*laughter*]"

"And then I seen the MP's at the gate—-in the distance—-I said `Holy fuck! I'm going to jail for this!' Impersonating an officer? *Why* I did it I don't know, I was just—-drunk—-what ever possessed me to do that, I had two dozen guys all marching in line ahead of me, man I ducked into a hootch—-That's how I met Miss Kwan: she was watching tv, she start chattering at me tryna throw me out, I give her a twenty and *begged* her to keep quiet…And I looked out the door of her hut there, they all marched right to the MP's and turned themselves in, the MP's don't know what the fuck's going on—-all these guys confessing their sins: `I stole a loaf of bread', `I snuck out without a pass'—-I seen `em milling around in the moonlight, the MP's tryna figure it out, all these guys—-turning around looking for this—-ghost lieutenant… And I was terrified! I figure They're gonna fucking court-martial me! I stayed holed up with Miss Kwan, it was like the red light district, right near the base there… And the next day I burned that fucking topcoat.



"For the next month I heard guys talking about that. To this day I dunno what came over me, why I did that…"

He turns a page. Four snapshots of a sunny afternoon. In a wide field before distant hills are two small figures, bent over a cylinder. Beside them on the grass is a spread of darkness which, taking shape in the second picture, has become a huge balloon by the fourth, bellying above and casting them in shadow.

"What's this?"

"That's me, in the service of my country."

"?"

"I was a Ballistic Meteor Crewman; that was my title."

"Yeah?"

"I blew up balloons."

"[*laughter*]"

"It was very specialized and high-polished- -"

"For what?"

"There was a little instrument box that hung down from the rope—-it recorded the air temperature at different altitudes. They used to shoot off these little Honest John rockets: they had circles of luminous paint on the hillsides, for targets? And somehow they needed these air temperatures to gauge `em, y'know. They never once hit the circle in the two years I was there."

"[*laughter*]"

"I didn't shoot off the rockets, I was strictly—-y'know—-blew up the balloons. Ballistic Meteor Crewman. It was kinda technical `cause you hadda know how much air to put in there, y'know. When the canister shut off it was done, y'know."

"[*laughter*]"

"The job was equivalent to being a weatherman in civilian life."

"Right. Who's the other guy?"

"That was Kim, my assistant. There were all these little Korean helpers all named Kim."

"And what'd he do?"

"Well he held the rope, while I was blowing up the balloon."

"Uh-huh."

"But these guys only weighed about eighty pounds, tops. Sometimes they'd forget to let go of the rope—-"

"[*laughter*]"

"Y'know, you take your eye off him for a minute—-Next thing you know he's in the air! `What?' All you can do is wave goodbye!"

"[*laughter*]"

"I know of at least two that got carried away and were never heard from again..."

I was heading out for the garage, locking the door when the phone rang. I fumbled back into the room and caught it—-

"Hello?" I said, betraying a slight desperation I hadn't been aware of...

"Hello Danny? It's Sadie. What's wrong? You sound all out of breath—-"

"Nothing I just ran up the stairs. What's up? How you doing?"

"Oh...I'm okay, I guess...I broke up with Willy."

"Oh yeah?" Boom-boom, boom-boom.

"His girlfriend's been calling here...I told him I was moving out. He started crying."

"Mm."

"Anyway he's going to his parents' house for a few days. What're you doing tonight?"

Oh y'know. Just—-shooting off some Roman candles, y'know, setting the woods on fire—-

I said "Nothing. Why?"

"Well I don't have to work tonight, I thought you might want to go for a ride or something."

"Sure. What time?"

"Oh, I dunno...I could come over around eight."

"Yeah, or I could pick you up..."

"No. I'd rather come over your house. I'll call you around seven-thirty."

"Okay. You wanna eat dinner here? I'll have it ready when you come—-"

"I'm supposed to eat dinner with my friend Dee Dee. But I'll call you around seven-thirty."

"Okay, good. I'll see you then."

Suddenly a whole day stood between me and 7:30. I went to the gym, I straightened the house, I ran around filling up time... I was eager for Ed to get home so I could talk about it, about anything. I cooked a tomato sauce for us.

When I saw his car I gave him half an hour and then went over. He was at the table waiting for the phone to stop. Apparently the world was still old for him.

"That's fucking John..."

"So?"

"I already talked to him once: he calls me right when I step in the door. I did thirty stops today, one of the worst routes in the city—-I wanna soak in the tub and try to get my brain together I gotta be aggravated with John's insanity. He had Detroit for twenty last night—-they're 8/5: they win by a cunt hair, as it turned out...All night he's calling, telling me they're the best team in baseball. Musta called here twenty fucking times. `Yep! Detroit: the best team in baseball, the best team in All of Baseball!' I'm lying here, not only tryna sweat out *my* bet but jinx his bet too. As it turned out I end up hitting my bet—-no thanks to John calling here breaking my concentration—-Then, like eleven-thirty, the games're over, I'm in bed here, cooling off—-Phone rings again. Sonofabitch—-I pick it up, figure maybe it's you, or some broad: `Well? What I tell ya? Detroit is the best team in ALL OF BASEBALL!' Here it's John. Basking in the glow of his winnings of twelve-fifty. Anyway he wants a three-teamer tonight, I gotta go get the lines and put something in for myself..."

Over dinner:

"I got a date tonight, man. Remember that girl I told you about Sadie?"

"Sexy Sadie?"

"Yeah. She called me this morning, she's coming over."

"Don't bring her over here, okay? the place a mess, I ain't in the mood to be cracking jokes—-"

"Okay."

"I got a couple swallows of vodka on top of the fridge—-"

"That's okay."

"Got that bottle of Scope in the car, you wanna—-"

My idle ran faster as the time got close. I wanted more talk, more distraction. The phone rang; Ed stayed put.

"You grew up with John, right?"

"Yeah, well, we had a house there off St. Clair, we used to play together after school. John was fucked up even then. He used to say to me one hundred times a day: `Would you rather be six feet tall with a one-inch head, or one inch tall with a six-foot head?' He asked me that constantly: `Six feet tall with a one-inch head, one inch tall with a six-foot head.'—-Demanding! He nearly made me retarded! I couldn't—-I didn't know *what* to say: I didn't *know!* I didn't wanna be neither, but he insisted. Relentlessly—-pressuring me with that question: the one-inch body with the six-inch head, I mean—-the six-foot body with the six-foot head—-- Sonofabitch! Used to scare the shit outa me! I *still* don't know the answer!"

He kept me laughing till twenty past seven, and then I went to wait for the call.

But she never called. At 10:00 I went next door, to relax in Ed's bitterness. His phone was ringing when I walked in.

The Lorain-Carnegie Bridge was empty at that hour...its long open span...I nursed a rattling Checker over the river toward the garage...the stone guardians of the bridge were frowning down...from above the streetlights...the stone gods—-each holding its little carriage, or Model A, or truck..."The Muses of Transportation"...I was just another bit of movement in the night...

I'd started off...thirteen, fourteen hours ago...at the Huntington stand...Ninth & Euclid, a clear afternoon...a blind guy got in the cab...a carefully-dressed guy in a camel hair coat and matching cap, big wrap-around shades...he was folding up his white cane as I pulled out... He told me where he was going...an area I was always unsure of...out toward the track...Lee Road, Warrensville...southeast of the city...he said he'd tell me the way—-I should follow his directions—-nothing to it: get off at such and such an exit, turn right at the intersection... I followed his instructions for half an hour...under the freeway, past the gas station...wending our way...he described it all precisely... We wound up in a field. The road went right into a field of mud and came to an end...some future development, no houses in sight...just weeds and mud, obviously I'd taken a wrong turn...a line of forest at the end of the field...a dragonfly landed on the windshield... I described our surroundings. We sat there for a few moments in the warm sunlight...

I turned left at Ontario and left again at Eagle and let successive broken ramps lead me down toward the dusty floor of night...the cab garage, directly below the bridge...all potholes and gravel... I pulled up to the pump and watched its numbers roll while the tank filled...smelling gasoline...

I'd finished up with a call from Metro...the emergency room, it'd been on the radio for hours..."Scranton 3...Scranton 3..." If a call isn't picked up right away it sits there...stinking of poverty...no one wants it...just another bit of movement to be done, someone's bad luck... As if the neighborhood weren't reason enough, that "Scranton 3"...repeated since ten, eleven p.m....not too promising, it's lost it's shine. I pull up...it's late—-well after midnight...I leave the old Checker in the traffic circle and go through the glass doors. The waiting area is bright and real—-she spots me right away and starts pulling her man up out of his seat... They get in the cab—-a girl about my age and an older guy, he's all beat up, he's out of it...she hops in front, he crumples into a corner of the backseat, muttering...She's cheerful, tells me where to go, it's right nearby...a little street off

Fulton…she makes conversation…even a little giddy, considering the hour…I'm quiet, she flirts with me… I keep an eye on him in the mirror, he's fumbling with something…rustling, moaning… There's an alley, a light goes off…I pull the cab into a little court, it's dirt…they live behind another house. The meter says 3.85. She hops out, gets him out of the back, he's groaning…doesn't know where he is…She leans him against the cab and gets money from his pocket…four singles—-it's all he has—-she hands them to me, I thank her… She steadies him against the cab and then stands in the open cardoor—-"Here's a tip," and she lifts up her t-shirt. Her tits are small. She holds the shirt up for me to see, I look long enough to be polite…her chest and ribcage dim in the shadows…She drops the shirt and closes the door and guides him toward the house.

I parked the cab between two others. I gathered my waybill envelope, pens, vouchers…trash… In the backseat I found a plastic baggie and held it up to streetlight…nothing but some trickles and clots of blood…a gob of glue at the bottom…

I walked toward the garage…a baggie of blood and fumes…her skin pale and dim in the shadows…"Here's a tip…"

The squids of night have moved in across all that clear tangerine blue…as the crack closes again and promise turns to postponement. Good Friday. It didn't rain today like Grandma said it always would, but still she was right, in her way. There's a candlelight procession through the streets of the Southside: the Greeks are proceeding, according to procedure…protected at each barren intersection by signal-flashing police.

My ears're ringing. Above the far-off sound of passing mystery trains and the wavering all-night sound of the mill valley, they are ringing. I close my eyes and can almost see the red blinking lights of radio towers, and also the slow candlelit procession, below and against the packed and collected squids of night.

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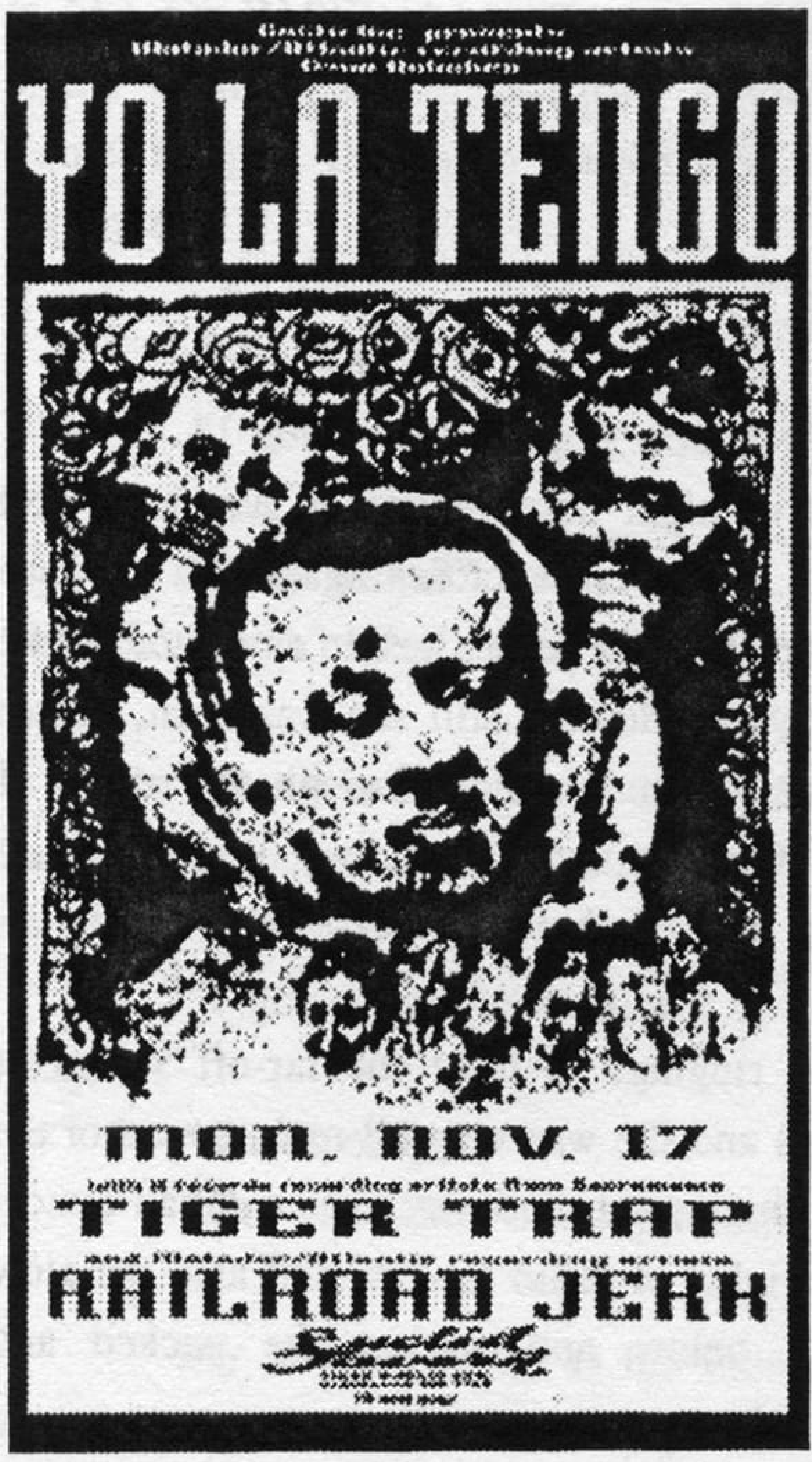
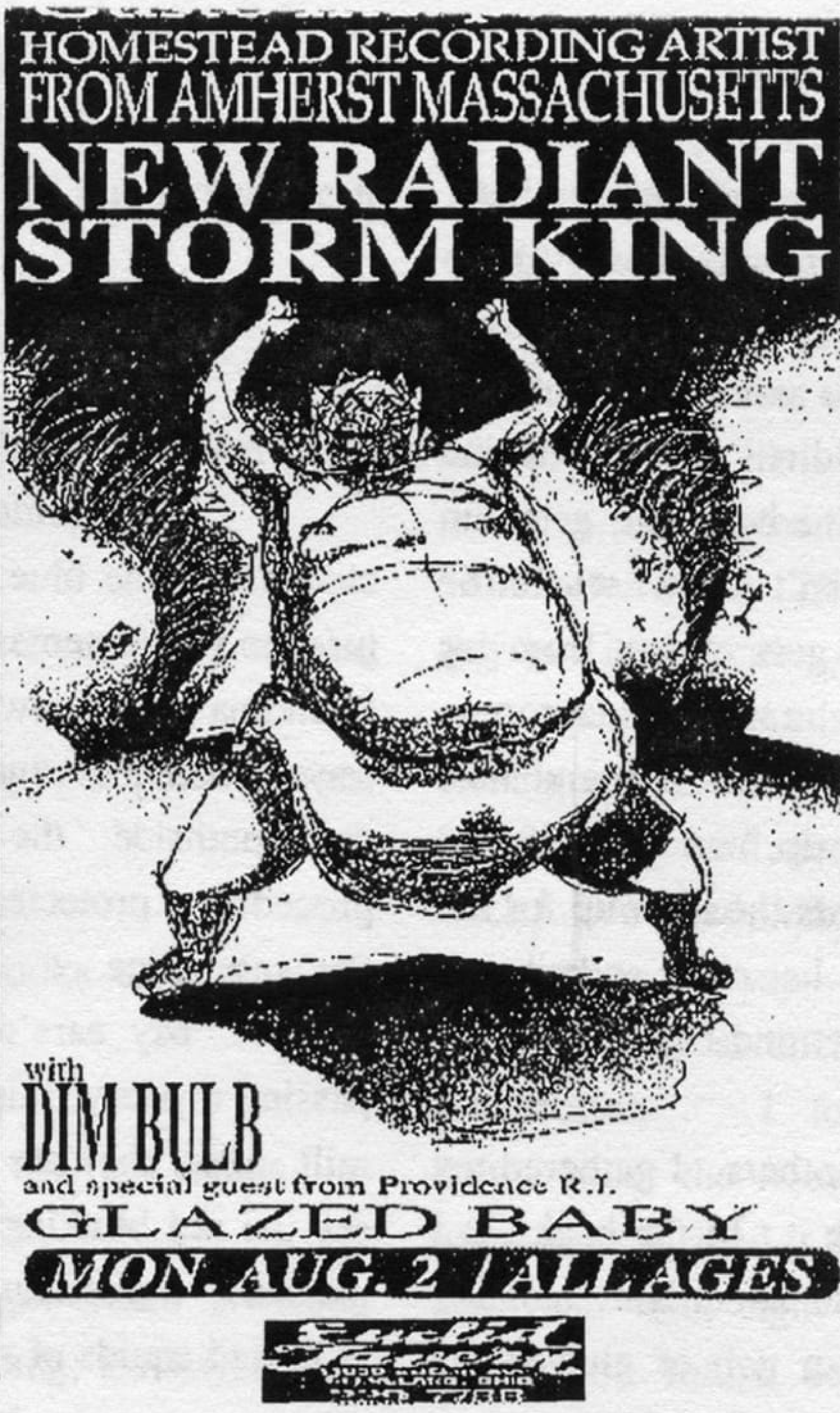
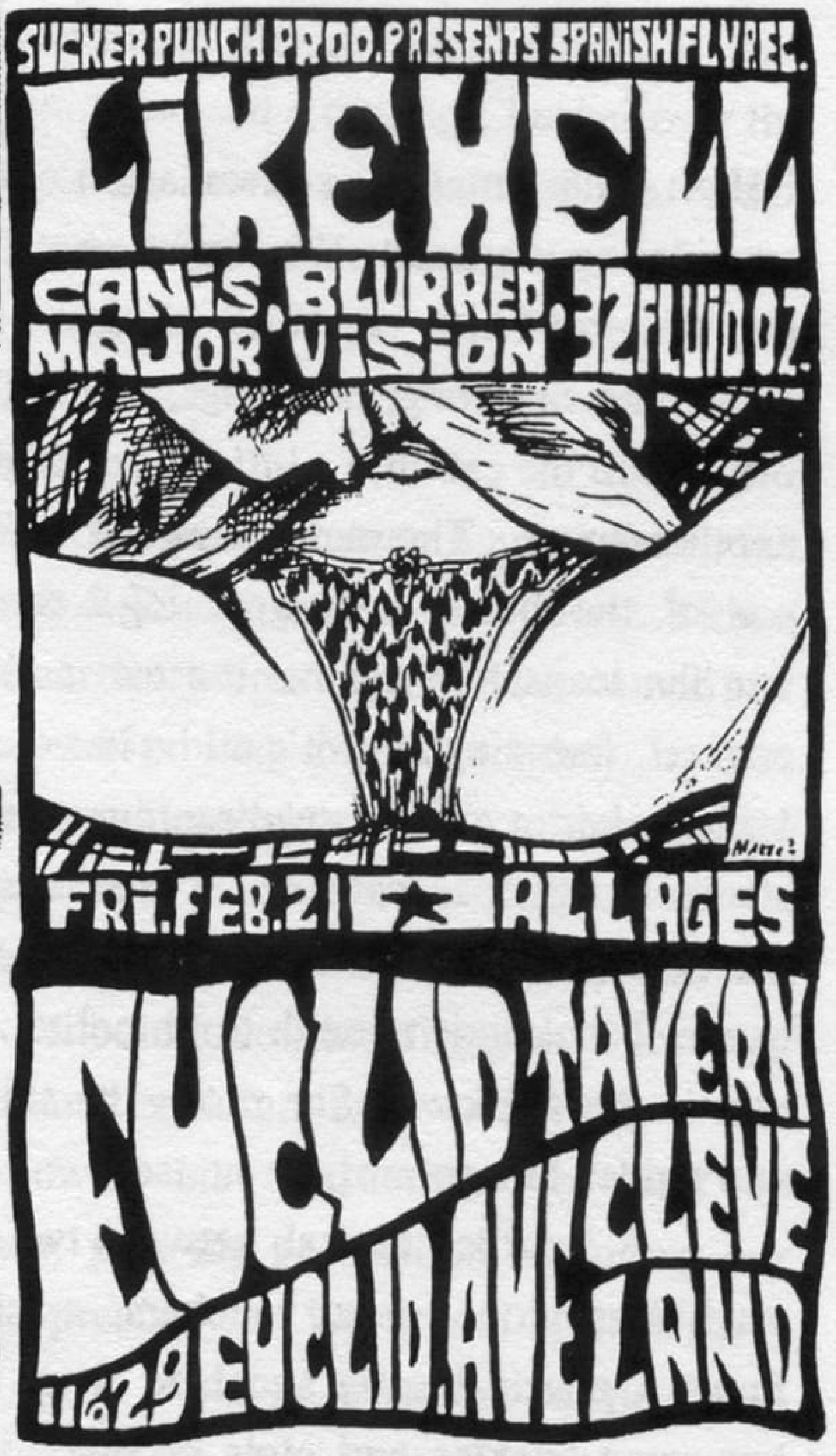

YO LA TENGO
MON. NOV. 17
TIGER TRAP
RAILROAD JERK

DAVE CINTRON


HOMESTEAD RECORDING ARTIST
FROM AMHERST MASSACHUSETTS
NEW RADIANT
STORM KING
with
DIM BULB
and special guest from Providence R.I.
GLAZED BABY
MON. AUG. 2 / ALL AGES

DEREK HESS


SUCKER PUNCH PROD. PRESENTS SPANISH FLY REC.
LIKE HELL
CANIS MAJOR
BLURRED VISION
32 FLUID OZ.
FRI. FEB. 21
ALL AGES
EUCLID TAVERN
11629 EUCLID AVE CLEVELAND

CLAY PARKER

CLEVELANDS ROCK POSTER ARTISTS

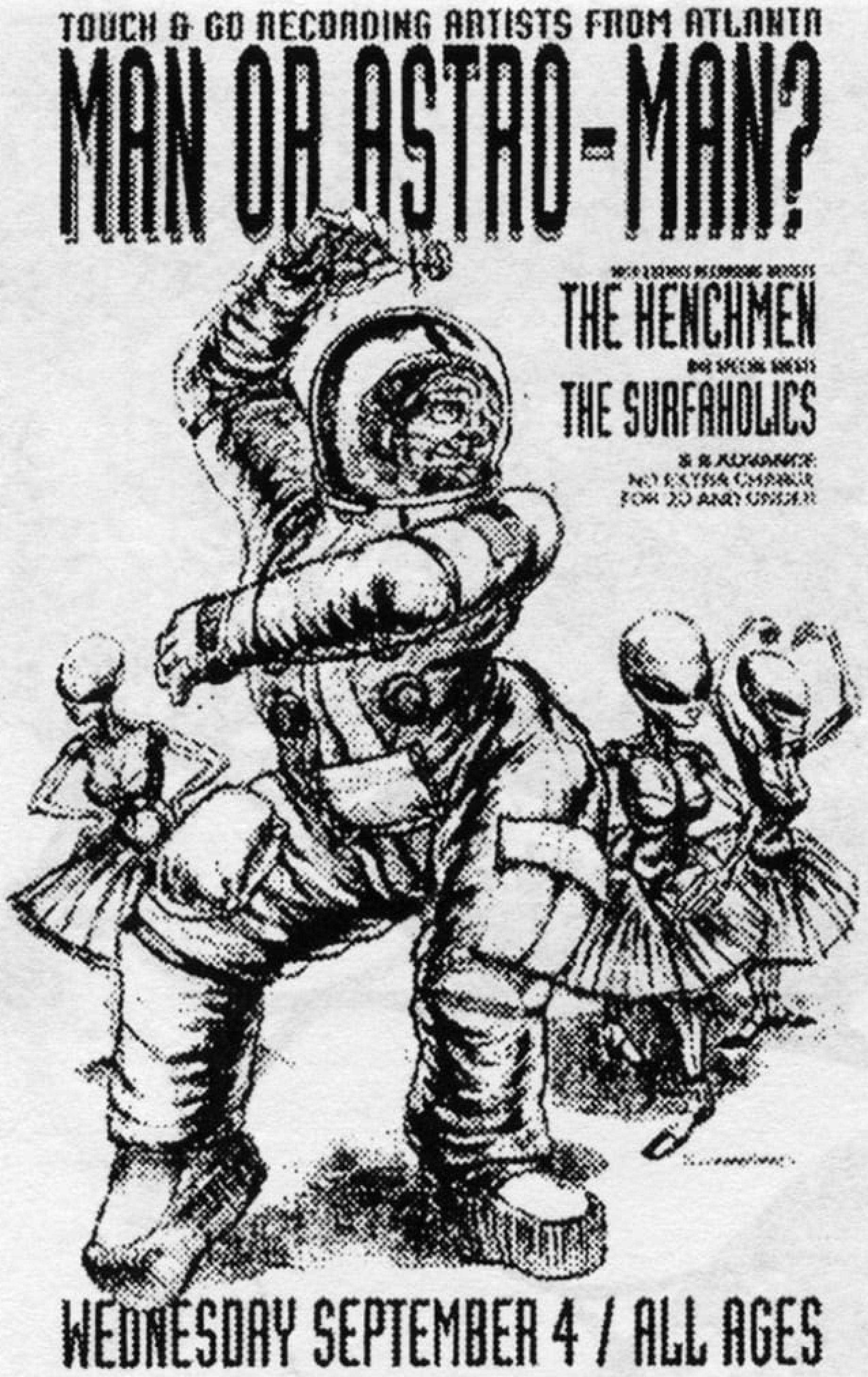
by David Polster

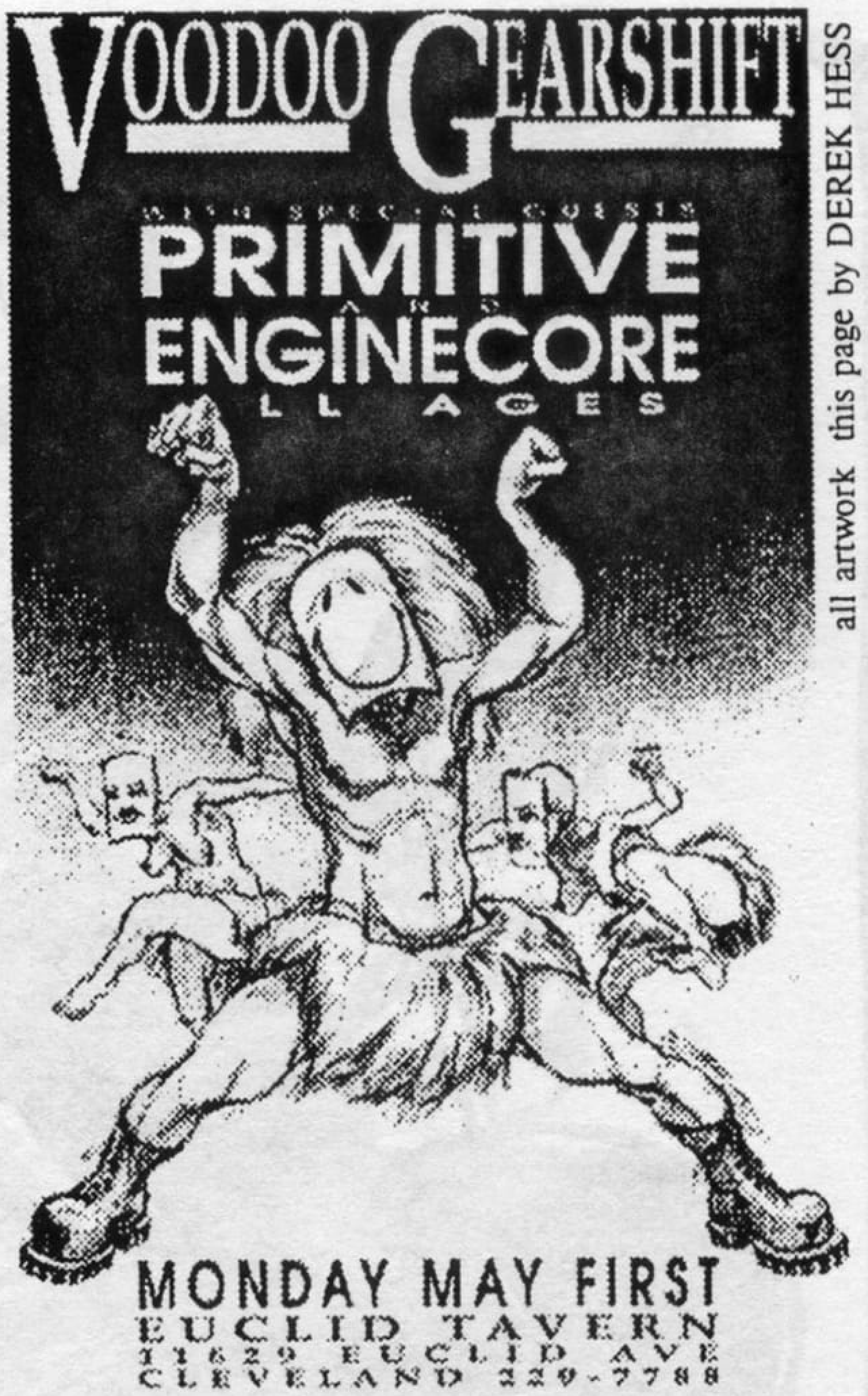
Today is Easter, and it's raining in Cleveland. *So what else is new?* It's not like we're Seattle and live in a rain forest or anything like that. It's just a little something called The Lake Effect. You see, for those of you who don't know, the great megalopolis known as Cleveland (population 2.7 million), rests right on the shores of one of the five Great Lakes of North America--Lake Erie to be exact. And, no mistake about it, when the weather's nice, a good three or four months out of the year, this place is swell. There's the *Emerald Necklace*, which is what we call our surrounding metropolitan parks, where we can run and play through the woods and pretend what East 9th and Euclid would be like if only Whitey had never come here and fucked things up so bad. There's the lake, of course, which is quite beautiful, but the sad truth is, for the remaining eight or so months that we all gotta live here, there ain't a lot to do.

Yeah, all those wonderful places like Colorado and California and Hawaii can have their mountains to climb, their oceans to surf, their valleys to roam. They can get their ya-ya's out in a physical way, and they are a blessed, blissful people. Us Clevelanders gotta find other ways, so we crawl within. Truth be told, we are a cerebral lot. So what if the Rock-and-Roll Hall of Fame and Jacobs Field are just new-glitz tourist traps? The real Cleveland has a world-class orchestra and art museum, plus a strong heritage of producing home-grown artist types who have shook the world over once or twice.

Look, I'm not lying. Back in 1938, two nice Jewish boys from the suburb of Glenville, Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster, dreamt up the world's greatest super-hero, Superman. Some thirty years later, another pair of friends living in Cleveland, Harvey Pekar and Robert Crumb, invented underground comix. Plus, we rock out pretty hard, too. Cleveland was one of the few places in the country that was receptive to the Velvet Underground back in the 60's. We brewed up our own vision of the Velvets and came up with Pere Ubu, the Electric Eels, and Mirrors, just to name a few.

The connection between rock and art has always been somewhat of a


TOUCH & GO RECORDING ARTISTS FROM ATLANTA
MAN OR ASTRO-MAN?
THE HENCHMEN
THE SURFAHOLICS
NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR 20 AND UNDER
WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 4 / ALL AGES


VOODOO GEARSHIFT
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
PRIMITIVE
ENGINECORE
ALL AGES
MONDAY MAY FIRST
EUCLID TAVERN
11629 EUCLID AVE
CLEVELAND 229-7788

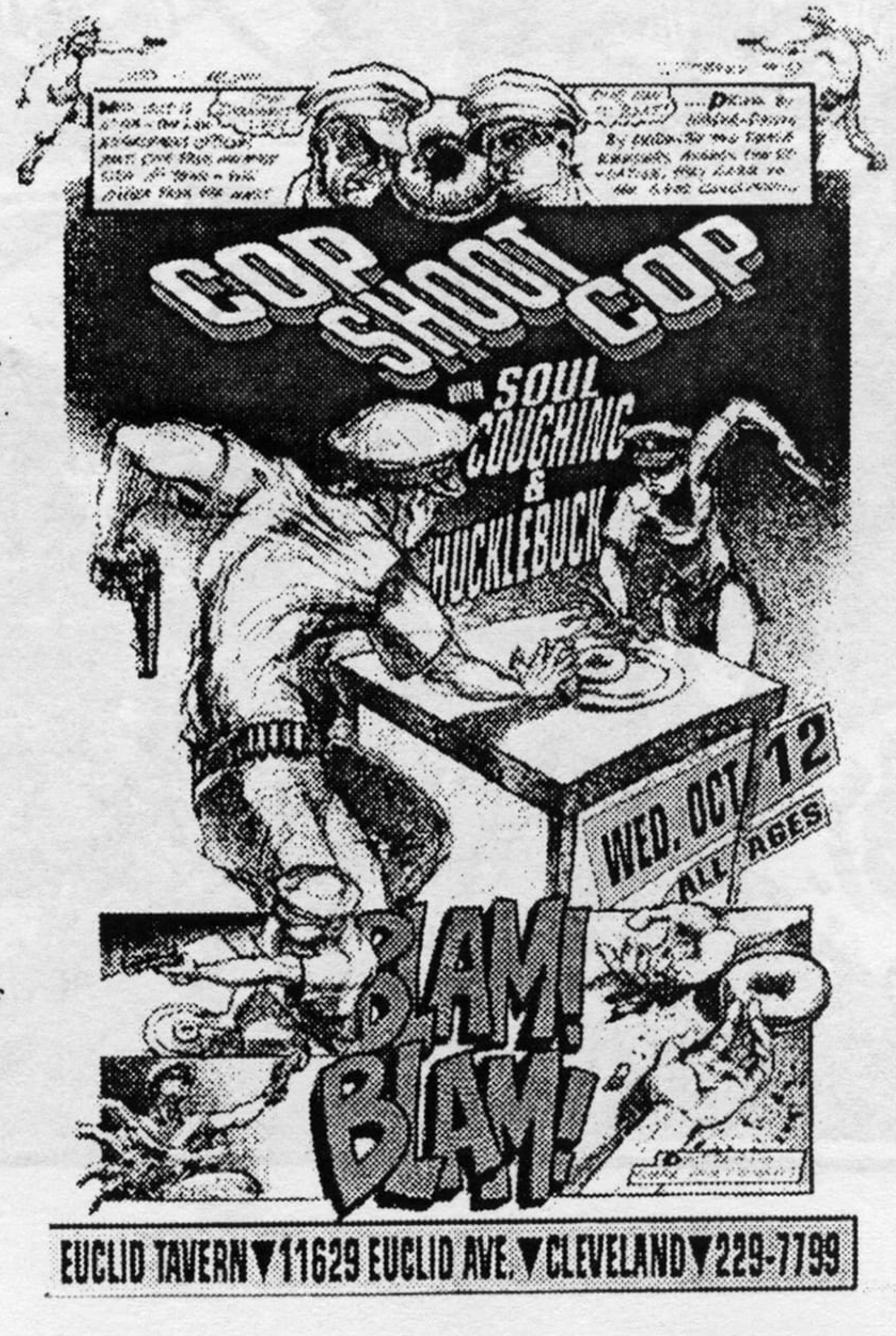
all artwork this page by DEREK HESS

symbiotic one. Each plays off the other. After Crumb split here for San Francisco, he helped merge that city's psychedelic scene (despite his dislike verging on hatred for rock music) with the cosmic drawings he was producing, and other artists like Stanley Mouse, Victor Moscoso and Rick Griffin helped give birth to the now flourishing genre of rock-poster art.

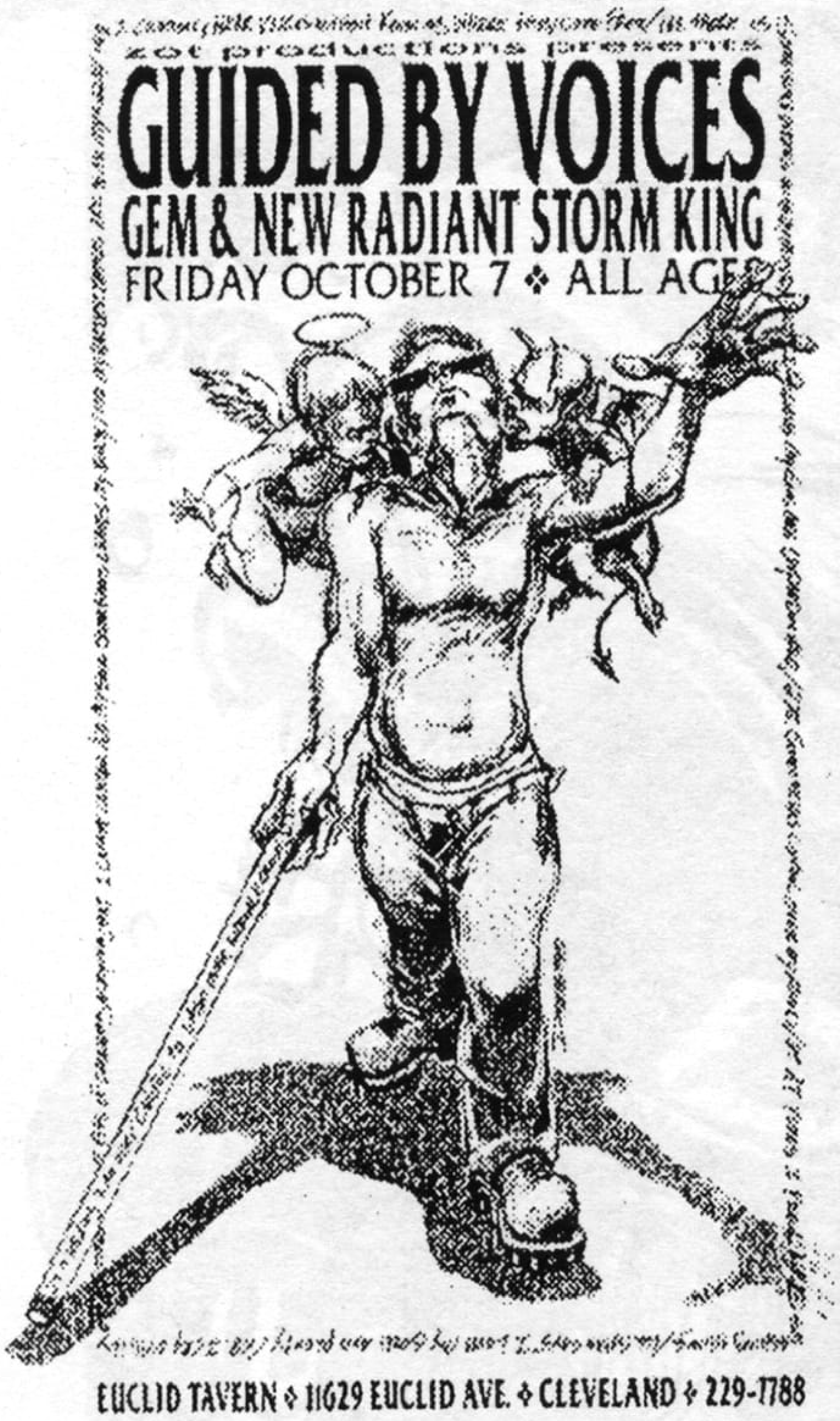
Here in Cleveland, in 1997, the genre is alive and well. Derek Hess, Dave Cintron and Clay Parker, are just three of the area's top poster artists. There's others, like Scott Pickering and Doug Utter, but these three, right now, stand today as our region's finest.

And so, on this dreary Easter Sunday, when Christ supposedly rose from the dead, whatd'ya say we ponder the father, the son, and the holy ghost? The three levels of spirituality, right? Well, uh, intrinsically all art is basically the expression of the inner spirit, somehow or the other. Derek Hess's art is firmly rooted in the duality of that spirit. His great, classically-drawn figures are always seemingly caught somewhere half-way between heaven and hell, tormented by angels and demons alike, unsure of what to make of this primordial existence. Dave Cintron's art, on the other hand, is purely visionary. His surreal landscapes, complete with swirling, womb-like amoebas and other worldly grinning aliens, suggests a transcendence, of sorts, from this physical plane. And Clay Parker? He's trapped down here with the rest of us in our self-created hell, definitely earthbound and of the flesh.

It's Hess who is the grand-daddy of the Cleveland Rock Poster artists. Cats from San Francisco to New York City can be found wearing his darkly amusing t-shirts out on the streets, and, on the global level, punk-rock fans from Japan, Germany, Australia and even Borneo are viscerally attracted to his strange, anatomically correct characters, that have somehow or the other captured the zeitgeist of our collective pre-millennial confusion. His art, in no uncertain terms, reflects the spiritually-dead era of our times. A fan of both Hieronymous Bosch and Gil Kane, his great, hulking figures reach out from the page in obvious pain and dismay, literally stretching as far out of their human skin as possible (often time losing their pants in the process!) Guns, nuns, '70's afros and the odd green lizard or two out for a family drive, add further commentary to a society that has clearly gone plum-fucking berserk. Adding to this twentieth-century absurdity, Derek uses a band's name literally to make an ironic twist for his many images. For example, who can forget his notorious Cop Shoot Cop flyer, where he had two Cleveland Heights pigs involved in a shoot out over donuts? Or his beautifully drawn Guided By Voices poster, which would have made the Old Masters proud, where a blind man is being

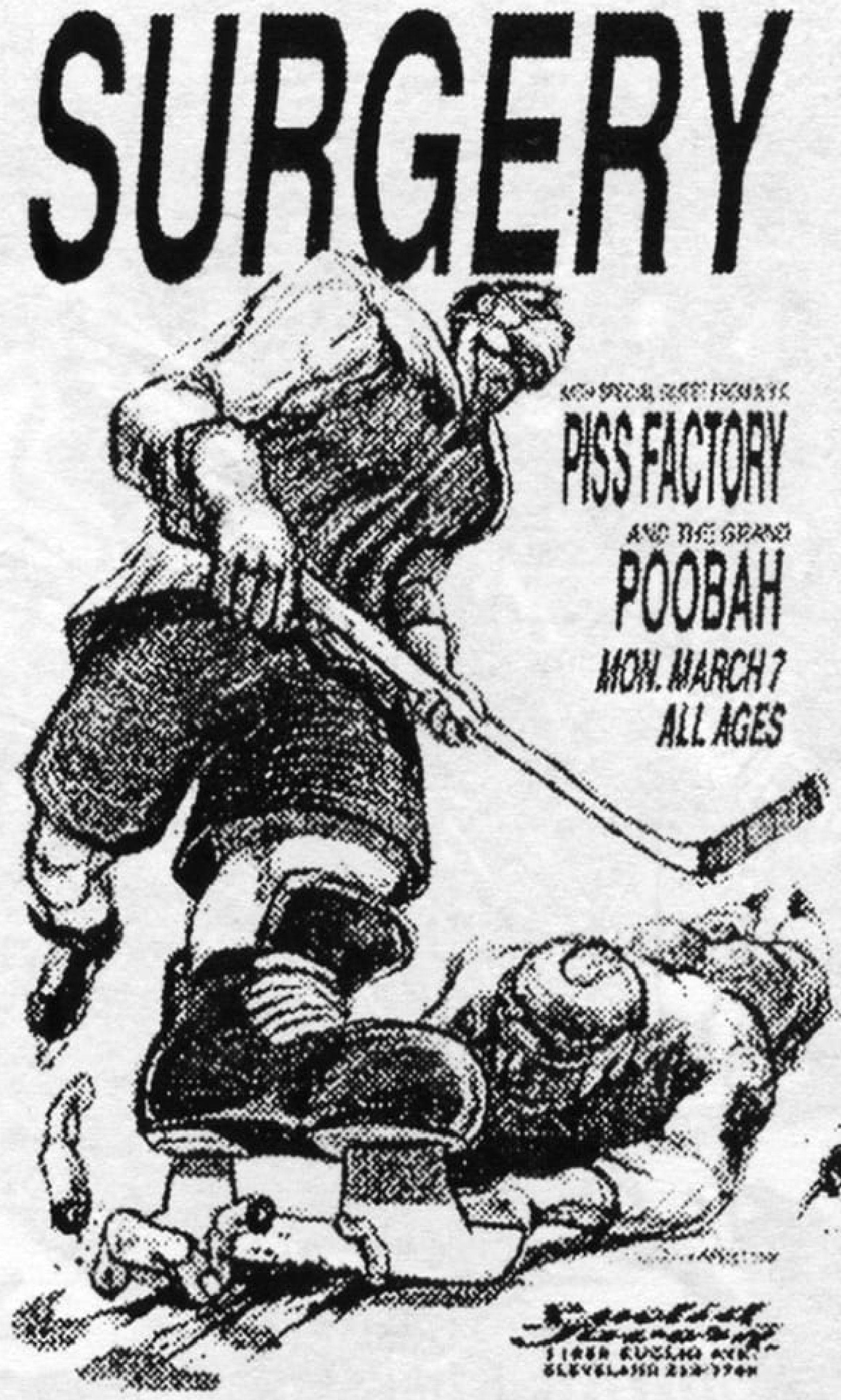

COP SHOOT COP
WITH SOUL COUGHING & HUCKLEBUCK
WED. OCT 12
ALL AGES
BLAM! BLAM!
EUCLID TAVERN▼11629 EUCLID AVE.▼CLEVELAND▼229-7799

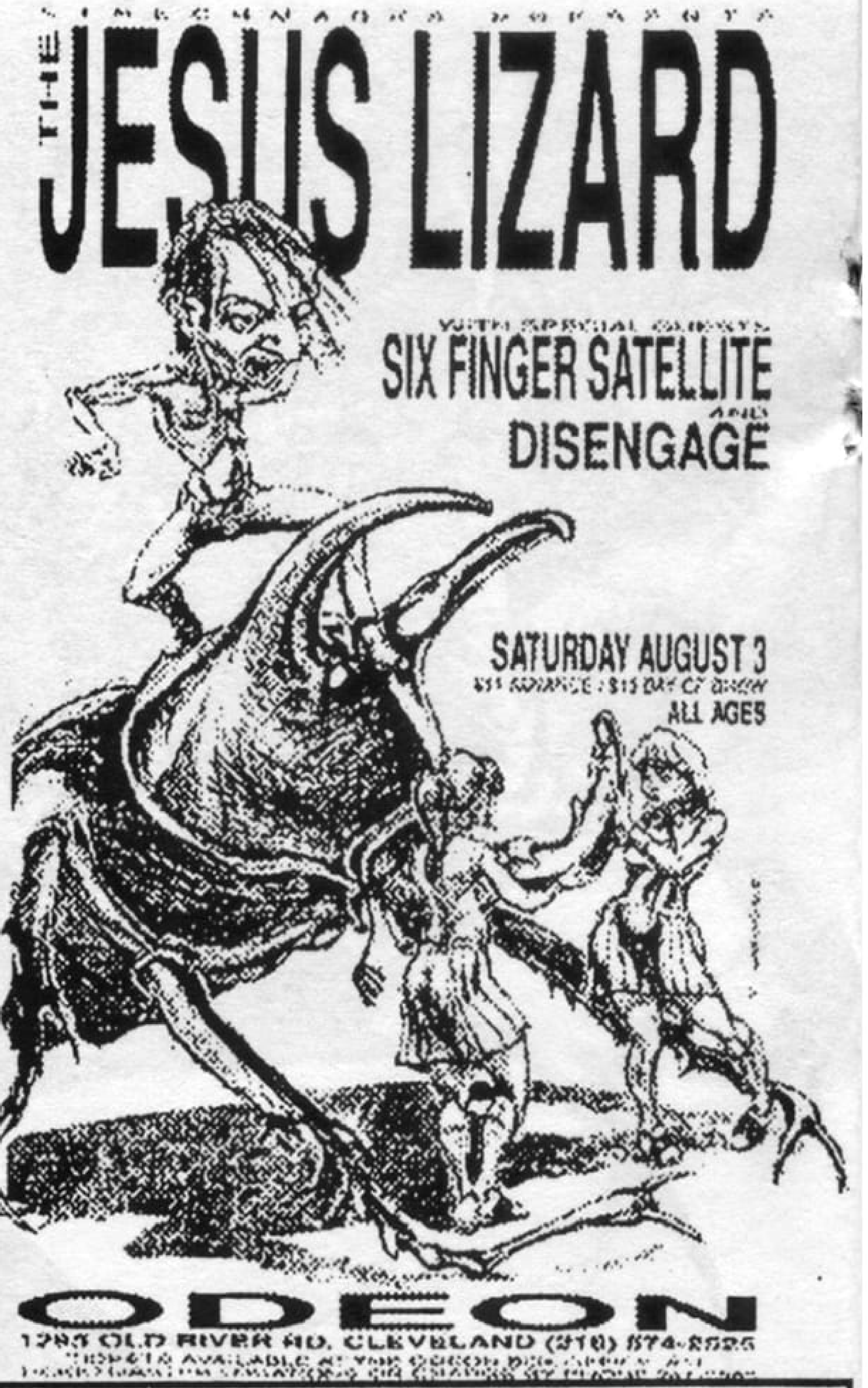
DAVE CINTRON 97


zot productions presents
GUIDED BY VOICES
GEM & NEW RADIANT STORM KING
FRIDAY OCTOBER 7 ❖ ALL AGES
EUCLID TAVERN ❖ 11629 EUCLID AVE. ❖ CLEVELAND ❖ 229-7788

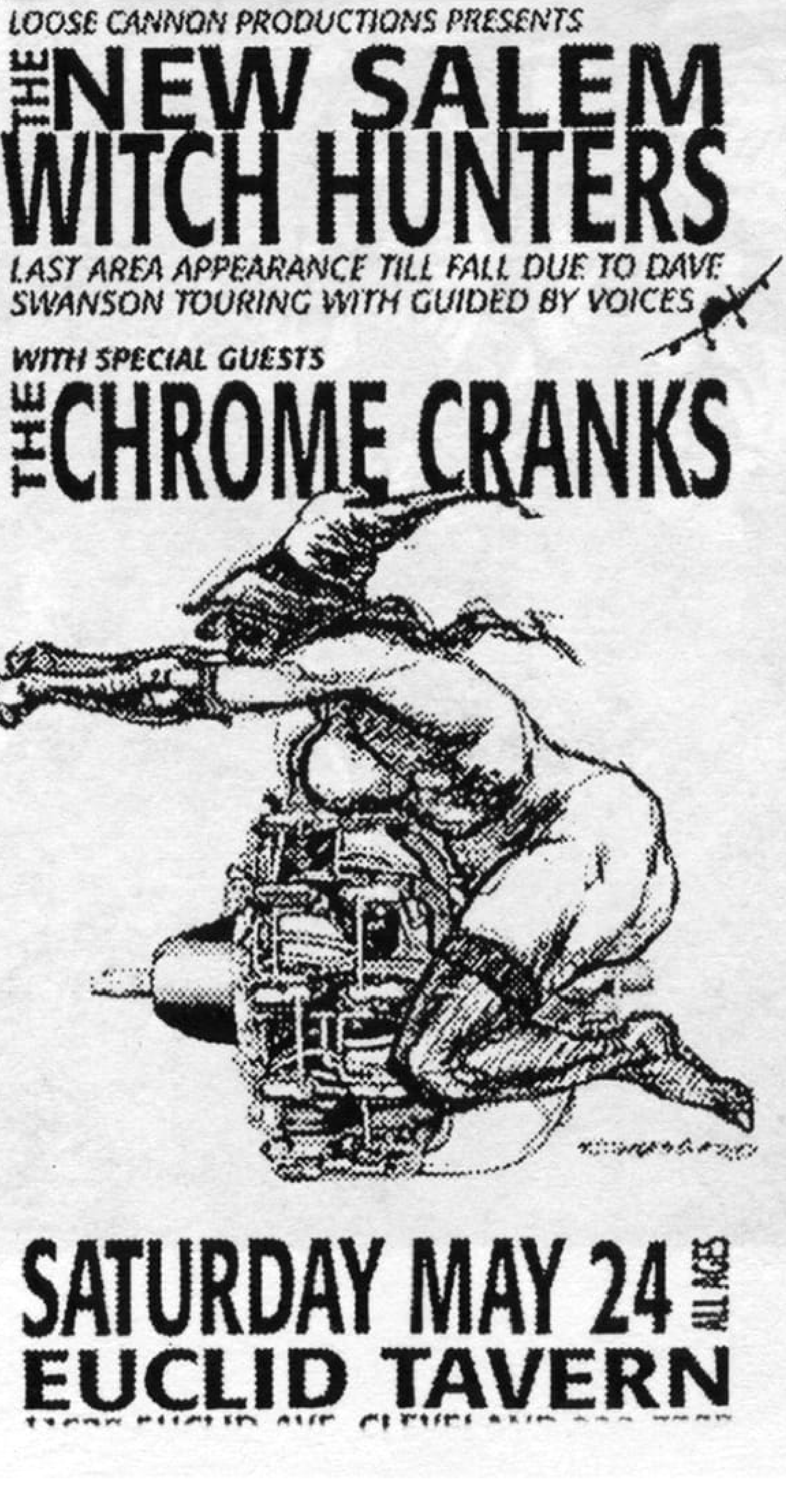
egged-on by heavenly voices in one ear, demonic ones in the other.

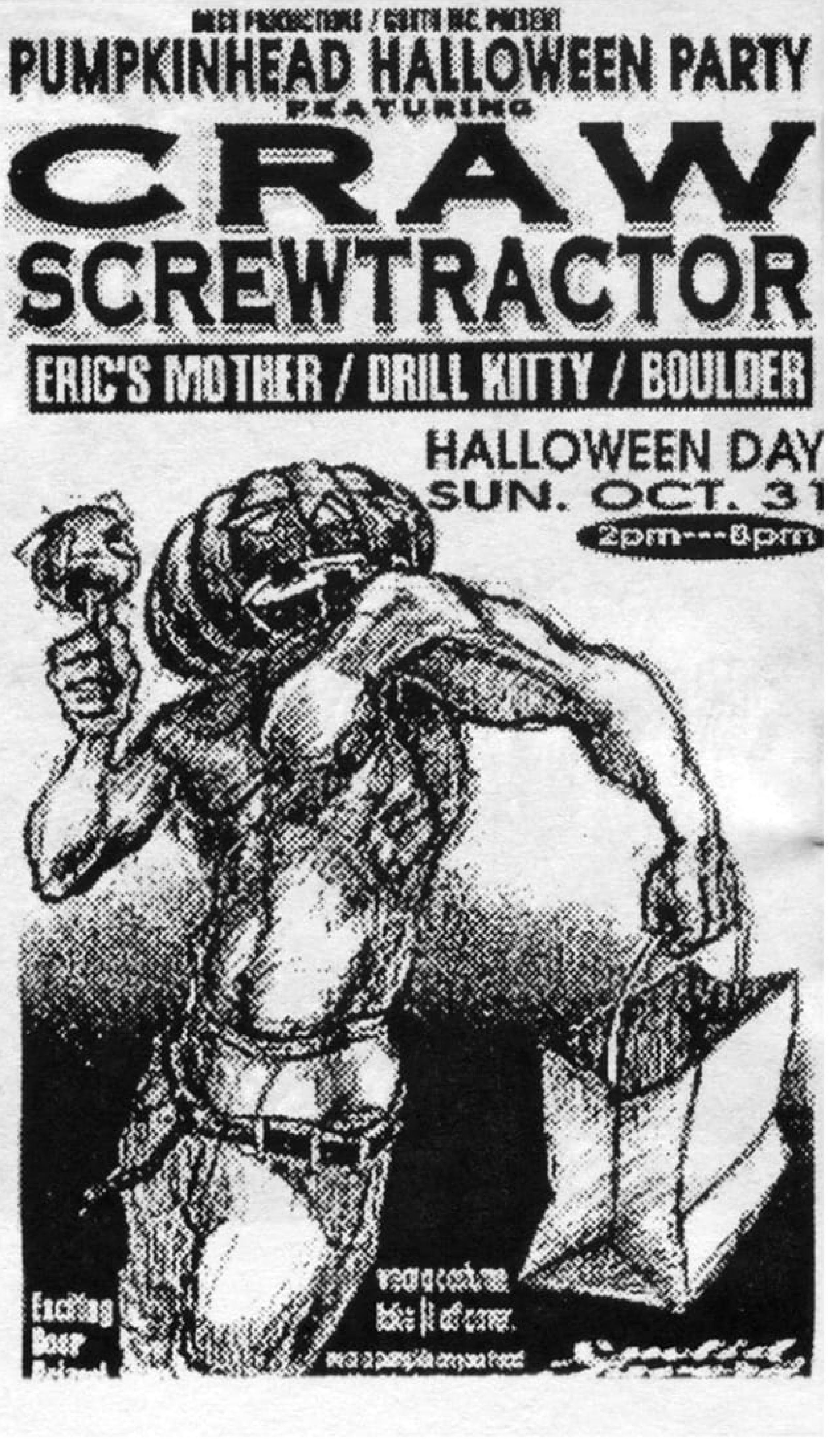
What makes his art so unique in the blood and piss world of punk rock is that it's not comic in style, but rather classical. Mixing the high-brow with the low, his pen exquisitely captures the human body in all its imperfect glory, adding a definite air of timelessness to his work. Once upon a time a student at the Cleveland Institute of Art, he studied under the highly respected Jose Cintron, who taught him (and others) a few tricks of the trade. While at C.I.A., he also worked in the kitchen of the neighboring Euclid Tavern and, in 1989, convinced his boss to let him start booking some of his favorite bands there. Finding that no one would promote his shows but himself, he drew up flyers that advertised the gigs and plastered the town with 'em. People instantly began to take notice. The bands, like Helmet, Ed Hall and the Cows, also dug Derek's work, and carried his handbills with them from city to city. Word spread quick. Not only were his Monday night shows at the Euc a huge hit, but he suddenly found that his artistic talents were in demand


SURGERY
PISS FACTORY
AND THE GRAND
POOBAH
MON. MARCH 7
ALL AGES
11629 EUCLID AVE.
CLEVELAND

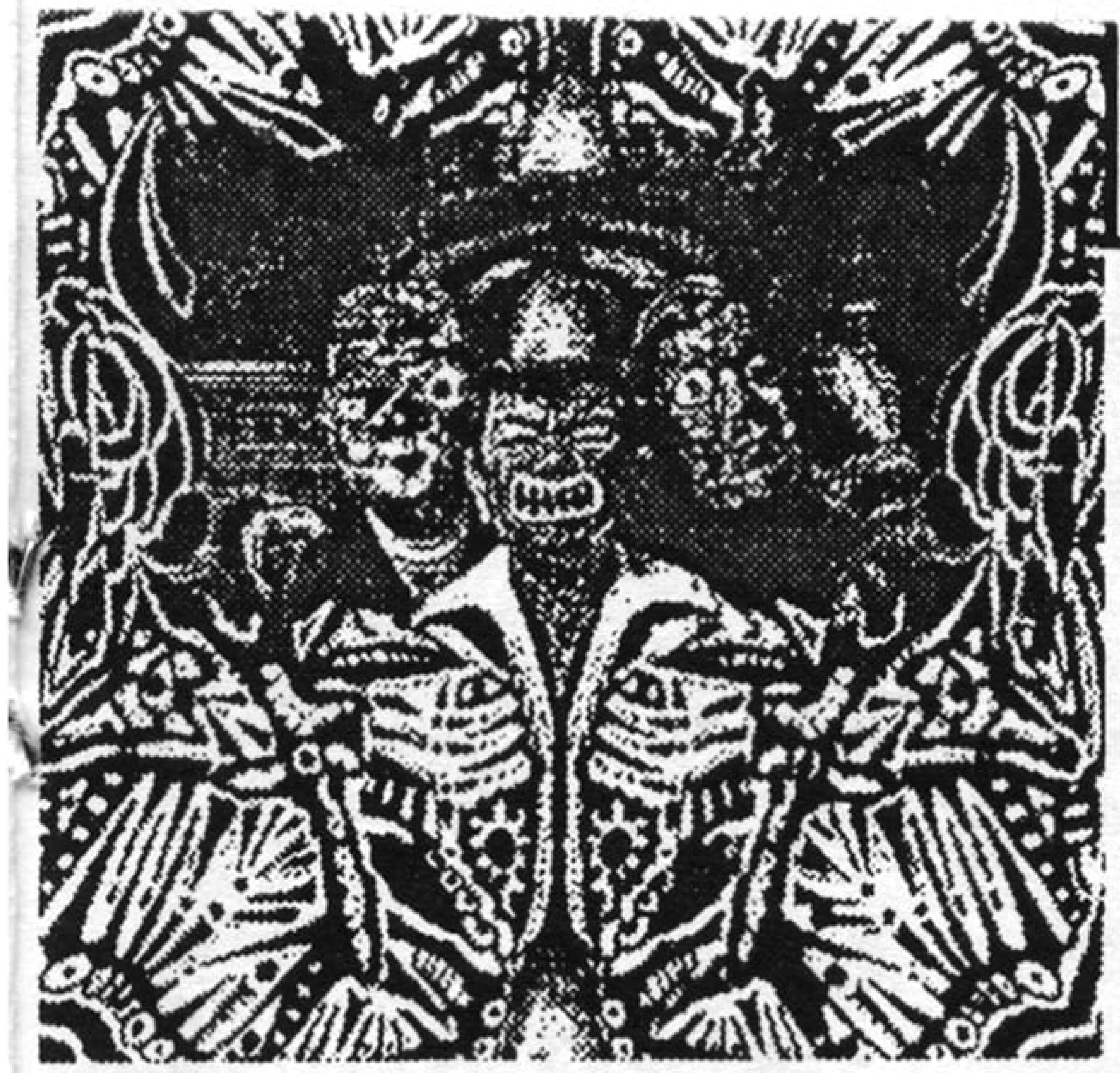

THE JESUS LIZARD
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
SIX FINGER SATELLITE
AND
DISENGAGE
SATURDAY AUGUST 3
ALL AGES
ODEON
1295 OLD RIVER RD. CLEVELAND (216) 574-2525

Derek Hess

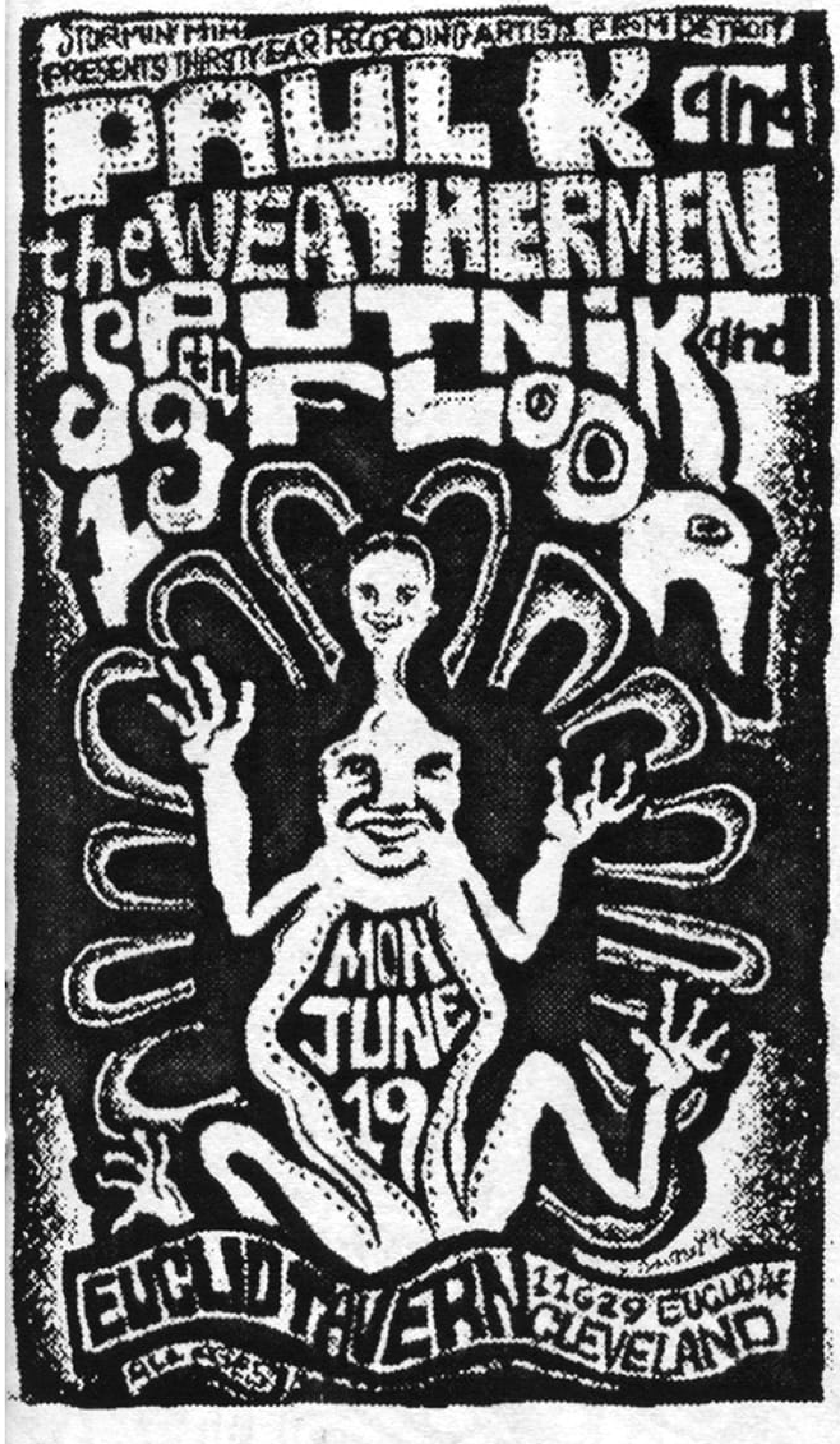

LOOSE CANNON PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS
THE NEW SALEM WITCH HUNTERS
LAST AREA APPEARANCE TILL FALL DUE TO DAVE SWANSON TOURING WITH GUIDED BY VOICES
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
THE CHROME CRANKS
SATURDAY MAY 24 ALL AGES
EUCLID TAVERN


PUMPKINHEAD HALLOWEEN PARTY
FEATURING
CRAW
SCREWTRACTOR
ERIC'S MOTHER / DRILL KITTY / BOULDER
HALLOWEEN DAY
SUN. OCT. 31
2pm---8pm
wear a costume
take it off later

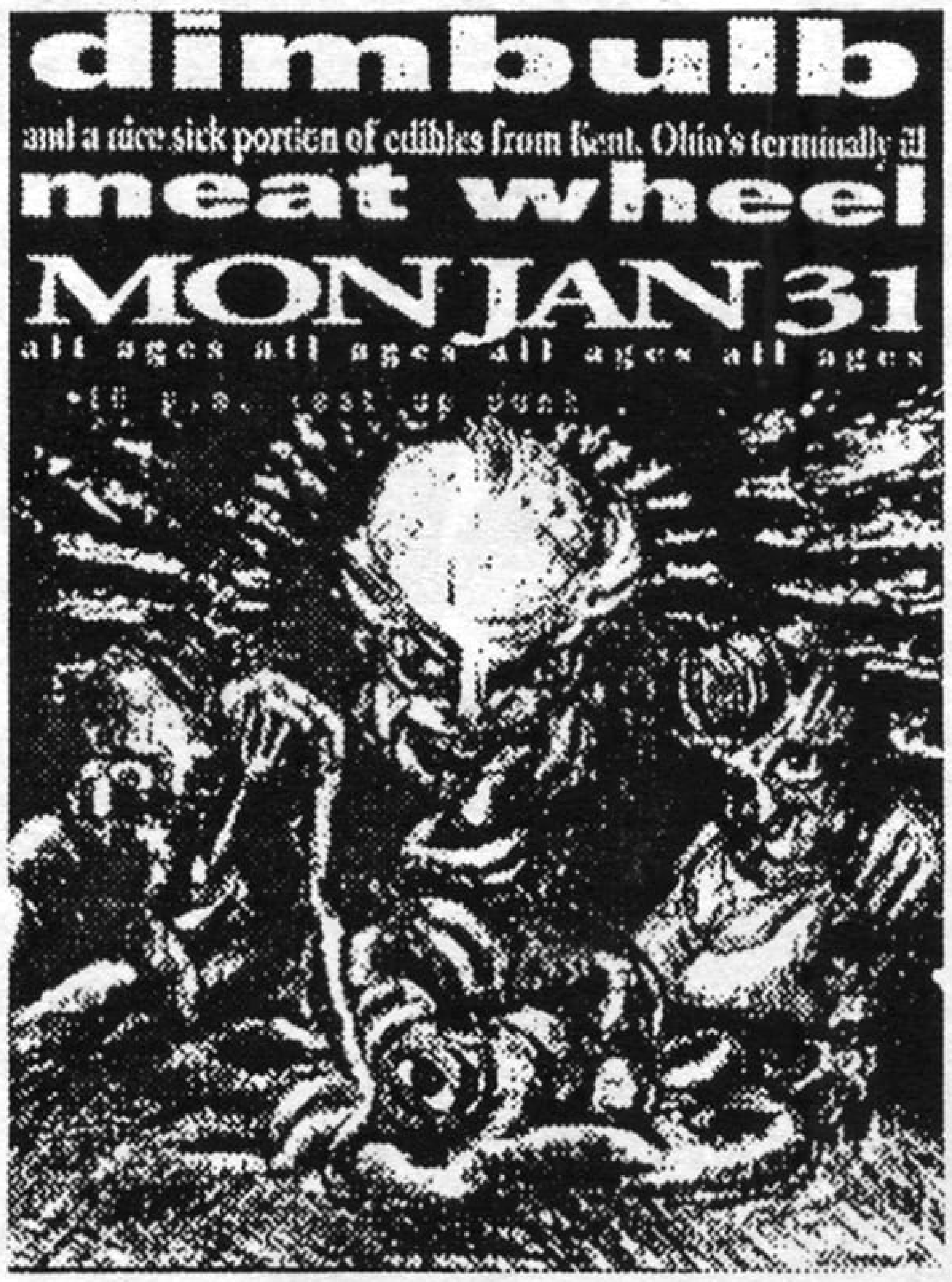
Dave Cintron

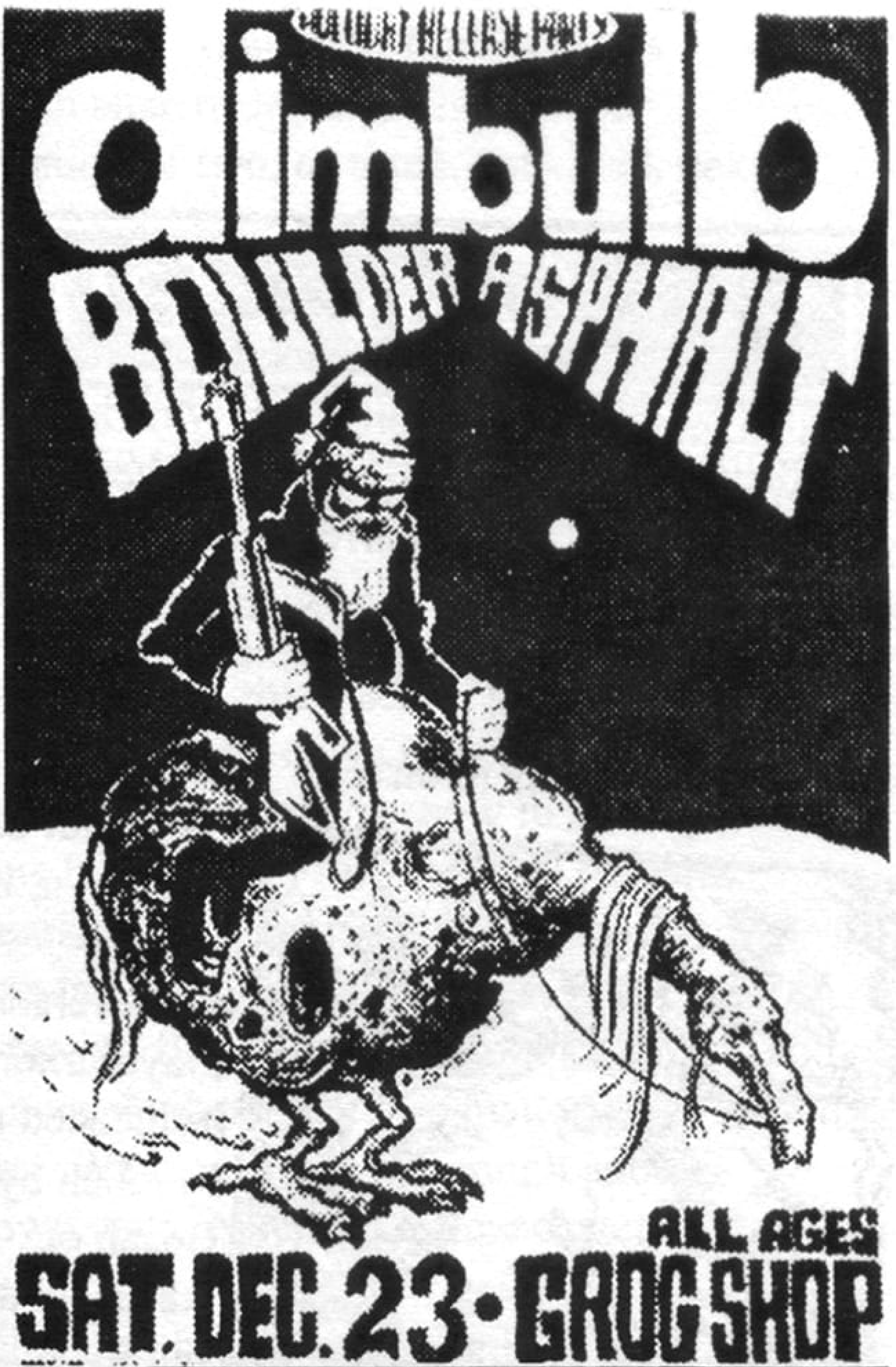


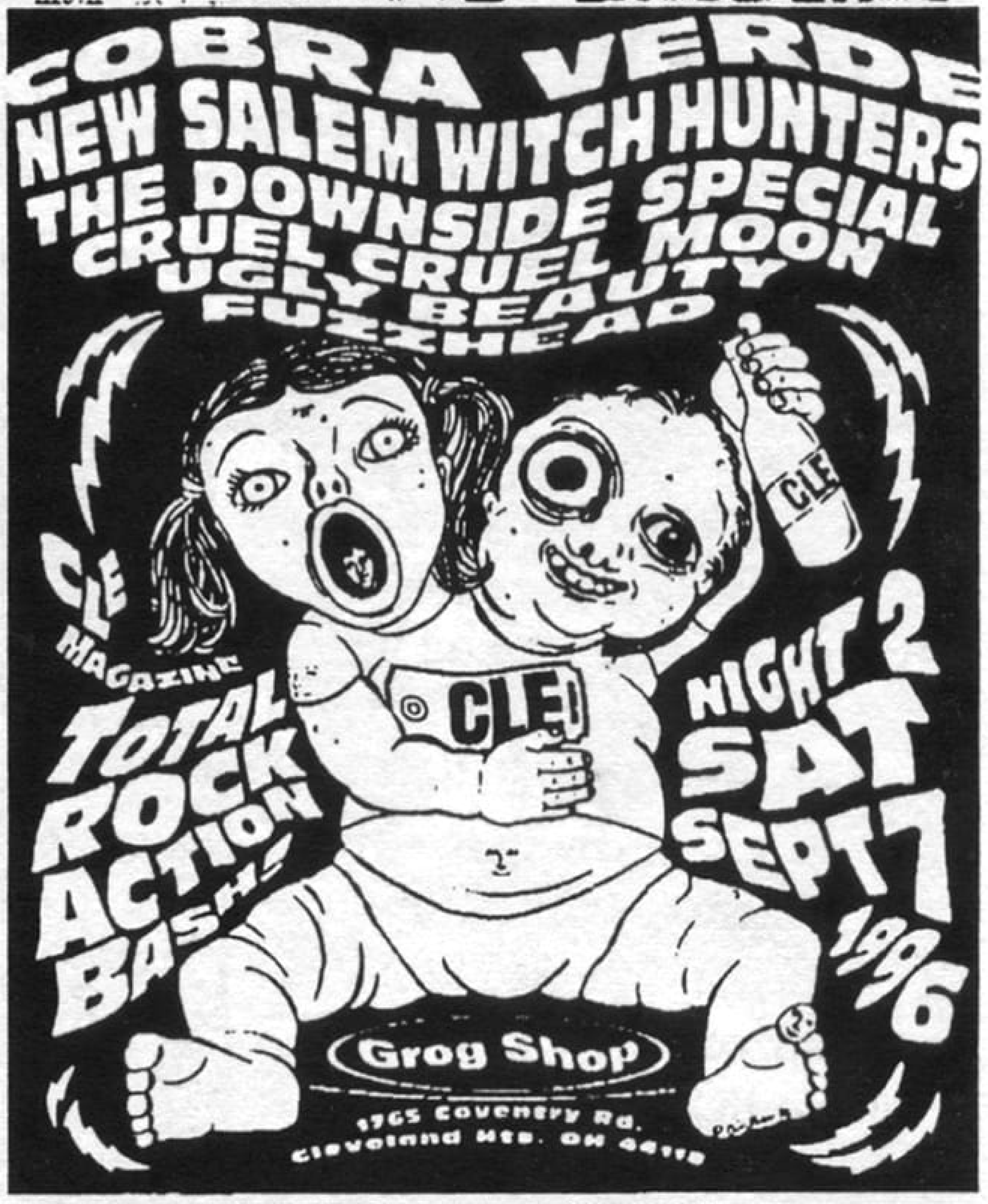
He turned for help in picking up some of the slack to two of the best rock-n-rollers in town, Mr. Cintron's son Dave, then of the Burning Lesbians, and fellow C.I.A. alumni Clay Parker, then of Sissy. Dave had just returned to Cleveland after five years at Kent State, where he graduated with a gaphic-design degree. Already doing his own bizzaro flyers for the Lesbians, Cintron would prove to be a perfect hybrid and ultimate punk-rock renaissance man, one half musician, one half artist. Both to him, however, were one and the same: the by-product of a prolific and wildly imaginative creative vision. Cintron music and the flyers that he subsequently produced for Derek were swirling, tripped-out, improvisational pieces, taking on a life of their own as they went about their merry way.

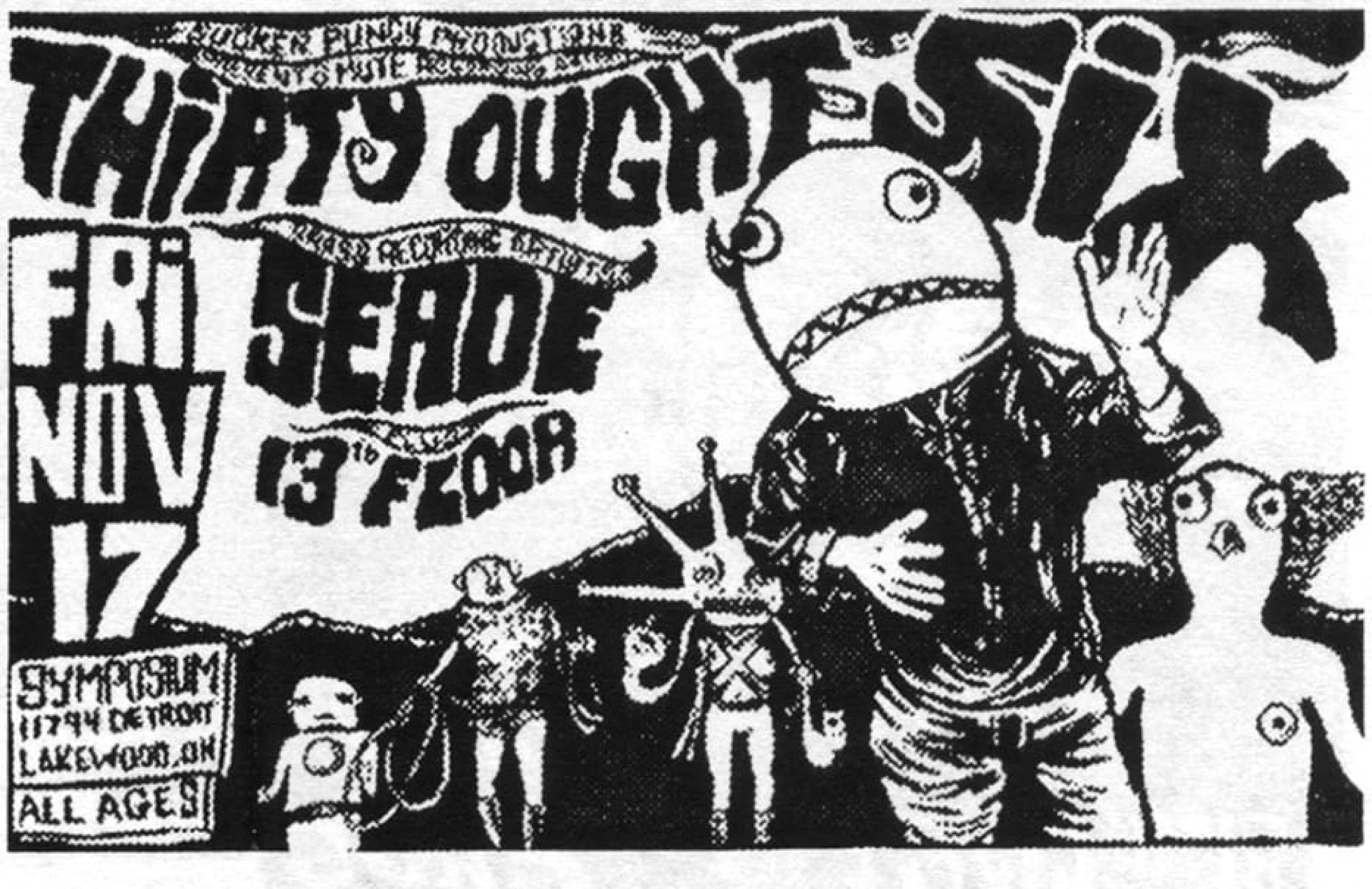

STORMIN' NORM PRESENTS THIRTY EAR RECORDING ARTISTS FROM DETROIT
PAUL K and the WEATHERMEN
SPUTNIK and 13th FLOOR
MON JUNE 19
EUCLID TAVERN 11629 EUCLID AVE CLEVELAND
ALL AGES

Dave's work is quite fun to look at. Playful and humorous, the non-sensical art radiates with a positively delirious glow. Also not entirely of this earth, his lonely mutants and sad octopus creations inhabit a weird, hallucinogenic dream-scape that recalls Dr. Suess on some really bad, or good, acid, depending on your view. Undulating archetypical vaginal patterns co-habitate with amphibious geeks, mesmerizing the viewer in their spot. Working in collage, brush and ink, intaglio and computer-generated art, his utterly incredible and, at times, painstakingly intricate work immediately strikes at some pre-conscious Dali-like level. The vision here is clearly to give us a good ol' fashioned mind-fuck

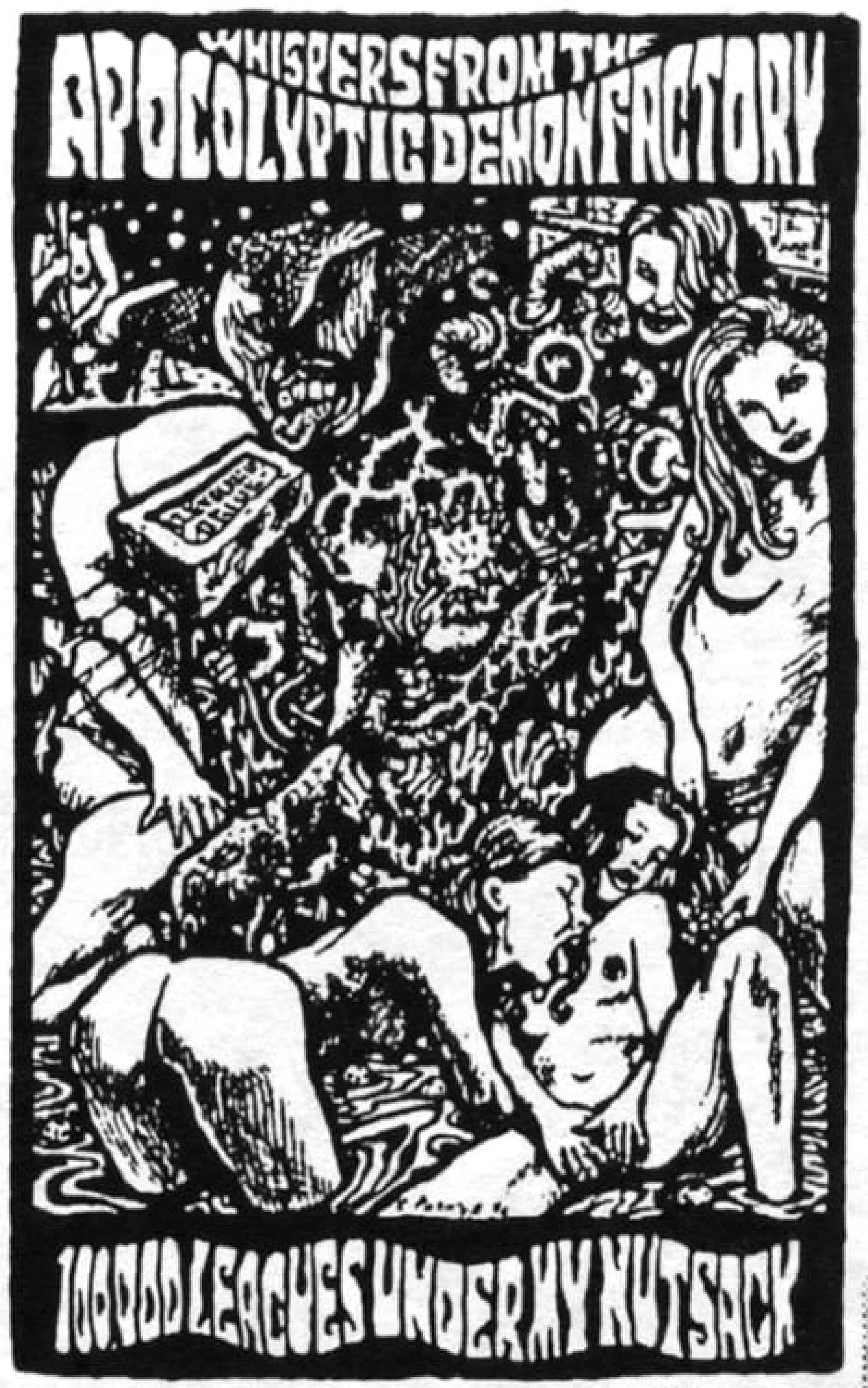

dimbulb
and a nice sick portion of edibles from Kent, Ohio's terminally ill
meat wheel
MON JAN 31
all ages all ages all ages all ages

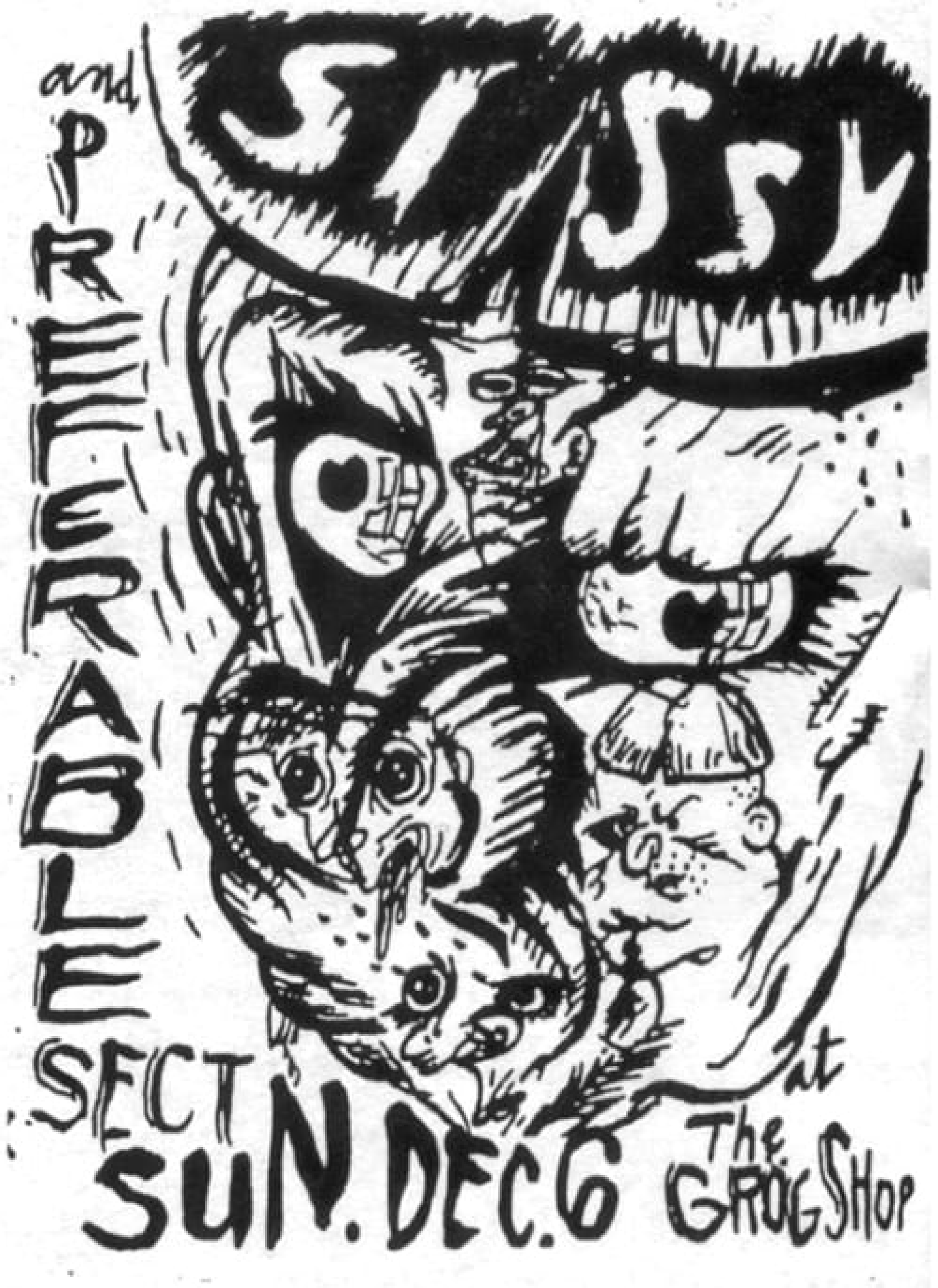

dimbulb
BOULDER ASPHALT
ALL AGES
SAT. DEC. 23 • GROG SHOP


COBRA VERDE
NEW SALEM WITCH HUNTERS
THE DOWNSIDE SPECIAL
CRUEL CRUEL MOON
UGLY BEAUTY
FUZZHEAD
CLE MAGAZINE
TOTAL ROCK ACTION BASH!
CLE
NIGHT 2 SAT SEPT 7 1996
Grog Shop
1765 Coventry Rd. Cleveland Hts. OH 44118


SUCKER PUNCH PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS MUTE RECORDING ARTISTS
THIRTY OUGHT SIX
SEADE
13th FLOOR
FRI NOV 17
SYMPOSIUM 11794 DETROIT LAKEWOOD, OH
ALL AGES

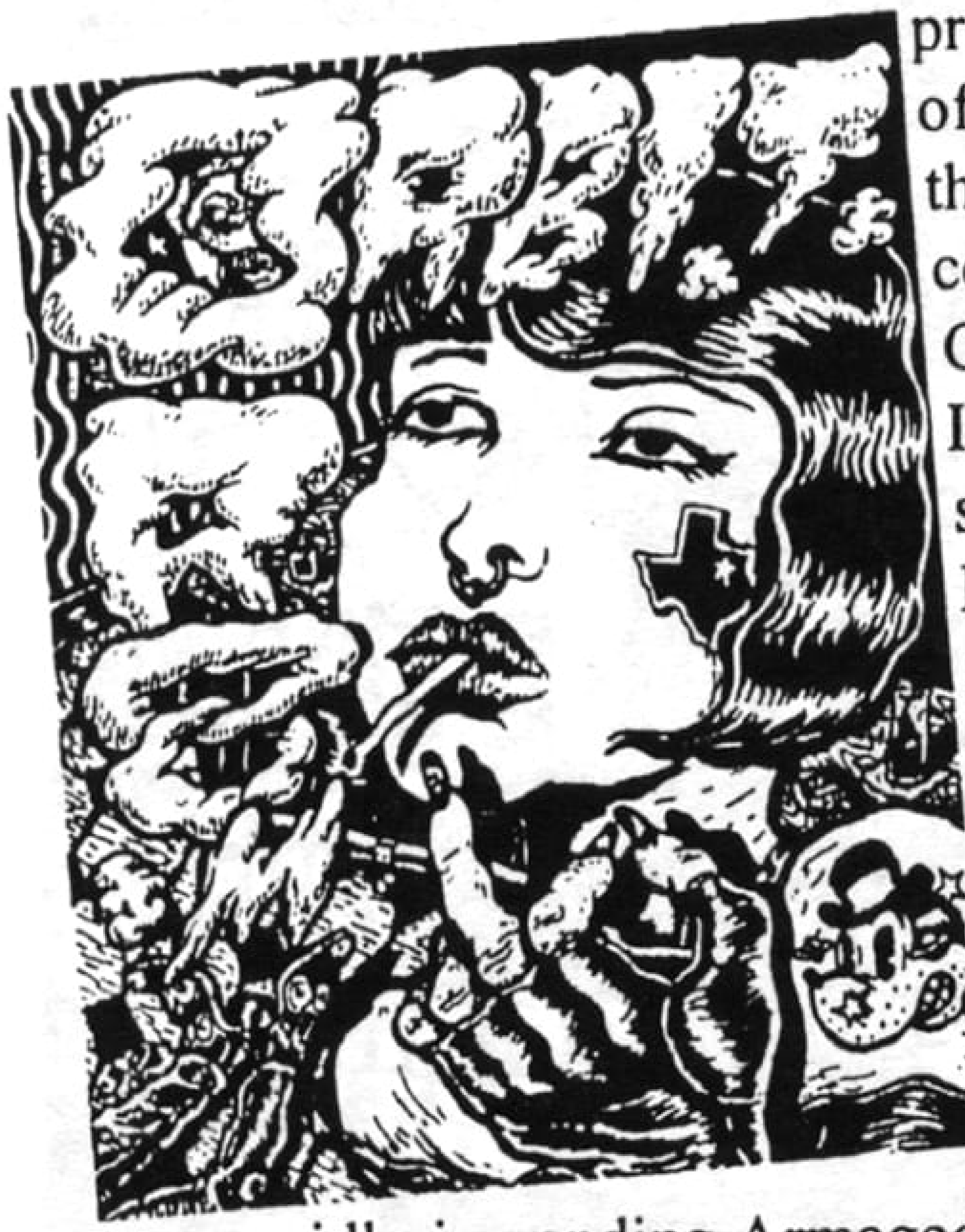
which, incidentally, is precisely what he does with him music as well. Watching a Cintron band, be it the Lesbians, the late, great Dimbulb, or his current outfit, The Downside Special, is like being transported to another realm altogether, albeit one that rocks, and rocks out hard.

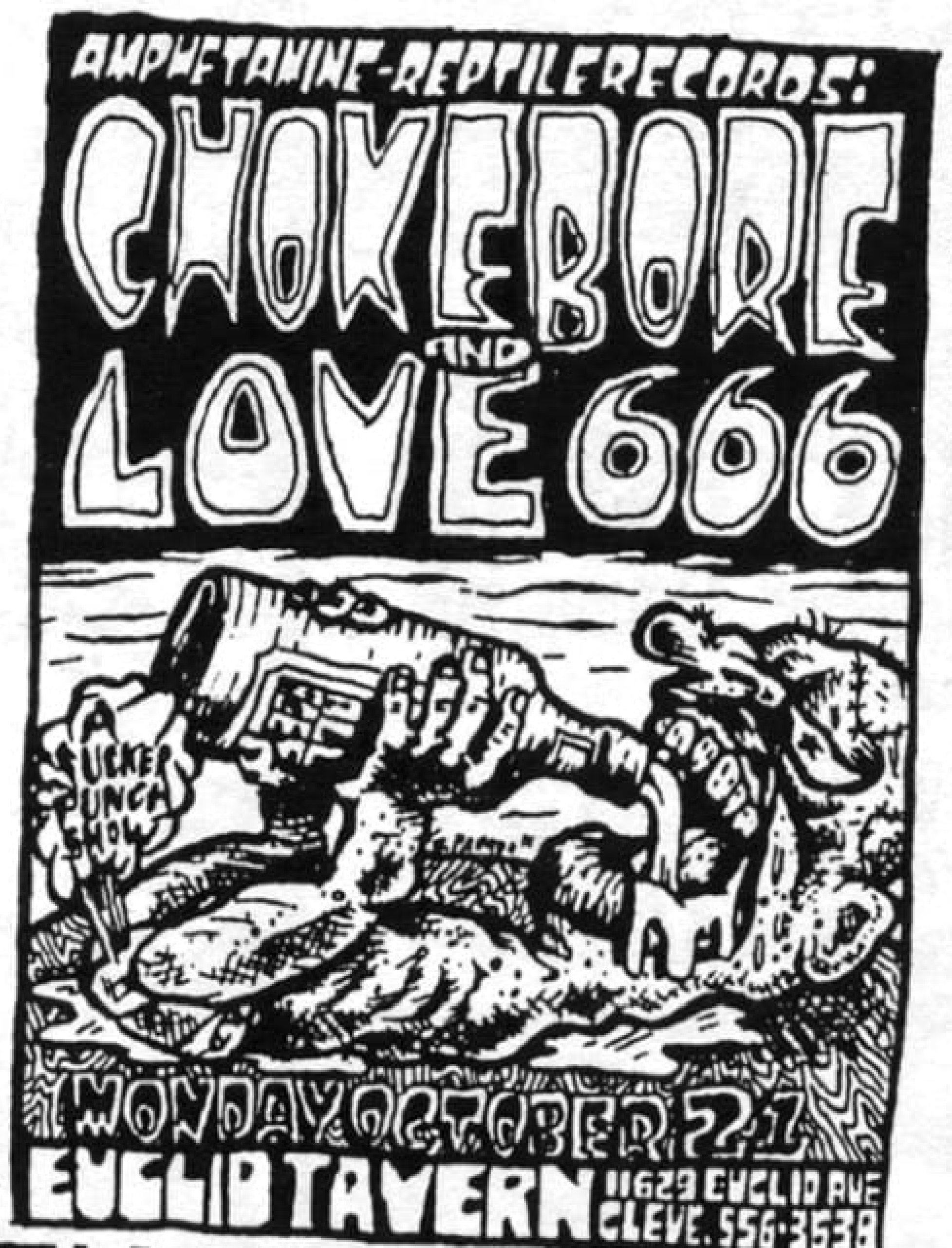

WHISPERS FROM THE
APOCOLYPTIC DEMON FACTORY
10,000 LEAGUES UNDER MY NUTSACK

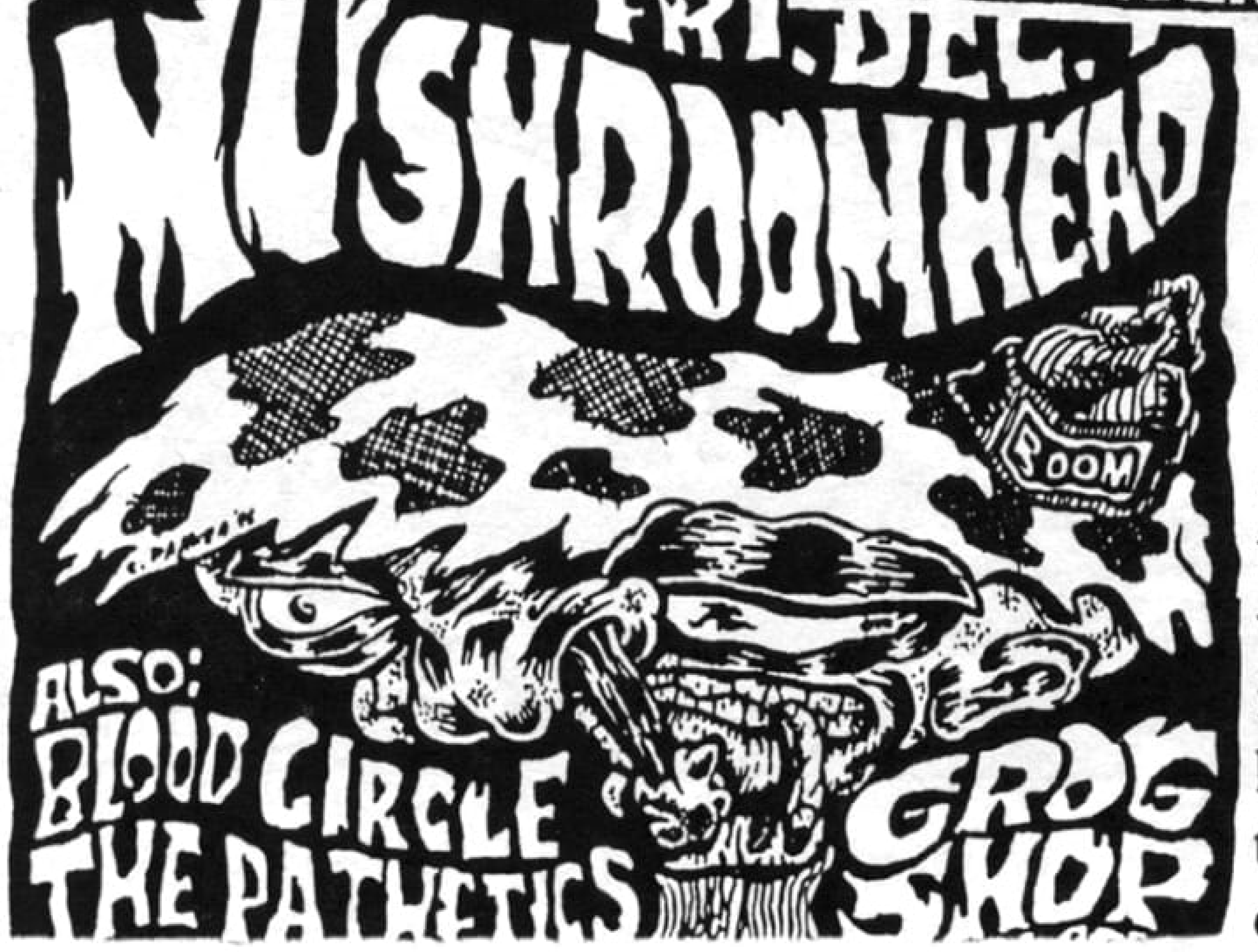

SISSY
and
PREFERABLE SECT
SUN. DEC. 6
at
The GROG SHOP

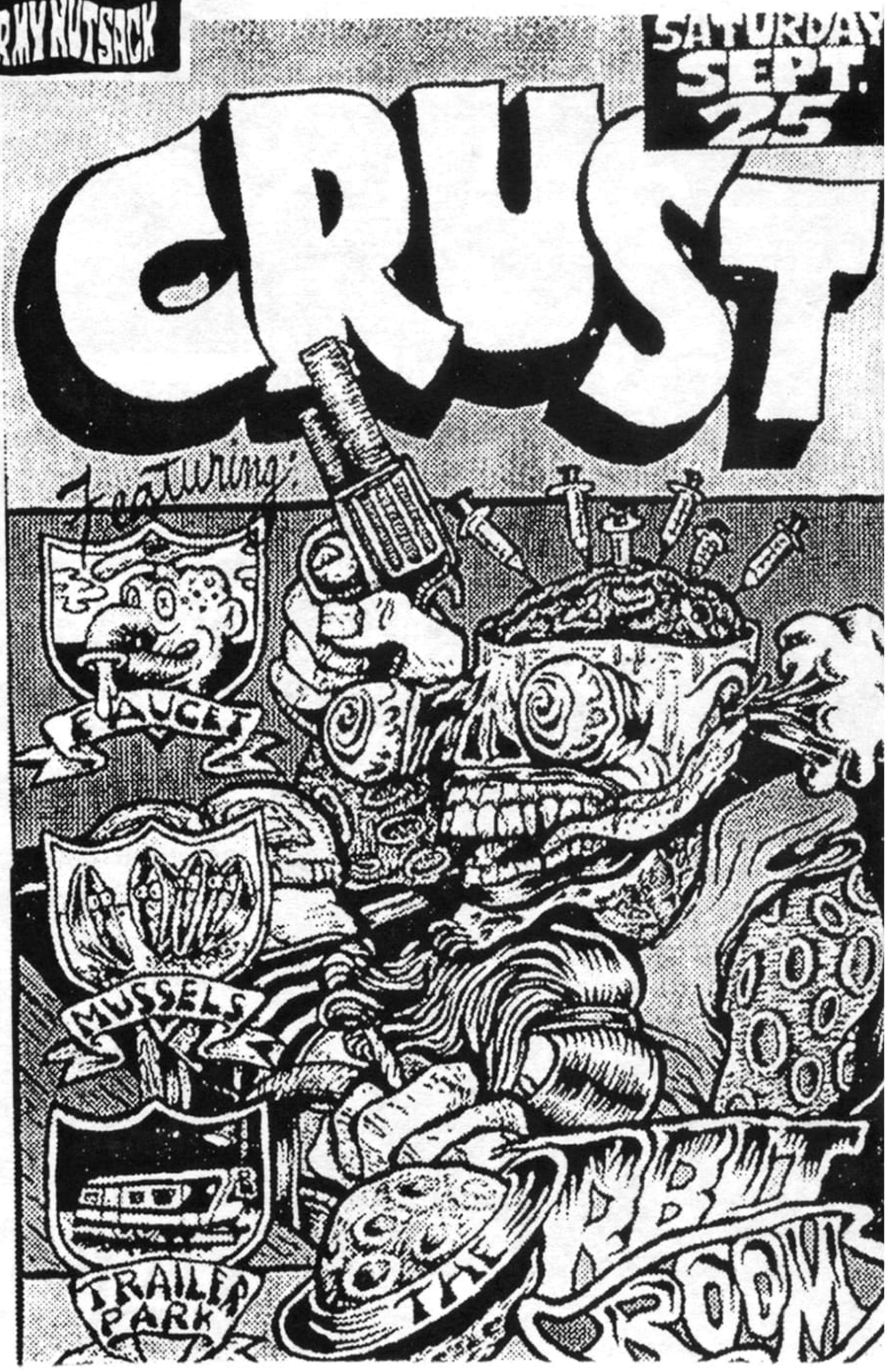
And, back here on terra firma, also in a pretty cool band of his own, is the ever-controversial Clay Parker. Influenced not so much by Bosch or surrealist art but by *Hustler*, *Hawk*, and *Barely Legal*, Parker's work bears witness to the sinful ways of our rapidly impending Armageddon. Schooled at an all-boys institution down in Cincinnati, he was predictably warped by the many nuns and priests who would give him a good whack on the head every other day with their ruler. Finding more inspiration, then, in the tried-and-true ways of sex, drugs and rock-n-roll than that of organized religion, he came up North to attend the Cleveland Institute of Art, and played in the raucous punk band Sissy. After graduation in '90, he started doing flyers for Derek, but soon took off to Dallas, where he immediately hooked up in the down and dirty world of the Galaxy Club and the Orbit Room, doing flyers, painting murals, and playing in bands like Copper-Lingus and Knocked-up And Homeless. A turning point seemed to be his participation with the performance art group Skin Cage, who would do live dominatrix and S&M shows. Clay would paint the girls' bodies, and would drunkenly cheer on their many depravities.

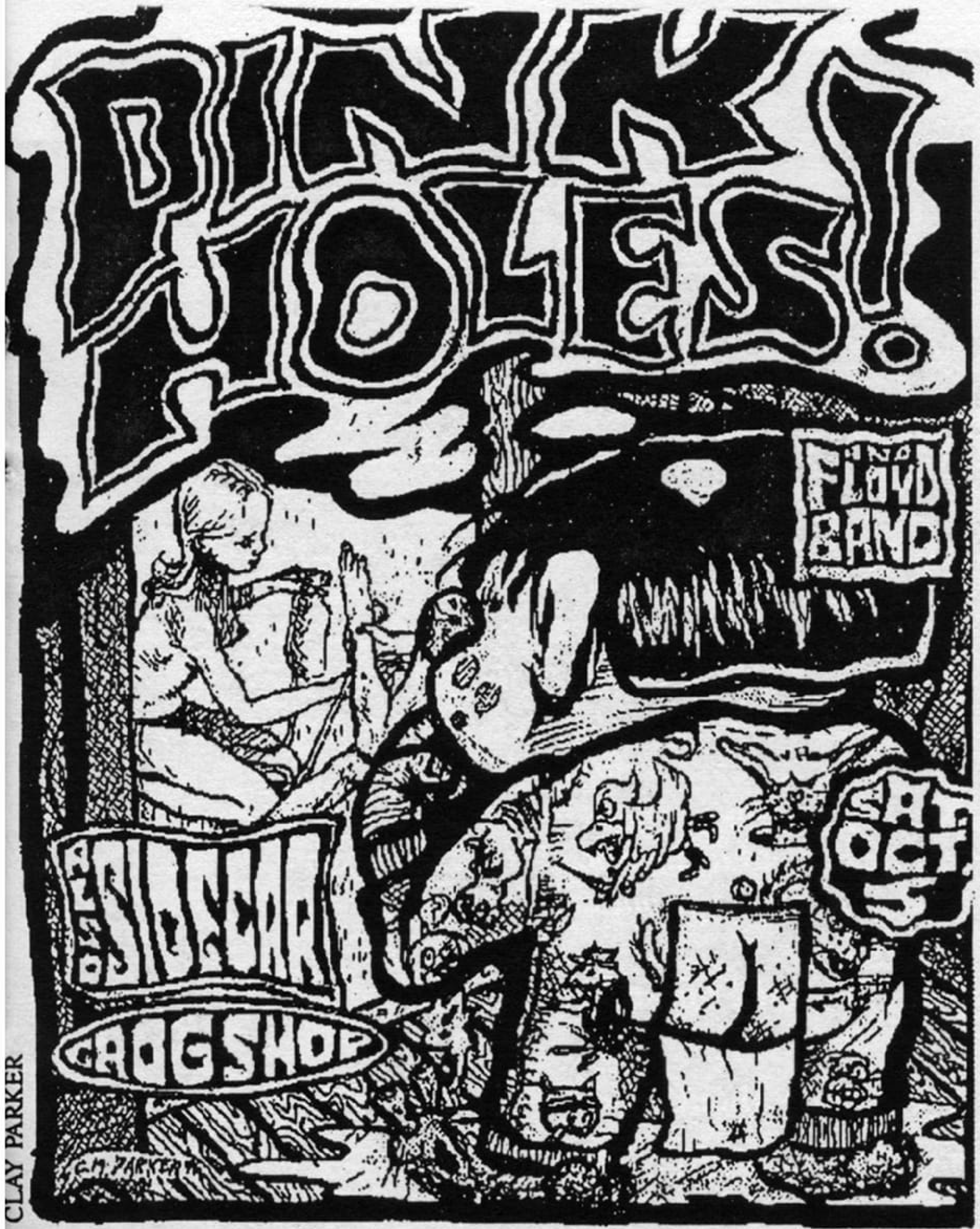
Returning to Cleveland, he started churning out flyers, many that were too




AMPHETAMINE-REPTILE RECORDS:
CHOKEBORE
AND
LOVE 666
A SUCKER PUNCH SHOW
MONDAY OCTOBER 21
EUCLID TAVERN
11629 EUCLID AVE
CLEVE. 556-3538


FRI. DEC.
MUSHROOMHEAD
ROOM
ALSO:
BLOOD CIRCLE
THE PATHETICS
GROG SHOP


SATURDAY SEPT. 25
CRUST
Featuring:
FAUCET
MUSSELS
TRAILER PARK
AT THE ORBIT ROOM



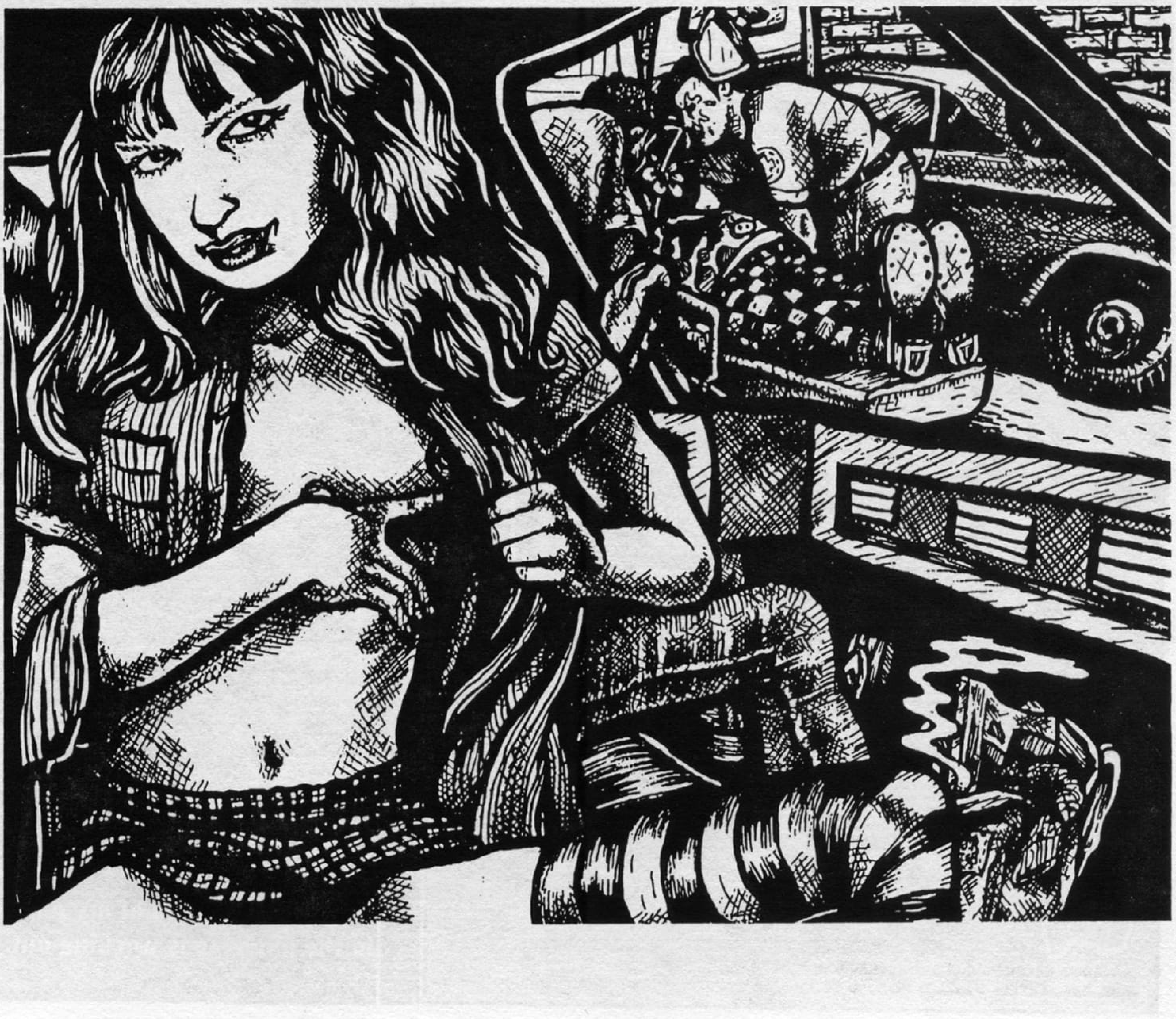
CLAY PARKER

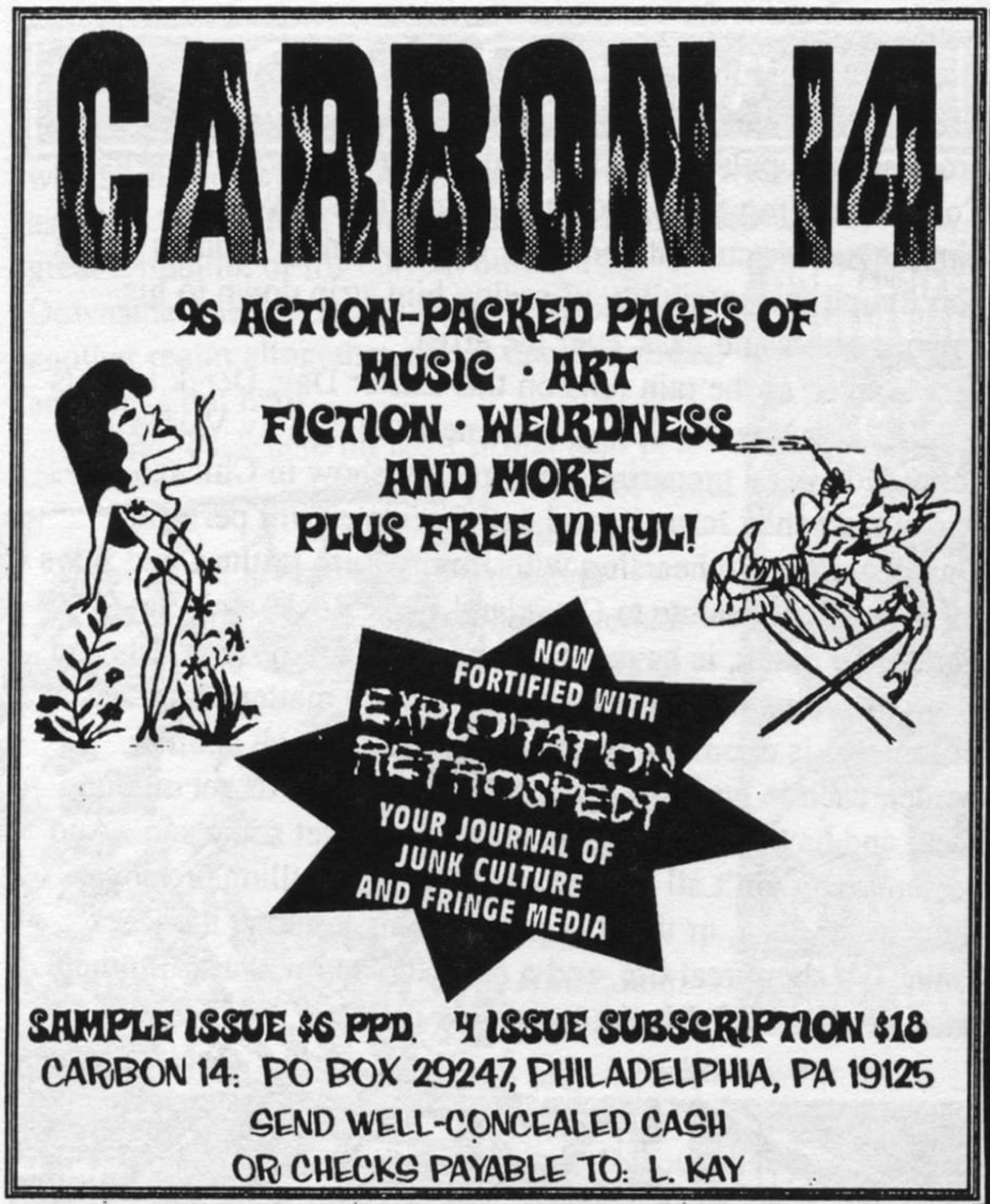
salacious to believe. Writhing lesbians, masturbating women on the potty and bound and gagged sex slaves are all part of his perverse vision. Add in his complementary whiskey-guzzling hillbillies, back-alley greasers and crack-smoking moms and you have none other than The King of White Trash Art. But, of course, it's much more than this. Plain and simply, the man can draw. Nobody uses the contrast of black and white in comic-style art better than he, and his amazingly round and fertile bodies seem gloriously alive with blood and cum. And it's not all dark either. There's abundant humor in his work, reminiscent of Crumb and S. Clay Wilson, and also tremendous beauty as well. His sparsely drawn copulation figures are as erotically charged as an ancient Japanese lithograph, celebrating the holy union of two, or three, entwined, naked souls.

Having exhibited at both Spaces and Fedevich's Cleveland Independent Art, his work, like Cintron's, in fast growing in popularity. Check out his outrageous murals on Coventry's Grog Shop and Ethnic Creations if you can, or see him play in his current band, the Back Monkeys, that is if you don't mind the possibility of seeing him strip down to his cowboy boots and bass, ever the artist.

And so as the rain falls on this Easter Day, Derek Hess is at home drawing the CD art for a new Guided By Voices compilation and preparing for a gallery show in Chicago, where the bands Jesus Lizard and Firewater will perform. Dave Cintron is rehearsing with Jimmy Zero of the Dead Boys for a Rock Hall salute to Cleveland Punk Rock, and Clay Parker, no doubt, is having flash-backs of all those priests and nuns whacking him over the head. But no matter. The season of renewal is upon us. We have made it through another winter, each in our own way. Now is the time to get on out there and have some fun, see some bands, get some sun. And remember, it ain't all about those cry-baby millionaires over there at the Jake, or the silly mannequins found at the Rock Hall. It's about real life, and a real city, and real art. So there. And who knows? Maybe tomorrow it'll stop raining ...

David Polster

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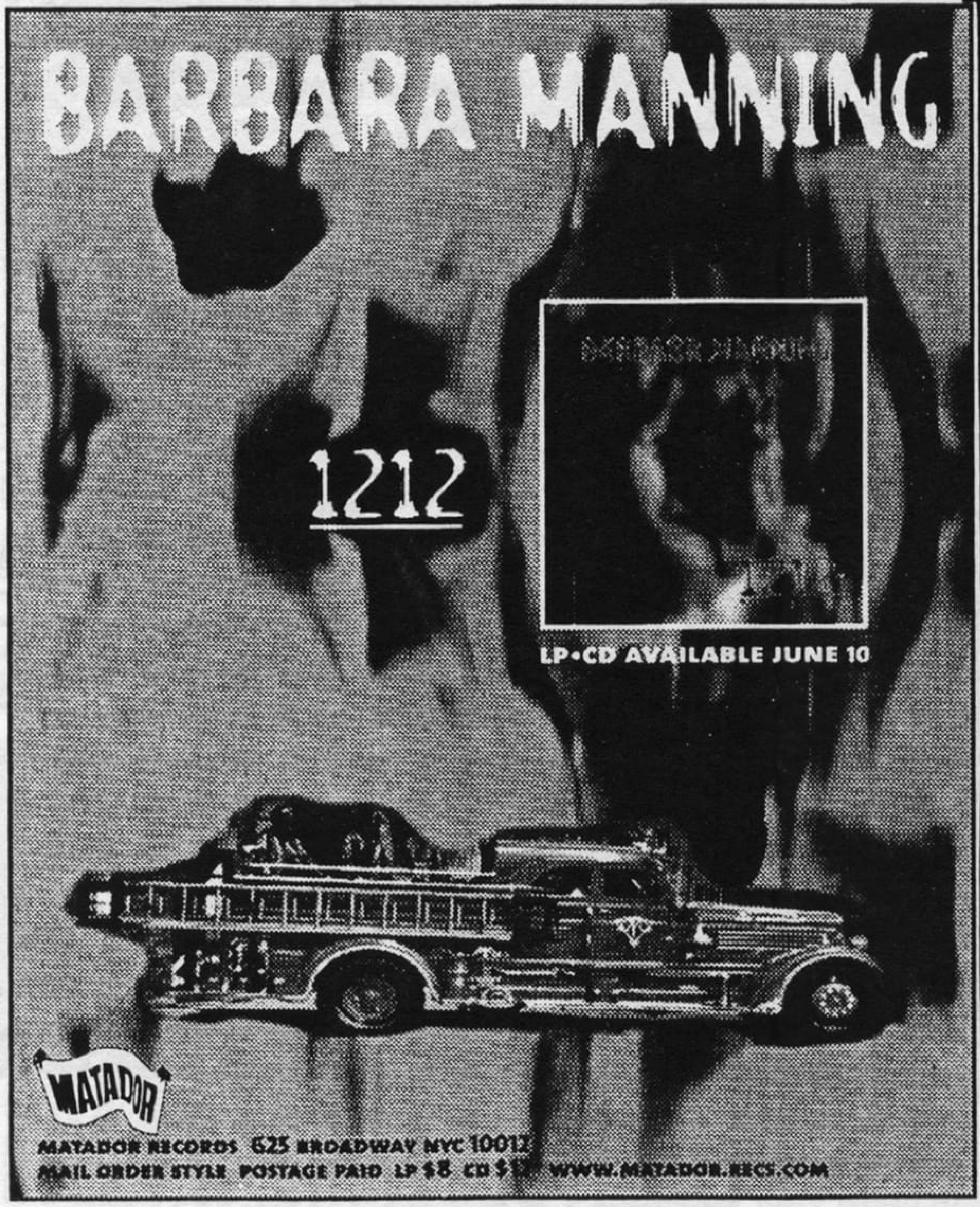
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Douglas Utter

The work of Douglas Utter was the inaugural exhibit when I opened Cleveland Independent Art five years ago. I feel he stands as a mentor for the generation of artists that I represent. He maintains a guttural visual dialogue with the underbelly of the Cleveland "art scene".

He is a painter and writer, a crowded loner, perhaps marooned, existing at this given time. His activity is a seismograph for changes in the contemporary worlds sociology, events and ideas.

His ritual includes the use of iconography as structure and metaphor. Utter's work finds the individual in various episodes and situations within a larger tapestry.

Recently, I asked Doug a few questions. Here are some excerpts:

Q: What about time warps and artists?

A: You are making up your own time as you go along. Am I behind or ahead?

Q: Comment on free will and determinism.

A: One feels as if they are letting Certain Individuals down because you have chosen this pursuit.

Q: What about perception?

A: I am always aware of the space between two figures.

Q: What about identity?

A: Don't be too self-conscious about it.

Q: What about success?

A: It comes back to you as shock and surprise, a museum to yourself.

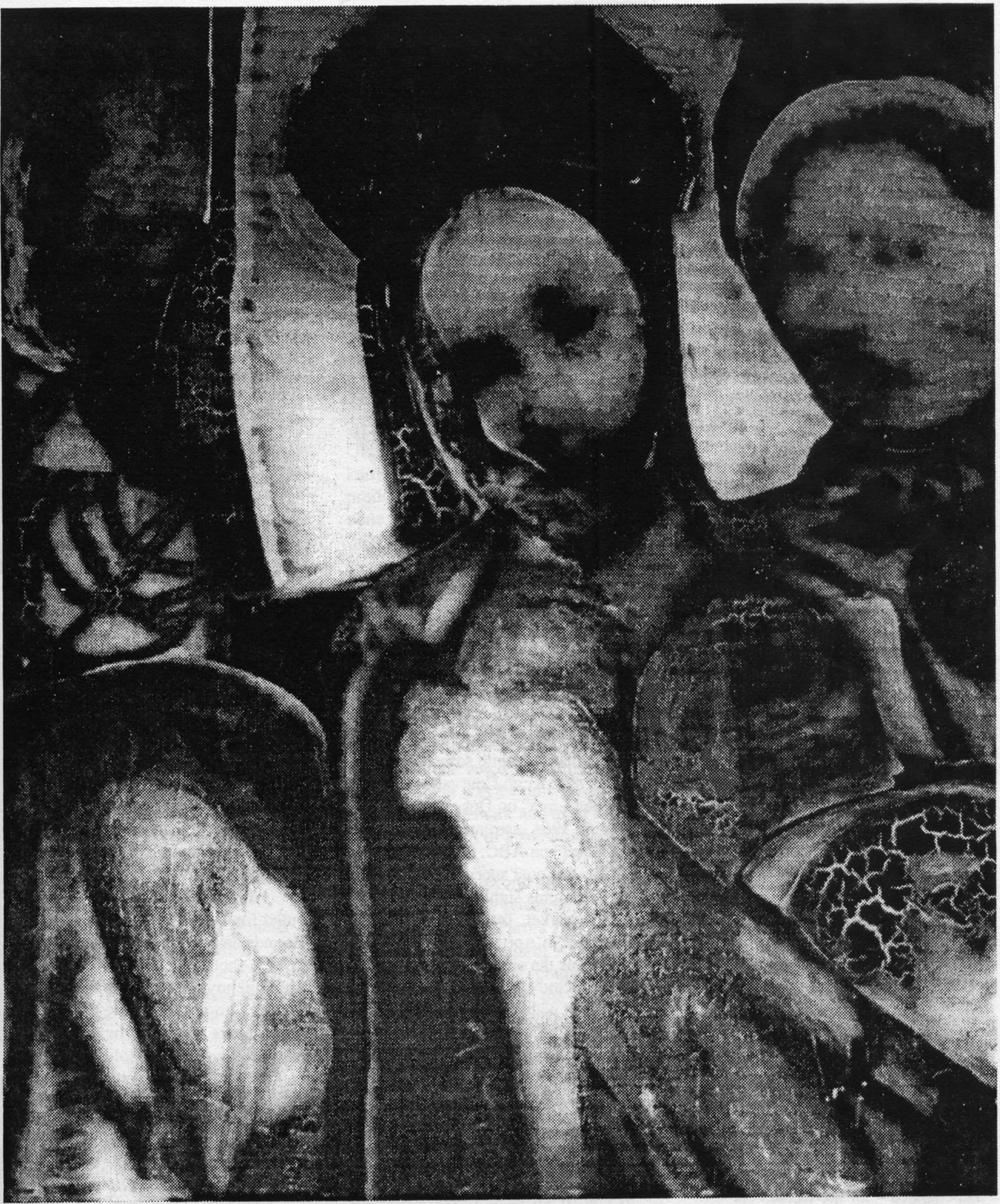
Q: Do you ever see yourself, when you are doing your work, as doing something in the nature of a god-like act?

A: ... or to attain some kind of way to tie myself into that.

Q: Is some sort of spirituality necessary these days?

A: Yes, but you have the definition to define after that. The comfort of my painting is that "something" in the universe is working out.

--Julie Fedevich



Ecce Homo, 1990
Latex and spray paint on canvas
68.5 x 56 inches

Sounds Of The City

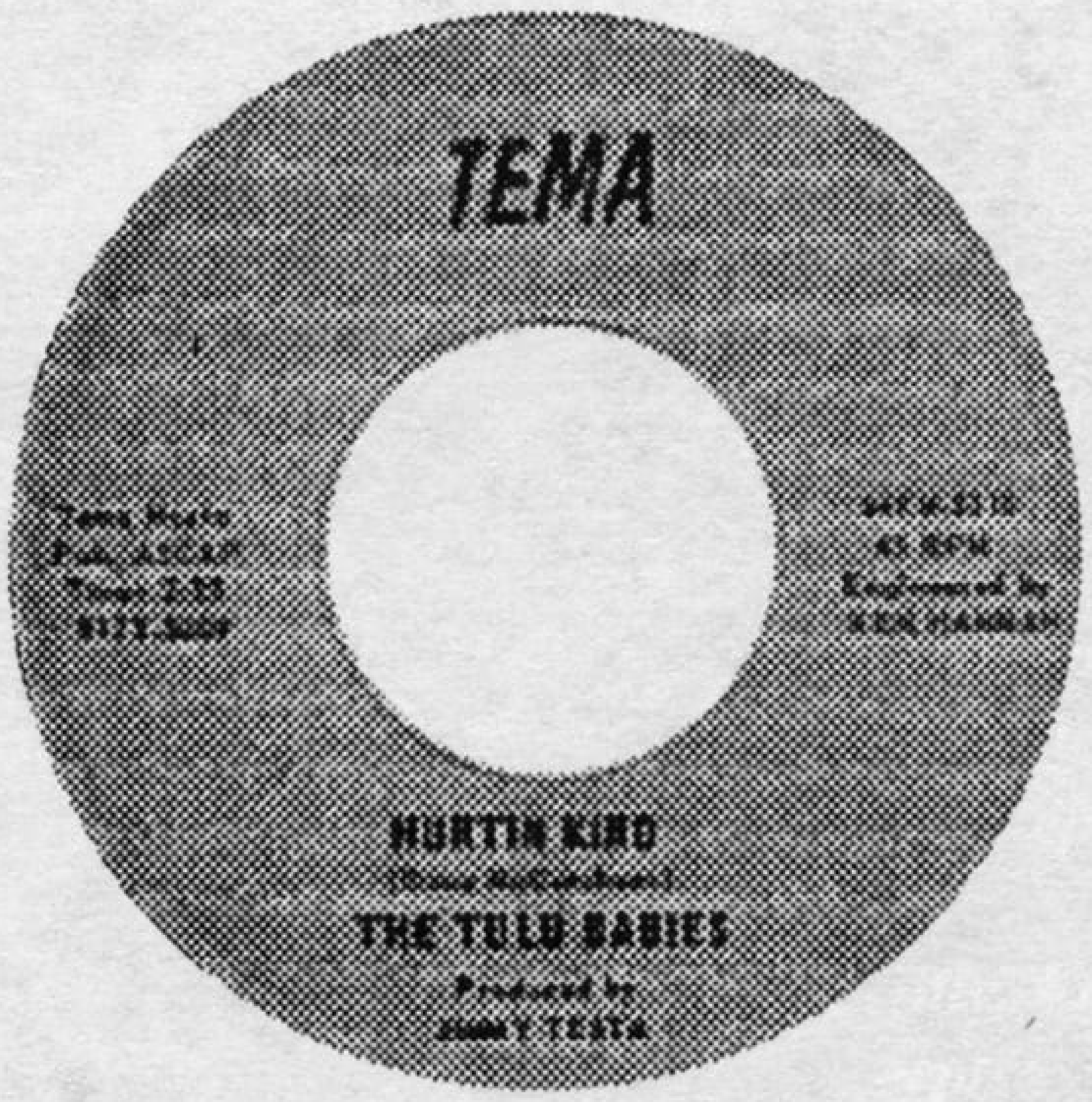
COUNTDOWN '66

by Tom Fallon

Like every other major U.S. city, Cleveland had loads of bands in the beat-crazed mid 60s. Every suburb had teenagers taking up guitars in response to the British Invasion. Some of these groups would occasionally make a record, usually a vanity pressing of a few hundred, to be sold at their gigs. A few others were able to get a contract with a major record company. These were usually very one-sided deals, screwing the bands financially & giving them little artistic control over their material.

Falling between the D.I.Y.-ers and the corporate giants were several local independent record labels. These companies were often able to score a local hit, thanks to Cleveland's great radio stations of the 60s (WHK, KYW--later WKYC, WIXY). These were the days before consultants and tight playlists, when deejays still created their own hits. In amongst the biggies by the British and Motown acts, you could hear records that weren't being played in other markets. With the right connections, Cleveland's rock n roll bands were actually able to have their records played by commercial radio in their own hometown. To get an idea of this, give a listen to Denny Sanders' Sunday night "Top 25 Countdown" on WMJI (Cle's "oldies" station, for you out-of-towners). He plays the top 25 hits on this date for a certain year, using WHK's "Tunedex" charts. In recent weeks I've heard Cleveland bands the Tulu Babies, the Grasshoppers, the Selective Service, the GTO's , and the Choir. I don't think you'll hear anything this cool on "modern rock" stations.

Unfortunately, by the 70s, things had changed – for the worse. As popular tastes shifted from teenage rock & roll to arena-rock superstars, radio was no longer open to these independent releases. A.M. radio itself was giving way to the newer F.M. AOR format and the small local labels were lost in the shuffle.



TEMA

Local producer Jimmy Testa had a career dating back to the 50s. He had some success as a songwriter with "The Hula Hoop Song", which went Top-40 for both Georgia Gibbs and Teresa Brewer in 1958. He also placed a number of his locally-produced acts with major labels. Despite some excellent records, like Keith Courvale's rockabilly "Trapped Love" on Dot and the Motions' 1964 instrumental wig-out "Big Chief" on ABC, none of these met with any national success.

Setting his sights on a smaller regional market, Testa launched his Tema label in April of 1965. The first release was the amazing two-sider "Hurtin' Kind" b/w "Mine Forever" by a local outfit called the Tulu Babies. "Hurtin' Kind" was an immediate success, making the top-10 on both WHK and KYW and establishing the Tulu Babies as one of Cleveland's most popular bands.

A follow-up was released in mid-'65, the drippy ballad "Debbie", which also saw local chart action. That summer, the band's manager, WHK DJ Ron Brittain, left Cleveland for a job in Chicago. Testa took over management duties and renamed the group, as "Tulu Babies" was a copyrighted part of Brittain's on-air banter. A second pressing of "Debbie" appeared under a new name—The Baskerville Hounds.

The Baskerville Hounds
Christmas Is Here
Make Me Your Man

The first actual Hounds record was the instrumental blaster "Space Rock" parts 1 and 2. Musically, it's little more than a charged-up version of the Rolling Stones' "2120 South Michigan Avenue" riff. The band's frantic approach, though, with wailing harmonica and demented yelps and groans, puts it over the top and even improves on the Stones' original. Pt.2 was the side that took off and by late '65 Tema had scored another big local hit. The record was even being used by Ghoulardi on his legendary TV show.

Although Tema was mainly an outlet for Tulu Babies/Baskerville Hounds discs, other teen combos were given a shot as well. These acts ranged from unknown mysterions like the Scruffy Group to the more-established City Squires. None of these other releases seem to have sold very well.

In late '66 Testa landed a national distribution deal with Hollywood's Dot Records. "Space Rock" was re-released on Tema in January of '67 and again raced up the Cleveland charts. This local action prompted Dot to sign the band and issue the record on their own label. "Space Rock" failed to chart nationally, as did two other Dot singles.

Dot even issued a Baskerville Hounds LP with several new original songs and a longer version of "Space Rock" (at a near rock-opera length of 3:40!). The remainder of the LP was filled out with a couple of weak covers and recycled Tema singles. It's a pretty good LP, but by the time of its Summer Of Love release, garage bands were out of style and the record stiffed.

A few other bands had singles released on Tema during the Dot period, but by fall of '67 both the Baskerville Hounds and the distribution deal were dropped.

The Hounds returned with a one-shot single for Buddah Records in November. This one also bombed and not much was heard from the band or the Tema label over the next year or so.

In early 1969 Tema issued its final Baskerville Hounds release, "Hold Me". It seemed like an odd choice for a single, an almost note for note version of P.J. Proby's pounding '64 UK hit. This beat group approach was way out of style during the Age Of Aquarius (ugh!) but Testa was able to get the record released nationally by Avco Embassy Records. By the fall, "Hold Me" had surprisingly crept into the charts, reaching #68 in Cashbox and #88 in Billboard.

This was, however, about the end of the line for Tema Records. There were a few 70s releases, but times had changed and radio was no longer very receptive to these independently produced records.

The Tulu Babies/Baskerville Hounds

"Hurtin' Kind" b/w "Mine Forever" is far and away their best, but all of their Tema singles have something going for them. Most have a Stones-meets-greaser garage sound. "Debbie" is kinda weak, but hey—it still beats listening to today's "alternative rock" caterwauling!

The Scruffy Group

Unknown combo that appeared in the Cle area briefly in '65/'66 and vanished. Their record is pretty good, a moody, mid-tempo haunter on the A-side, with a trebly rocker on the flip. Only three copies of this thing are known to exist. Strangely, a more-produced version of "Little Girl" was done by the equally obscure Illusions on the Pama label.

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The City Squires

"Jenny Jenny" is another impossible to find disc, checking in with three known promo only copies. It's a great blast of teen energy, highlighted by a clanging cowbell and a singer still in puberty! The flip is a cool instrumental with chants of "ho-ho" and wailing, echoed female voices. This other-worldly effect was a Jimmy Testa production trademark and must establish him as some sort of a suburban Joe Meek!

The band's second recording was never even actually released. Testa wrote the novelty "Parma Polka" specifically for Ghoulardi's TV show. All that survives is the scratchy 10" acetate that was used on the show. This was rescued by Ghoulardi assistant Ron Sweed, who, as The Ghoul, used it on his own TV show in the early 70s. The B-side was a band original, the punk pounder "I Want Your Girl".

The City Squires next release, "Is It Time", was a more subdued pop record that's not as rare or interesting. They also cut a record under the name Pye Jones and the 28th Day Ragtime Band that's every bit as bad as it sounds.

The band eventually evolved into the Gregorians, who had one Testa produced single on ABC in 1969. It's a pretty good Left Banke/Zombies style record and worth a few spins.

The Statesmen

"Stop And Get A Ticket" is a good garage version of the Clefs of Lavender Hill's great original. The Clefs were a Miami, Florida based act with several releases on Date Records. This song was probably brought back by the Baskerville Hounds, who had played an extended stint in Florida (a trip documented in their own "Here I Come Miami"). The Hounds recorded their own version of "Stop And Get A Ticket", but it was never released.

For their second record, it sounds like The Statesmen stopped and got a ticket--to Squaresville. It's exceptionally bad, but did sport a nice pic sleeve. The Statesmen also backed KYW/WKYC disc jockey Jerry G. on his 1966 outing for Clevetown Records.

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The Bittersweets

This all-girl outfit cut a great, moody version of the Tulu Babies "Hurtin' Kind". It doesn't have the crunch of the original , instead building a kind of restrained tension. Finally, the singer cracks, ranting "You're driving me insane, I can't take it any longer!" over the fadeout. Wow!

The Quantrill Raiders

This was actually a Middleburg Heights quintet called the Trohls. The band was led by the three Cox brothers (ages 15-17) and were boyhood pals of future Dead Boy Jimmy Zero.

Their lone single was produced by Baskerville Hound Dante Rossi and released in mid '67. "I'm Going" is a fuzztone swinger w/ some cool organ work. The flip is a strong version of the Baskerville Hounds' "Sad Eyed Lady" (also covered by local blue-eyed soul/horn band the Solid Gold).

Sunburst
RECORDS
MOD SOCKS
THE GRASSHOPPERS

SUNBURST

Carl Maduri's Sunburst label catered to the greaser crowd. They released some fine soul, girl group and rock & roll records, without a mop-top in sight. Even the Grasshoppers, with their "bug" name and oddly titles "Mod Socks", were a greaser/frat type band trying to connect with the Beatle craze.

Maduri's own recording career stretched back to the 50s, with pop records on Mercury, Cameo, etc., before starting his own label in 1964.

The first batch of releases were quite popular locally and are still available at a garage sale near you. The Grasshoppers debut "Mod Socks" was a huge Cle hit in the early part of 1965. It was picked up by Warner Bros. For a national release

TEMA

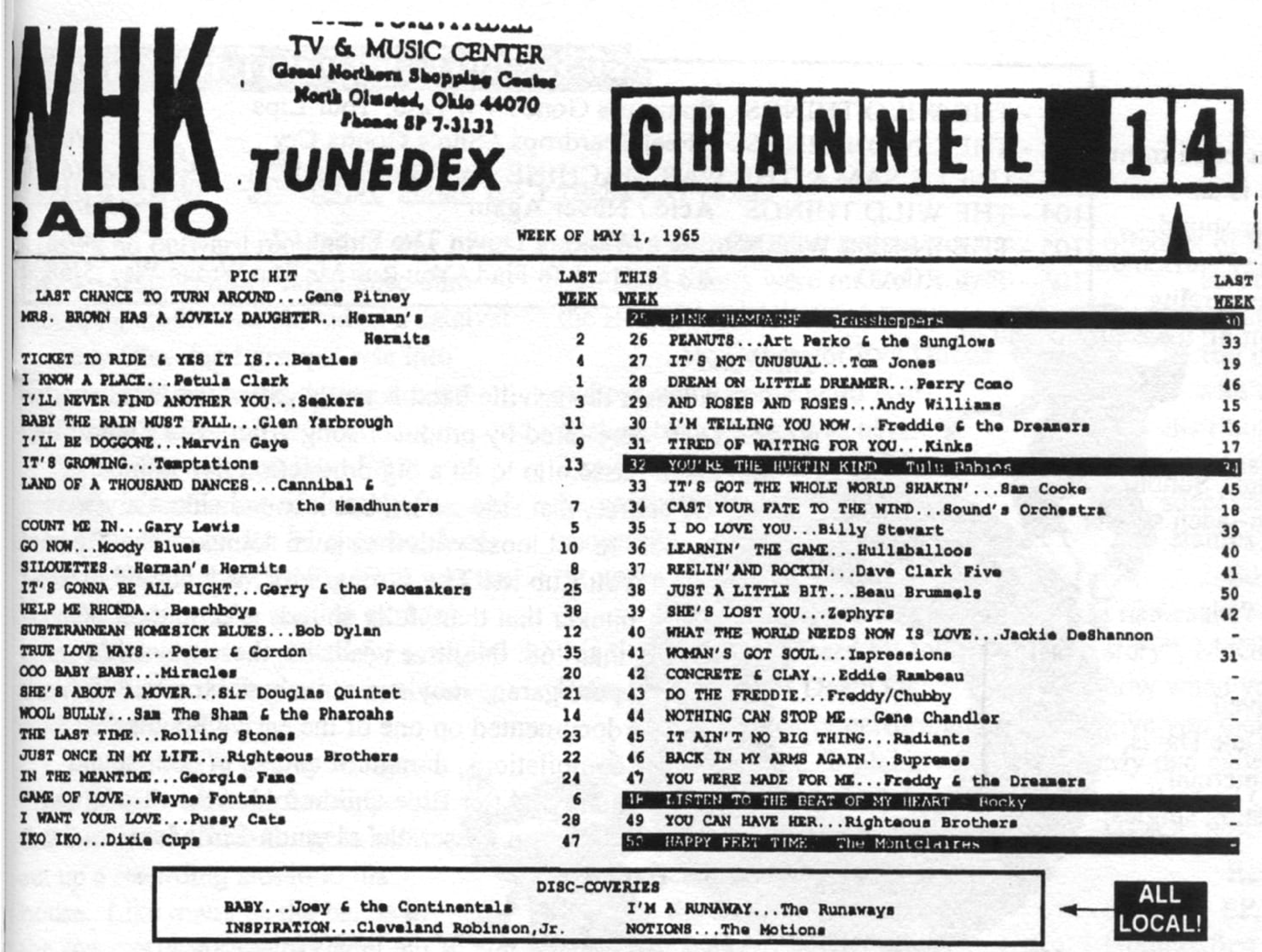
5309/10 - THE TULU BABIES	The Hurtin Kind / Mine Forever	4/65
125 - THE TULU BABIES	Debbie / Although I Was To Blame	c.6/65
(Also issued as THE BASKERVILLE HOUNDS)		
126 -		
127 - THE SCRUFFY GROUP	Little Girl / Do	c.6/65
128 - THE BASKERVILLE HOUNDS	Space Rock, Pt.1 / Space Rock, Pt.2	c.10/65
129 -		
130 - BIG JIM T.	Give Me The Real Frontier Pt.1 / Pt.2	c.10/65
131 - THE BASKERVILLE HOUNDS	Christmas Is Here / Make Me Your Man	c.12/65
132 - THE BASKERVILLE HOUNDS	All You Had To Do Was Ask/ Who Does She Love	66
133 -		
134 -		
135 - THE BASKERVILLE HOUNDS	Here I Come Miami/Make Me Your Man	66
136 - THE CITY SQUIRES	Jenny Jenny / Russian Ho Ho	66
137 - THE STATESMEN	Stop And Get A Ticket / Stick With Me Baby	66
138 -		
139 -		
140 -		
141 - RAY EVANS	I Miss You So /	
142 -		
143 -		
144 - THE CITY SQUIRES	Is It Time / Lonely Boy	c.5/67
145 -		
146 -		
147 -		
148 -		
149 -		
150 - THE QUANTRILL RAIDERS	I'm Going / Sad Eyed Lady	67
171/2 - THE STATESMEN	Lollipop / Tijuana Blues	c.68
001 - THE BITTERSWEETS	The Hurtin' Kind / Summertime	c.66
No # -PYE JONES AND HIS 28th DAY RAGTIME BAND	Five Foot Two /I Go Crazy	c.68
No # -THE BASKERVILLE HOUNDS	Hold Me/Here I Come Miami	c.69

Notes: #128 had two pressings, the second issued in early 1967 and have "Distributed by Dot" on the copies. #128 was also re-released on Dot 17004. The Baskerville Hounds' "Hold Me" was re-released on Avco 4504. At least one 45 (Bobby Sull) and one LP (Blitz) were released in the late 1970s. * Many of the above missing numbers do not exist, but if anyone has any more information, please contact Tom Fallon c/o CLE Magazine.

UNBURST RECORDS

101 - ?		
102 - BILL SPIVERY	Honey Do / Honest Bill	64
103 - SHERRY STARLYN	All Winter Long / Love Bug Itch	64
104 - THE GRASSHOPPERS	Mod Socks / Twin Beat	c.1/65
105 - THE GRASSHOPPERS	Pink Champagne (And Red Roses)/The Wasp	c.3/65
106 - THE MONCLAIRS	Happy Feet Time / Wait For Me	c.4/65
107 - CARL MADURI	Girl Of My Best Friend/Stop Sneaking Around	65
108 - THE EXECUTIONERS	The Guillotine/I Was Wrong	65
109 - SHERRY STARLYN	Blue Lights/My Hero	65
110 - THE RHYTHM REBELS	The Things That You Do/Littest Hobo	65
111 - MARLENE AND THE DEBANETTES	Bad Love/ Play Something Slow	65
112 -		
113 - THE MONCLAIRS	Pull Your Coat/Wait For Me	65
114 -		
115 - THE MONCLAIRS	Sore Feet / Poopsie	
116 - THE MYSTICS	You're Leaving Me / Hand Shakin', Love Makin', Girl Takin' Son Of A Gun From Next Door	c.3/66
117 - THE FIVE GENTS	Bitter Candy / Skokiaan	66

NOTES: #104 was later issued on Warner Bros. 5607. #106 was re-released, distributed by Atco Records. Label name and number were the same.



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WEEK OF MAY 1, 1965

PIC HIT	LAST WEEK	THIS WEEK		LAST WEEK
LAST CHANCE TO TURN AROUND...Gene Pitney				
MRS. BROWN HAS A LOVELY DAUGHTER...Herman's		25	PINK CHAMPAGNE Grasshoppers	30
Hermits	2	26	PEANUTS...Art Perko & the Sunglows	33
TICKET TO RIDE & YES IT IS...Beatles	4	27	IT'S NOT UNUSUAL...Tom Jones	19
I KNOW A PLACE...Petula Clark	1	28	DREAM ON LITTLE DREAMER...Perry Como	46
I'LL NEVER FIND ANOTHER YOU...Seekers	3	29	AND ROSES AND ROSES...Andy Williams	15
BABY THE RAIN MUST FALL...Glen Yarbrough	11	30	I'M TELLING YOU NOW...Freddie & the Dreamers	16
I'LL BE DOGGONE...Marvin Gaye	9	31	TIRED OF WAITING FOR YOU...Kinks	17
IT'S GROWING...Temptations	13	32	YOU'RE THE HURTIN KIND . Tulu Babies	34
LAND OF A THOUSAND DANCES...Cannibal &		33	IT'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD SHAKIN'...Sam Cooke	45
the Headhunters	7	34	CAST YOUR FATE TO THE WIND...Sound's Orchestra	18
COUNT ME IN...Gary Lewis	5	35	I DO LOVE YOU...Billy Stewart	39
GO NOW...Moody Blues	10	36	LEARNIN' THE GAME...Hullaballoos	40
SILOUETTES...Herman's Hermits	8	37	REELIN' AND ROCKIN...Dave Clark Five	41
IT'S GONNA BE ALL RIGHT...Gerry & the Pacemakers	25	38	JUST A LITTLE BIT...Beau Brummels	50
HELP ME RHONDA...Beachboys	38	39	SHE'S LOST YOU...Zephyrs	42
SUBTERANNEAN HOMESICK BLUES...Bob Dylan	12	40	WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS NOW IS LOVE...Jackie DeShannon	-
TRUE LOVE WAYS...Peter & Gordon	35	41	WOMAN'S GOT SOUL...Impressions	31
OOO BABY BABY...Miracles	20	42	CONCRETE & CLAY...Eddie Rambeau	-
SHE'S ABOUT A MOVER...Sir Douglas Quintet	21	43	DO THE FREDDIE...Freddy/Chubby	-
WOOL BULLY...Sam The Sham & the Pharoahs	14	44	NOTHING CAN STOP ME...Gene Chandler	-
THE LAST TIME...Rolling Stones	23	45	IT AIN'T NO BIG THING...Radiants	-
JUST ONCE IN MY LIFE...Righteous Brothers	22	46	BACK IN MY ARMS AGAIN...Supremes	-
IN THE MEANTIME...Georgie Fame	24	47	YOU WERE MADE FOR ME...Freddy & the Dreamers	-
GAME OF LOVE...Wayne Fontana	6	48	LISTEN TO THE BEAT OF MY HEART Rocky	-
I WANT YOUR LOVE...Pussy Cats	28	49	YOU CAN HAVE HER...Righteous Brothers	-
IKO IKO...Dixie Cups	47	50	HAPPY FEET TIME The Montclaires	-

DISC-COVERIES

BABY...Joey & the Continentals
INSPIRATION...Cleveland Robinson,Jr.
I'M A RUNAWAY...The Runaways
NOTIONS...The Motions

ALL LOCAL!

where, unfortunately, it sank without a trace. Similarly, the Monclairs' "Happy Feet Time" was another biggie here, but an Atco distributed pressing also failed to dent the national charts.

Grasshoppers

Sunburst continued to issue records by area talent, but starting with Maduri's own mid '65 release, they were plagued with distribution problems and the hits stopped coming. These later singles sold poorly and by mid '66 Sunburst had closed up shop.

Bill Spivery

Unless there was a Sunburst #101, this was the label's first release. It's not too impressive a debut, kind of a novelty R&B record. Spivery was a nightclub singer who had a minor hit with a JFK tribute, "Mr. John" on Tahoe Records, shortly after the Kennedy assassination.

Sherry Starlyn

She had two records with a girl group sound similar to fellow Clevelander Andrea Carroll. Okay records, but this style seems out of date by the time of their release.

The Grasshoppers

A popular west-side group, featuring Valley-Forge grad Ben Orzechowski (later known as Ben Orr of The Cars) on lead vocals. Both of their singles were big local hits. "Mod Socks" is a maniacal frat-pounder sung to the tune of "Short Shorts" with a decent instrumental flipside. "Pink Champagne" is a slushy slow number, but with cool surfish guitar and a great instro flip, "The Wasp".

The Monclairs

This Cle soul outfit hit it big here with the R&B dance instrumental "Happy Feet Time". Their two follow up releases weren't as good and didn't cause much of a stir. They were most likely the backing band on Marlene & The Debanettes Sunburst single.

The Executioners

Youngstown's Executioners specialized in raunchy, R&B styled instrumentals. They made their debut in the summer of '65 with a ghastly number called "The Guillotine". It's a cool, soul-influenced instro with organ, sax, and guitar leads, and appropriate head-chopping sound effects. The B-side was a good garage rocker with vocals.

The record got strong airplay in Youngstown and Pittsburgh, but distribution problems kept sales at a minimum. Bootleg copies were pressed in Pittsburgh since the record was unavailable. This was common practice in the 'burgh, they'd done the same thing with the Tulu Babies "Hurtin' Kind"!

The Executioners made a couple of records with similar themes ("The Noose" & "Dead End") on their own Action label, and a great punker, "I Want The Rain", on Swan before packing it in, in 1966.

Side note: Member Dick Stroni played the organ and fellow Youngstowners the Human Beinz 1967 mega-hit, "Nobody But Me".

The Rhythm Rebels

An obscure release by a group from Cortland, Ohio (North of Warren). They had an earlier record on the great Kiski label of North Apollo, PA. Their Sunburst disc has a decent greaser sound, with a blaring guitar/organ led instrumental on the flip. They also backed Sherry Starlyn on her second 45.

Marlene & The Debanettes

This unknown girl group had a good Motown-styled record backed by the Monclairs.

BLUE ONION

101 - THE WILD THINGS	Summers Gone / I'll Taste Your Lips	8/67
102 - THE ONION RINGS	I Feel Teardrops / She's Gonna Cry	9/67
103 - UNCLE SAM & THE WAR MACHINE	Spy Girl / Hold On	9/67
104 - THE WILD THINGS	Acid / Never Again	3/68
105 - THE IN-BE-TWEENS	She's Walking Down The Street / ?	4/68
106 - THE ROAD	It's So Hard To Find / You Rub Me The Wrong Way	5/68

The Mystics

These guys were a popular band from Euclid. Their Sunburst release is an excellent example of the greaser sound. Clean cut, but still rockin'. They carried on for another year or so, but the emerging mod-influenced bands were putting these groups out of business.

The Five Gents

Another white greaser band. Sunburst saved the worst for last with this horn-laden stinker.

BLUE ONION

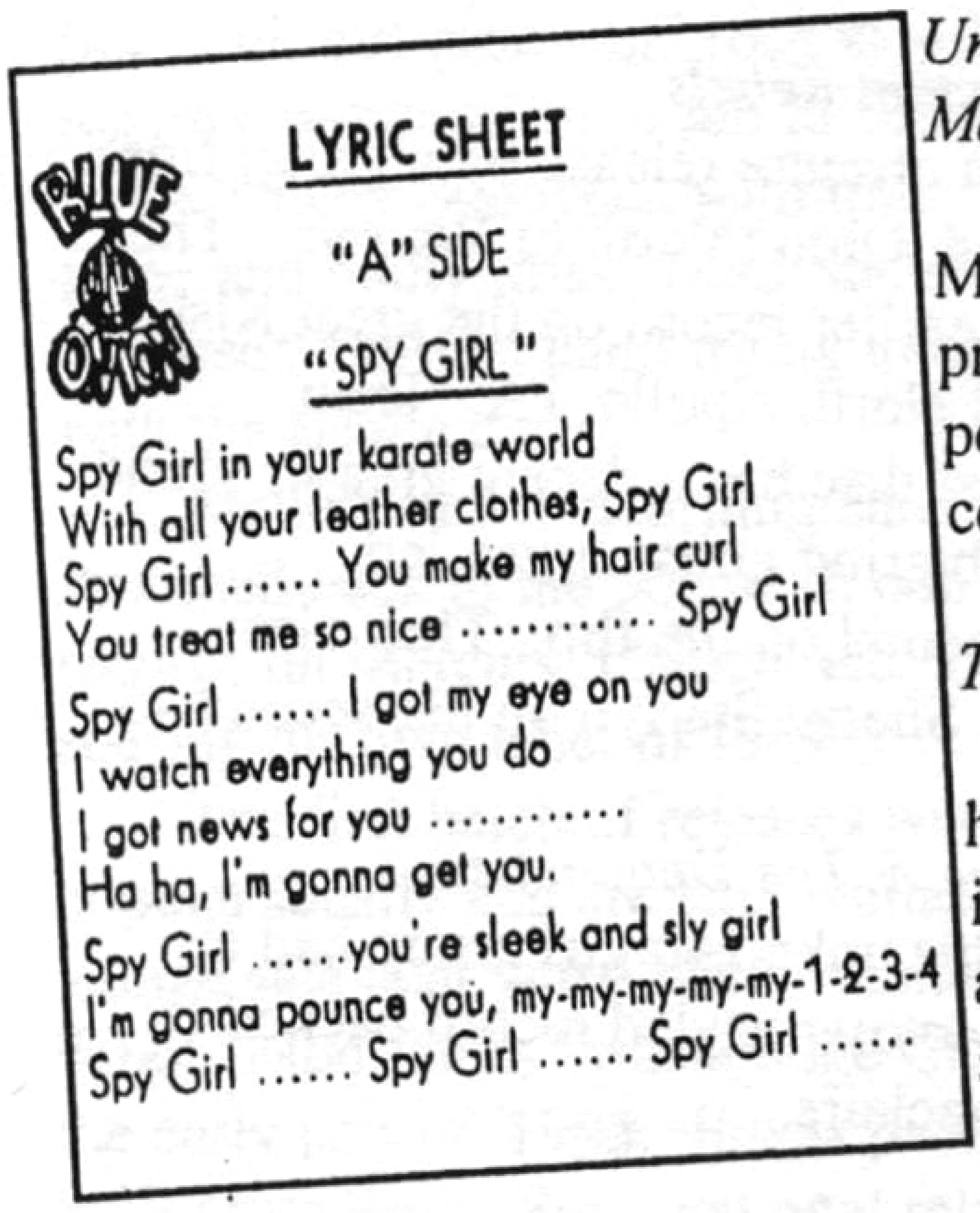
Blue Onion was a short-lived operation run by Clevelander Dale Davis. The label didn't have any commercial success, but did hatch 6 interesting singles during its 9 month existence.

The Wild Things

A Willowick group that had two of the better 45's on the label. The first is a good folk-rocker in the style of the Beau Brummels. "Acid" is another story, full of dopey, "trippy" lyrics (acid, in this case, stands for "Another Colored In Drawing"—wow, cosmic) and throbbing "psychedelic" music. Of course the closest these kids came to a "trip" was when somebody spiked the punch bowl! The whole thing sounds like it was recorded on a dictating machine in somebody's rec room! Teen genius in action!

The Onion Rings

a/k/a The Blue Onions, this was Dale Davis' group. Their record is good, though marred by the addition of a horn section. Still a strong two-sider.



LYRIC SHEET

"A" SIDE

"SPY GIRL"

Spy Girl in your karate world
With all your leather clothes, Spy Girl
Spy Girl ...... You make my hair curl
You treat me so nice .... Spy Girl
Spy Girl ...... I got my eye on you
I watch everything you do
I got news for you ....
Ha ha, I'm gonna get you.
Spy Girl ......you're sleek and sly girl
I'm gonna pounce you, my-my-my-my-my-1-2-3-4
Spy Girl ...... Spy Girl ...... Spy Girl ......

Uncle Sam & The War Machine

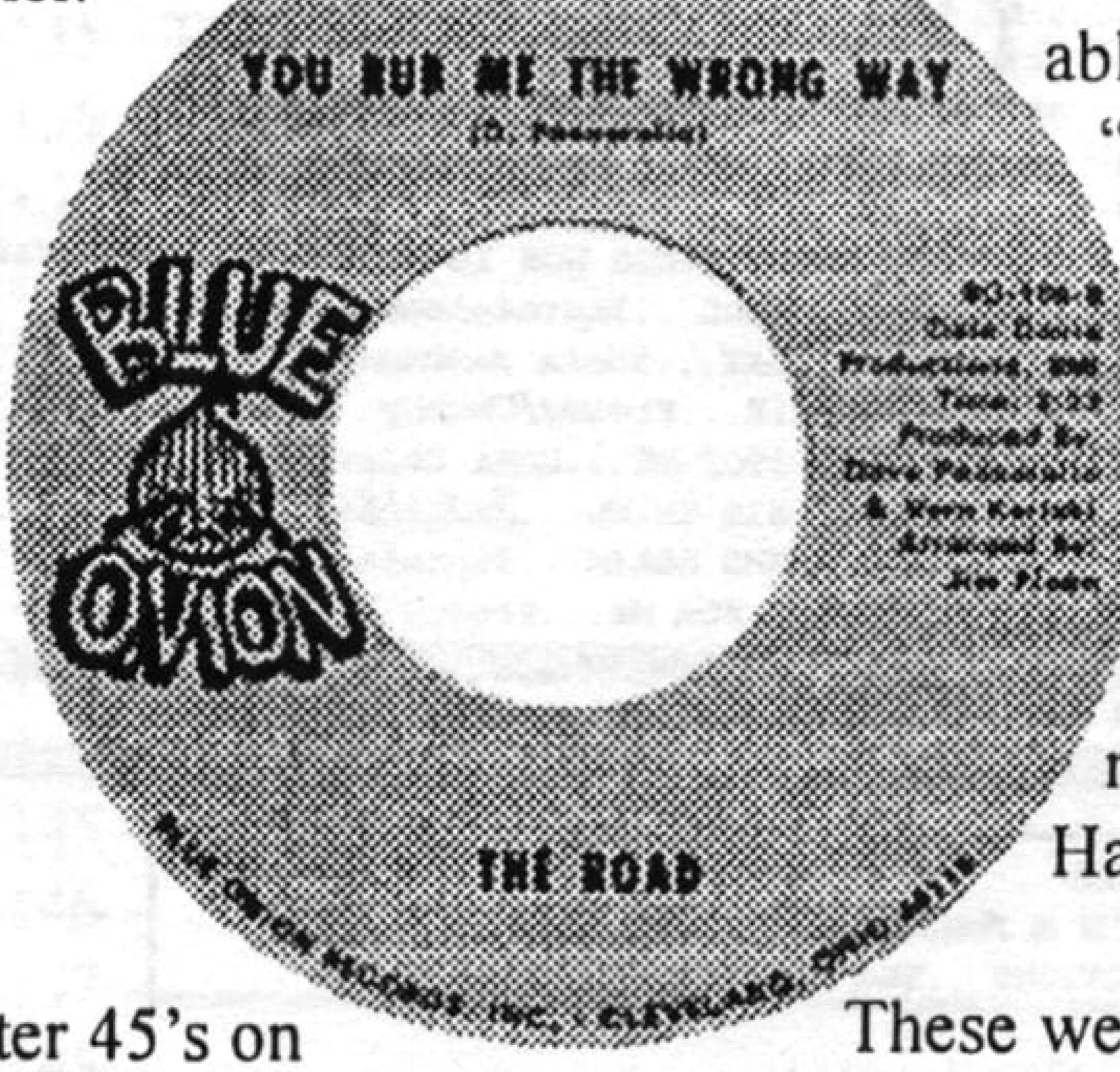
Supposedly from Massachusetts and not a local production. "Spy Girl" is a pop-punk favorite with super-cool 60s lyrics.

The In-Be-Tweens

I think this is another horn record but I don't have it. I've heard that they were a racially mixed group with some link to the Onion Rings.

The Road

This was a Painesville band actually called the Hard Road. They were hired by producer/songwriters Jim Finan and Dave Passerallo to do a big production pop number. Of course, that side stinks, but it sounds like they were able to cut loose with their own sound on the flip. "You Rub Me The Wrong Way" is a classic fuzz punker that thankfully sounds much more '66 than '68. No love beads for these guys, it's pure garage mayhem at its best. It was even documented on one of the early "Pebbles" compilations, though of course in poor sound quality. After Blue Onion folded the record was reissued on Passerallo's Lemon-Lime label as the Hard Road.



These were only a few of the labels operating in Cleveland during the 60s. Though others, like Redda, Clevetown, and Mainline certainly deserve mention, I just picked three of my personal faves.

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Sounds Of The City: The 1980s

Beat Farm ISN'T THERE ANY MORE.

There's no outward remaining clue of the two-story century farmhouse-cum-recording studio that served as a catalyst in many Cleveland groups' rise into national consciousness during the last half of the 1980s.

The original Beat Farm was set back in a clearing of densely forested land 200 yards off Rt. 91 (just north of I-90) in Willoughby, Ohio. That was the scene my group 'the terrible parade' came upon when we visited for our (and their) initial recording venture in snowy mid-January 1984.

WRUW deejay Michael "Bad DNA" Arnovitz had tipped us that his friend Chris Burgess had set up a recording studio in his house. Like many of the bands in the scene at that time, we felt ready to record, but were unsure about going into a "professional" studio. Arnovitz's notion was appealing, so we contacted Chris.

Burgess remembers, "I had bought a 4-track to record a pop band I was playing with at the time, called Letters From Camp. It wasn't enough." He soon bought a second 4-track, effectively giving him six tracks of recording. It took some doing ("I really had no experience", Chris recalls), but Michael and I convinced him to record us.

The first set-up had us in the basement—two tracks for stereo drums, one for bass, one for both guitar amps blending into one mic. Chris was two floors above us in a small room with a pitched ceiling—he mixed the instruments to stereo on the second deck with the two open tracks for lead and harmony vocals. We sang in the bathroom adjoining Chris' control room. I sang in the dark, being mic-shy.

We were thrilled with Chris and the results. Three of the six songs we recorded were released on a flexi-disc two months later, and as word got out, soon others were on their way to the Beat Farm.

Ex-Generator Eva Dilcue (whose name was Euclid Ave spelled backwards) was next. The Reactions and Death Of Samantha followed in quick succession. "After that", says Chris, "it was a blur."

Burgess relates a story from this time about a placard by John Petkovic for one of Death Of Samantha's early performances at the Lakefront. It plaintively (and repeatedly) pitched the virtues of "the original rock sounds of Death Of Samantha!", much in the same fashion as a carny barker/French Quarter doorman who'd gone and left a note instead. The sign found its way to the Beat Farm, where it remained for some time, as, well, an early sign of the group's panache.

As bands came in (and began paying for Burgess' services), the Beat Farm slowly grew. In early 1985, Alan McGinty, with whom Chris had played in an early line-up of the Wild Giraffes, joined in, giving the studio the resources it needed to expand to eight tracks. McGinty began sharing production duties as well.

'the terrible parade' were willing guinea pigs for the new format, recording and releasing a four song EP on After Hours Records in the spring of '85. By this time, we were among the many bands releasing Beat Farm recordings. While many wound up on St. Valentine's or After Hours imprints, some of the poppier groups were left to fend for themselves, label-wise.

Herb Jackson began as an offshoot of the studio in order to provide an outlet for some of these groups. The label was mostly run by Alan's fiancee Robyn, who'd worked for several record distributors (and was largely responsible for the label's successes), and McGinty. "I licked stamps", Chris recalls.

So who's the label's namesake? "It's kind of a stupid story", McGinty relates. "You know how when you're a kid, your parents give you nicknames for no reason at all? My dad called me Jackson, for no reason at all. And Chris's dad called him Herb."

Releases on the label include the Mice EP, the New Salem Witch Hunters first LP, as well as releases by Home And Garden , the Attitude (pre-Nick Riff), the Twist-offs, Venus Envy (featuring the Pagans' Mike Metoff), Jane Burgess (Chris's sister) and others. Prisonshake's debut single appeared on Herb as well, just as the label was running out of steam. "Robert wanted to keep going, so he borrowed our mailing list and began a label for releasing his own band's records." That's Scat, of course, but that's another story.

In 1986, Beat Farm grew to 16 tracks (we were the lab rats again, natch). A short list of bands recording there at this point not coincidentally names a who's who of Cle rock in the 80s. Most had maintained exclusive residency at the studio, which wasn't surprising given the affable natures and combined dry wit of Burgess and McGinty. The home-away-from-home recording quality and spirit had remained intact, despite the studio's impressive growth; this also kept things interesting.

It was not in the cards, however, for Beat Farm to remain where it had begun. Developers had

The dancing chinaman was the logo for Herb Jackson Records been courting Chris' brother-in-law (who owned the land) for some time. When the inevitable finally occurred, the studio moved to a grotto in nearby Willowick. (It was here that Chris and I mixed tracks for what would become the "where were you when the lights went out" terrible parade LP/CD—the release was a pastiche of recordings we'd made in all the various Beat Farm formats.)

As the studio's prominence grew, so did the number of opportunities for Chris to play. Shortly after Prisonshake's first recording session (as a trio), Robert Griffin asked Chris to join as the group's bassist. Skippy (as Burgess was known to his pals) clicked with drummer Scott Pickering, and the pair remained as the snack's rhythm section for the better part of the next seven years. My Dad Is Dead (primarily Mark Edwards in the studio) enlisted the duo as part-time performing rhythm section. The trio toured Europe twice, and Burgess was on board when MDID (as a quartet) supported the Pixies in the US shortly thereafter.

Pickering and Burgess were also recruited by Doug Gillard to perform a one-off gig following the release of the "Hotel Cleveland Vol. 3" compilation, which includes two solo Gillard compositions recorded at Beat Farm. Chris lobbied for continuing the band, suggesting 4 Coyotes' Tim Tobias as a fourth member. "Gem was a dream band for me, working with Scott, Doug, and Tim" Burgess fondly remembers.

As the decade turned, the Beat Farm moved again to what would become its last home, a second-floor office space in downtown Willoughby. The studio enjoyed brisk activity over the next two years, but by early spring of 1992, Beat Farm's fortunes had plateaued. Recording time was sold in a block co-op format, with many of the "tenants" employing their own engineers. Chris was dividing his time even more precariously than he had been known for, and Alan and Robyn McGinty were raising a family; neither were finding the time they once had.

Newer faces in the studio included ex-Raspberries Wally Bryson group Sittin' Ducks, as well as many of the artists on the Scat label. It also included the Jehovah's Waitresses (the group I'd joined a year earlier, following the terrible parade's demise.) These sessions still yielded results (JWs "Shake Your Buddha" CD among the stack), though inspiration and progress competed with the equipment and the ceiling in a mad dash to the finish.

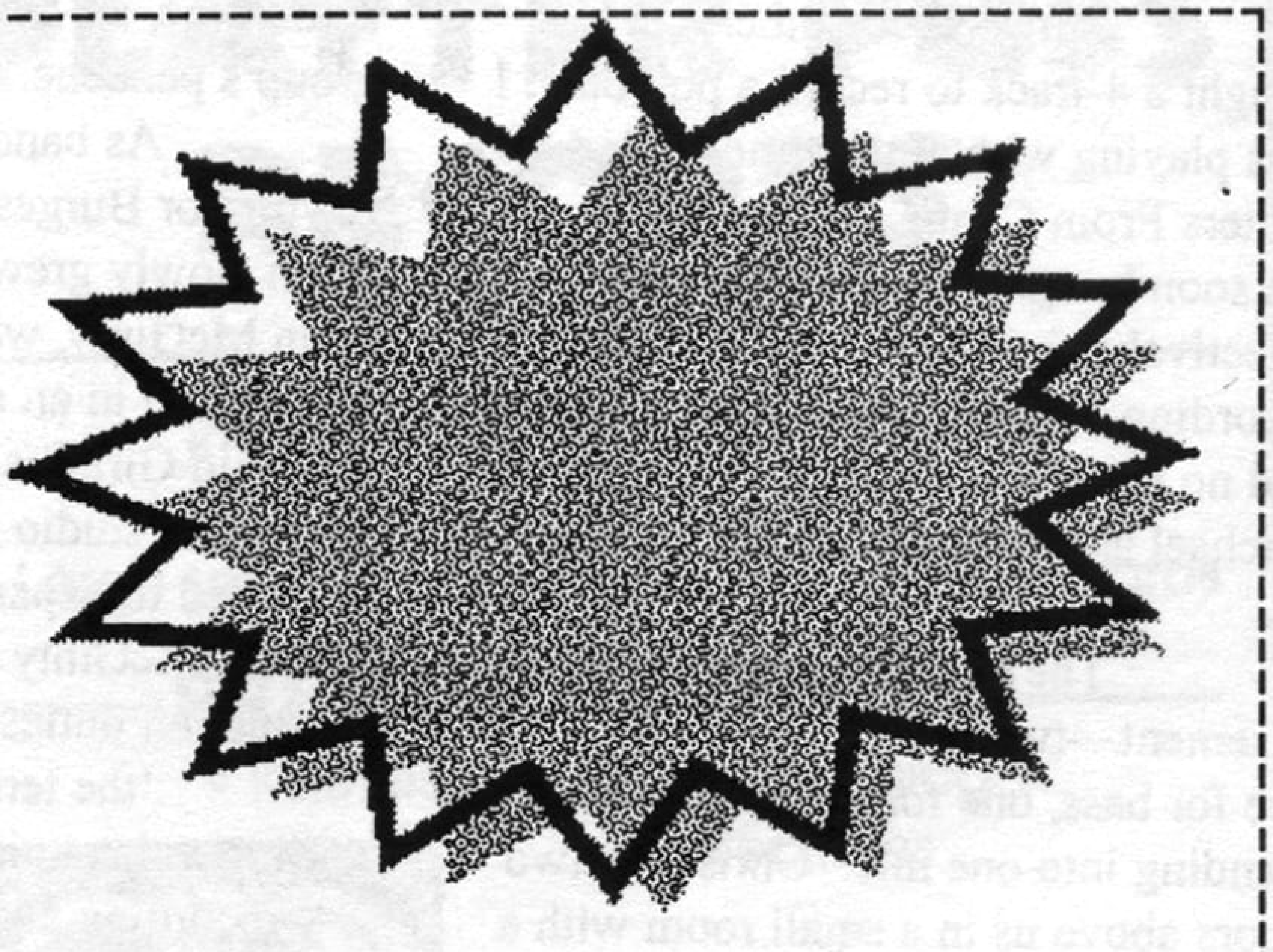
Not long after, the Beat Farm disappeared. The place My Dad Is Dead's Mark Edwards called "the only studio in the world" was gone, less deceased than dispersed. When I spoke to Chris regarding what I felt was the studio's timely and surprisingly lasting impact, he shook his head. "I never meant it to be a business", he said. "I was having fun."

--Alan Grandy

Alan Grandy is a musician who also runs Sound of the Sea Records.

HERB JACKSON
DISCOGRAPHY

HRJ-4705	The Silence - The Silence LP (1985)
HRJ-4706	Venus Envy - Space Rock 12" EP (1985)
HRJ-4707	The Mice - For Almost Ever LP (1985)
HJR-4708	The Attitude - Time Stands Still LP (1986)
HJR-4709	New Salem Witch Hunters - New Salem Witch Hunters LP (1986)
HJR-4710	Prsionshake - Prisonshake 7" EP (1987)
HJR-4711	The Twist-Offs - Looking For Bugs (1987)
HJR-4712	Prisonshake - 120 Days 7" EP (1987)
HJR-4713	The Holy Cows - We Never Heard Of You Either LP (1986)
HJR-4714	Home And Garden - Killjoy 12" EP (1988)
HJR-4715	?
HJR-4716	In Fear Of Roses - Beat The Drum LP(1988)
HJR-4717	Jane Burgess - Jane's #1 Single 7" EP (1988)
HJR-4718	Workhorse- Mardis Garage CD (1997)



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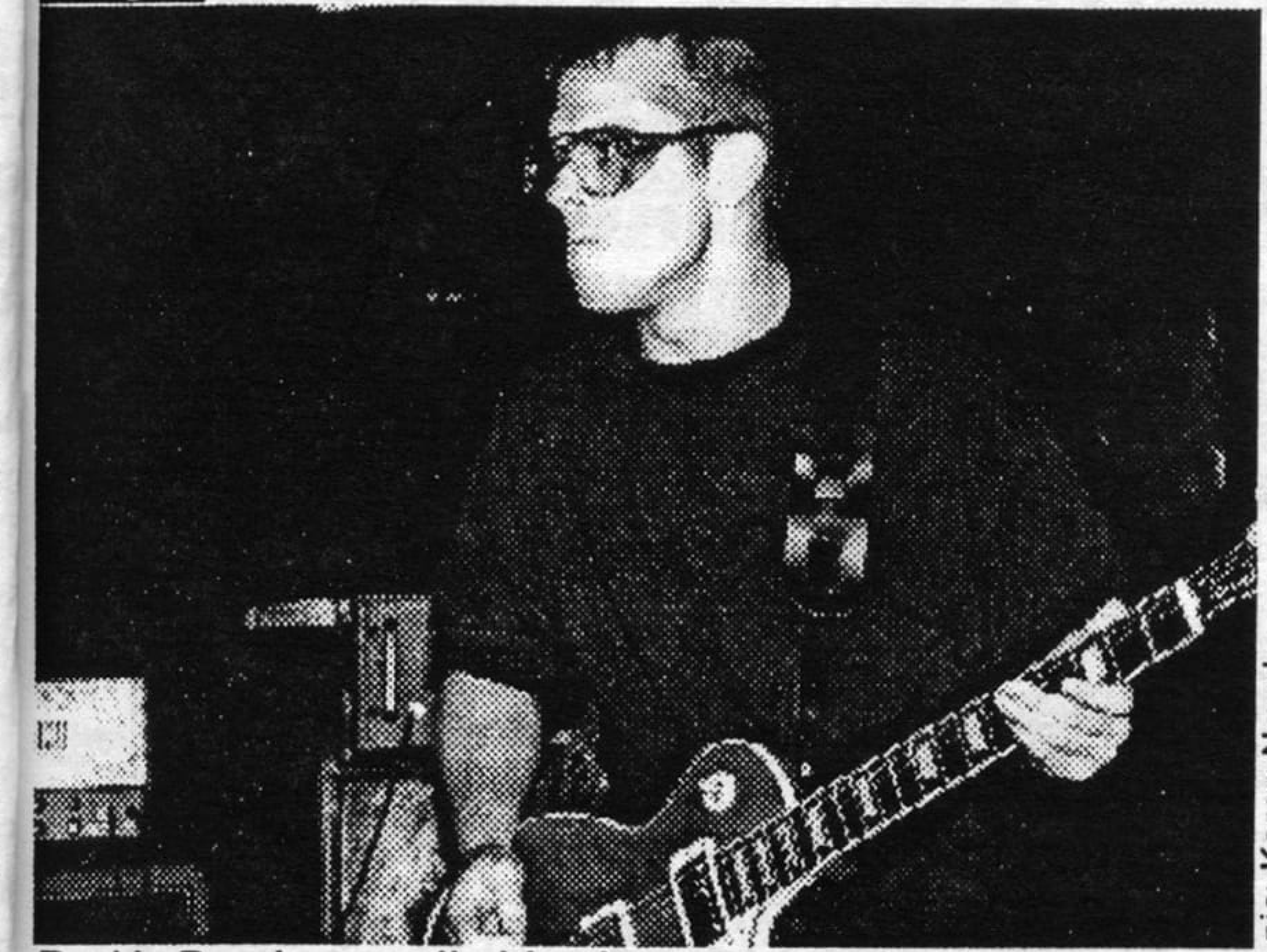
Cambodia Records: Some words from the engine room.



pic: Karen Novak

Rockie Brockway rolls his sleeves up and puts his money where his mouth is. No one wants to believe the future consists of digging to China one shovelful at a time, but Rockie's got both hands wrapped around the handle and he's headin' for the Great Wall. You see, when the options are what they are in the current culture, well, you best take Harry Crews' mom's advice, "boy you wish in one hand, shit in the other and see which fills up first". Break out the old DIY buttons, there's work to be done.

Fugazi is still one of my biggest influences in what I do these days. Not so much musically--even though they're excellent--but in the way Dischord is run, etc. Cambodia is destined to remain an indie label and showcase Northern Ohio indie music that:
a) Doesn't all sound the same.
b) Kicks ass.

> You mentioned Dischord. I assume you want to remain resolutely local and independent. Why?

I think for now that's the plan. Focus and unity usually seem to prove more beneficial than not. No major label affiliations unless they're gonna give me free money, no strings attached. And that's not likely. Otherwise, I'm busting my balls to pick up distribution, etc.

> What artists (specifically) or genres of music would you like to cover?

There are 4 bands with us now (Craw, Duvalby Bros., Biblical Proof of UFOs, and Disengage). I plan on releasing one more single from a great Cleveland band [Downside Special?—ed] and then probably just focusing on these bands. I like the heavy, the weird, the rock, the swingy, whatever.

> Would you do something you personally do not like?

Probably not. But you never know.

> Are you going to keep the CRAW stuff in print?

The new record, of course. As for the old ones, one of these days I'd like to buy the old ones off of the old label since they're doing absolutely nothing with them. But we don't have the money for it now. And I think in another year or so the rights switch to us anyway.

> Will all CRAW material come out on your label? (I'm sniffin' around here...)

Who knows? I'd like to think so, but obviously if the other 4 members think someone is offering us some great stuff and I get outvoted, I'm out of luck. Perhaps a larger (indie) label will wake up to the fact that we've been together for almost 8 years, have an audience and aren't interested in doing anything else but be a band and give us some additional help. I'd like to get the label to a point where we have great distribution and can support ourselves. Right now it's primarily out of my own pocket.

> Contracts? Handshakes? Advertising budgets?

No contracts. I put something out, they help me talk to radio, reviews, etc, and get on the road to hopefully sell some records so we can put out another one. I try to place ads here and there but again its out of my own pocket and sometimes I just can't. Hopefully the new Craw will kick our ass in the right direction.

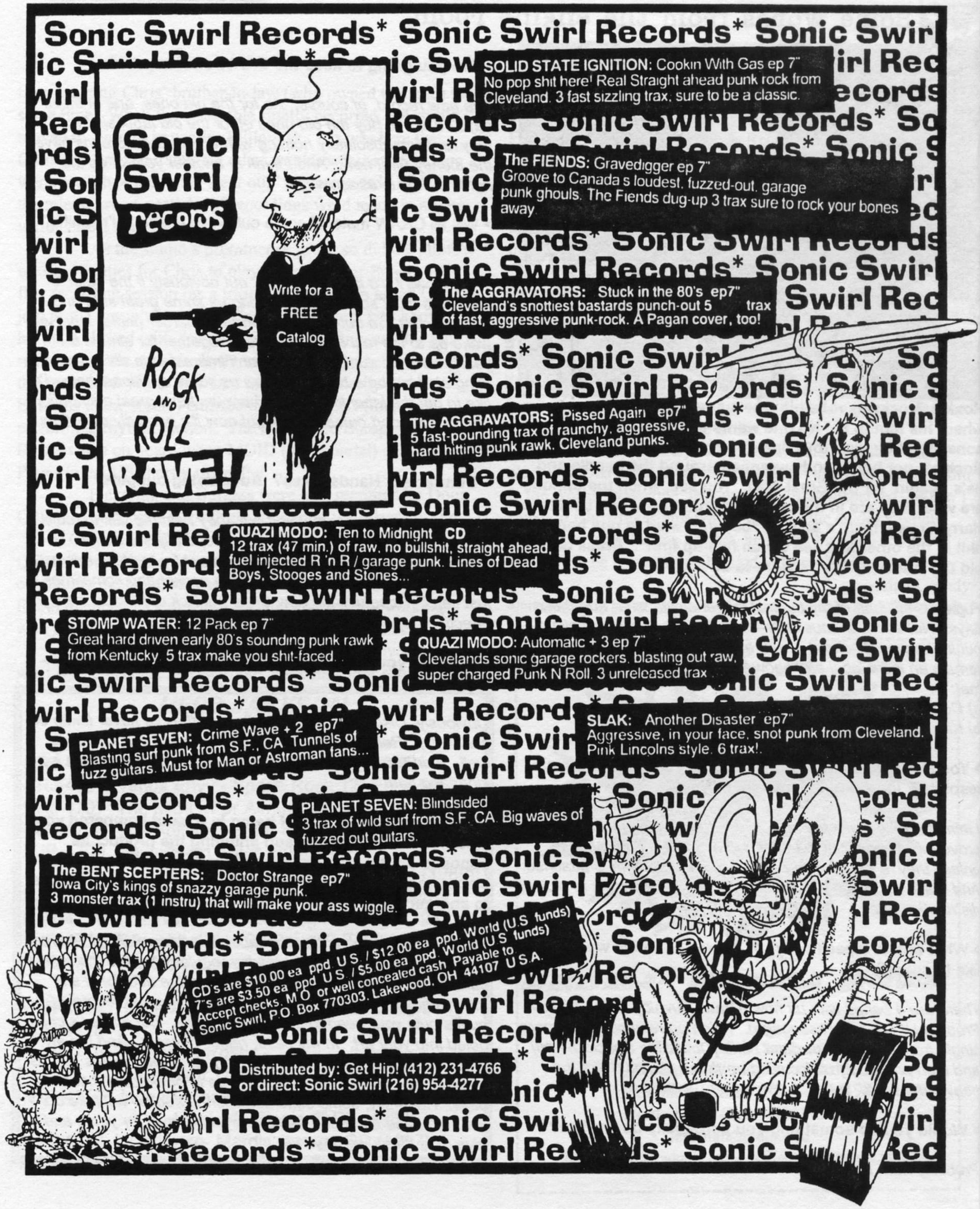
> Who are your other label role models (they can be non-labels).

Obviously, Dischord. Touch 'n Go (but they've never taken us seriously). Relapse has put out a lot of crazy shit and done well. Skin Graft too, but they haven't done as well, which is kinda too bad.

> Has the business side of being in a band hampered your creativity? The creating and shipping the product as opposed to the creation of the music, as well as finding places to play that the people who want to see you can get to and get in.

Not in the least. Now that the label is moving along, the stress and frustration of not only working regular jobs and the regular band crap that you come up against, but the additional shit from radio, press, distribution, manufacturing and recording outfits puts your head to the bursting point. But all that's channeled into your art. In my case, rather densely. And the art reflects and causes reaction. Booking and touring has hurt as a result, since there's not a lot of time to book tours these days. Hopefully, some semi-established booker will take our 7 year old band that been doing this on our own for years and give us a break we deserve.

c.regala



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Sonic Swirl records

WITH ZILLIONS of one-off labels overcrowding the underground landscape, it's no wonder music fans barely noticed the rise of one of the Midwest's most successful full-service labels, Sonic Swirl Records. In just over two years, 21 separate Sonic Swirl titles have been issued covering every genre of rock — garage, punk, psychedelia, surf, rockabilly, as well as the modern noisy stuff. Overall, the label has pressed 14,600 7-inchers and 1,000 CDs! Even more impressive is the fact that little or no stock remains for most of the titles. Where did this label come from? Cleveland, of course.

"I started Sonic Swirl four years ago as a mail order company to distribute other people's 7-inches," says owner Mike Albertson. "I quit the mail order because it was too frustrating. I was really successful but it was taking too much time away from my kid. The phone was ringing constantly and the fax machine kept beeping *all the fucking time*... The day I sledgehammered the fax I realized I didn't want to run a mail-order record company anymore."

But Albertson was reluctant to give up the record biz completely. He had spent nearly two years building a reputation with some of the country's biggest indie distributors — *the* power brokers in the DIY record world. "I had a lot of valuable connections and I wanted to do something that I could show my grandkids," he says. "So I decided to do my *own* label."

SWIRL 001, a two song single by internationally acclaimed psychedelic Cle guitarist/singer (and collector scum idol) Nick Riff, came out just before Halloween of 1994. It was followed closely by a Witch Hazel/Mommyheads split and a 7-inch from The Mortals. "Normally, I don't like to do more than two projects at a time," explains Albertson. "But when I first started my label I did those three records all at once to get distribution. It's a money game — anybody can put out one record. The distributors want to see if you're serious. I knew that with Nick Riff I'd sell out the whole run right away. The Mortals surprised me — they sold out two additional pressings."

The first three Sonic Swirl records were well received, despite trepidation on the part of some narrow-minded psychedelic and rockabilly collectors. "One record store manager called me to say he liked the singles but they were too *loud*," Albertson smirks. "I have never understood that one."

Albertson followed up these initial singles with new releases every few months, eventually releasing as many as seven records in 1996. So far in 1997, he has released six. "I try to be a little different than labels like Lookout! [based in Berkley, CA], who always come out with stuff that sounds the same. I get bored with that," shrugs Albertson. "I try to have every kind of style on my label so that people who love music will learn about new bands."

Half of the Sonic Swirl roster is from out of town. The other half is comprised of Cle bands, like The Aggravators and Solid State Ignition, that many Northeast Ohioans have overlooked. "The Aggravators are really popular abroad," Albertson says. "Some guy called from Germany the other day and ordered 50 Aggravators' singles at once. I've sold 400 copies of their two records in Japan alone."

Does that mean 400 Japanese punks are slam-dancing to The Aggravators' song *Fuck the CMG*!? "Yeah, I guess so," chuckles Albertson. "I sell a lot of garage rock in France and Spain, but the Japanese are really into punk rock. It's unknown in Japan for teenagers to do something bad to their hair! The kids love the myth of freedom that the records provide. They literally believe in the Rock 'n' Roll 'Bad Boy' image."

Albertson himself grew up a Rock 'n' Roll true believer. Now 28, he cites Kiss and Ted Nugent as the bands that got him hooked. "What can I say, Cleveland is a hard rock town and I'm a metal head," he laughs. "But I got into punk pretty early, too. The Damned was my favorite — I heard them even before I heard the Sex Pistols."

Like many Clevelanders his age, Mike was a regular denizen of The Phantasy Niteclub. "My favorite Cle group of all time is a three way tie between Starvation Army, New Salem Witch Hunters, and Death of Samantha. It seems like I saw those bands every three weeks," recalls Albertson. "I also worshipped Breaker and the Reactions. But the band that inspired me the most was the Pagans, though I didn't see them till later."

Albertson also dabbled as a punk rock bass player, though nothing permanent ever materialized. "For one week, I was in this band called The Act with the two guys who later formed Filter," Albertson says with a shudder. "I didn't have the right image so they kicked me out of the band — they had the Gene Loves Jezebel look with the long red hair and I had a mohawk."

Nowadays, Albertson relegates his involvement with Rock 'n' Roll to pasting-up and printing Sonic Swirl's boldly designed record sleeves. "I think the packaging for 7-inch singles is just as important as the music," says Albertson, a printer by trade. "Black and white is the standard for us — two color at the most. The singles need to be eye-catching or people just won't buy them."

When Albertson isn't working on Sonic Swirl, he spends time at home with his wife indoctrinating their young son in the ways of Rock (a *huge* Ramones poster hangs above the kid's bed). "There have been a lot of times when I was burned out and didn't want to do this anymore," Albertson confesses. "But I'm excited about the Pagans tribute record we're going to release. It should be a really good party."

Albertson is also checking out new bands for his label. "I'm hoping music is heading back toward '80s metal, the good stuff," he says. "My wife always criticizes me for liking Iron Maiden but I say, 'No, you don't understand —this band has sold over 85 million discs!'" Sean Carney

Sean Carney is a staff writer for U.S. Rocker, a monthly Cleveland-area music magazine.

—

Discography

This is the Sonic Swirl Records catalog as of press time. Release dates are in parentheses after the song titles. A + (plus sign) indicates that the band is from Cleveland. Sonic Swirl's address is: P.O. Box 770303, Lakewood OH 44107.

+SWIRL 001-Nick Riff "Mystified"+1 7inch (10/31/94) First 500 on blue/white swirl vinyl Reissued 200 on black vinyl (both versions out of print)
SWIRL 002-Witch Hazel/Mommyheads split 7inch EP (11/11/94) 600 on black vinyl (out of print)
SWIRL 003-The Mortals "Making Time" + 1 7inch (12/9/94) First 500 on red vinyl Reissued 200 on black vinyl Reissued another 300 on black vinyl (all versions out of print)
SWIRL 004-Bent Scepters "Doctor Strange" +2 7inch EP (4/21/95) 700 on black vinyl (less than 70 remain)
+SWIRL 005-Quazi Modo "Automatic" +3 7inch EP (6/9/95) First 700 on black vinyl Reissued 300 on black vinyl (less than 150 left)
+SWIRL 006-Aggravators "Pissed Again" +3 7inch EP (11/9/95) First 700 on black vinyl Reissued 300 on black vinyl (less than 100 left)
SWIRL 007-Great Brain "Satan Superman" +1 7inch (2/17/96) 600 on black vinyl (out of print)
+SWIRL 008-Quazi Modo Ten to Midnight CD (4/28/96) 1000 CDs pressed
SWIRL 009-Planet Seven "Crime Wave" +2 7inch EP (6/30/95) 700 on black vinyl
+SWIRL 010-Aggravators "Stuck in the '80s" +3 7inch EP (7/7/96) 800 on black vinyl
+SWIRL 011-Nick Riff "Sublime Prescription" +1 7inch (8/11/96) 700 on black vinyl (less than 100 left)
SWIRL 012-N/A
+SWIRL 013-Hellvis "Hayride to Hell" +1 7inch (10/31/96) 700 on black vinyl
SWIRL 014-Planet Seven "Blindsided" +2 7inch EP (12/1/1996) 700 on black vinyl
SWIRL 015-Fiends "Gravedigger" +2 7inch EP (2/14/97) 700 on black vinyl
+SWIRL 016-Solid State Ignition "Cookin' with Gas" 7inch EP (3/28/97) 700 on black vinyl
SWIRL 017-Stomp Water "12 Pack" 7inch EP (4/11/97) 800 on black vinyl
SWIRL 018-Slack "Another Disaster" 7inch EP (4/18/97) 700 on black vinyl
+SWIRL 019-Lords of the Highway "6 Days on the Road" +1 7inch (4/28/97) 700 on black vinyl
+SWIRL 020-Aggravators "Just for Fun" 7inch EP(6/28/97) 800 black vinyl
+SWIRL 021-Pagans Tribute "What's This Shit Called Punk?" 7inch EP (June 1997) feat. Aggravators, Slack, Solid State Ignition, Quazi Modo 1000 black vinyl

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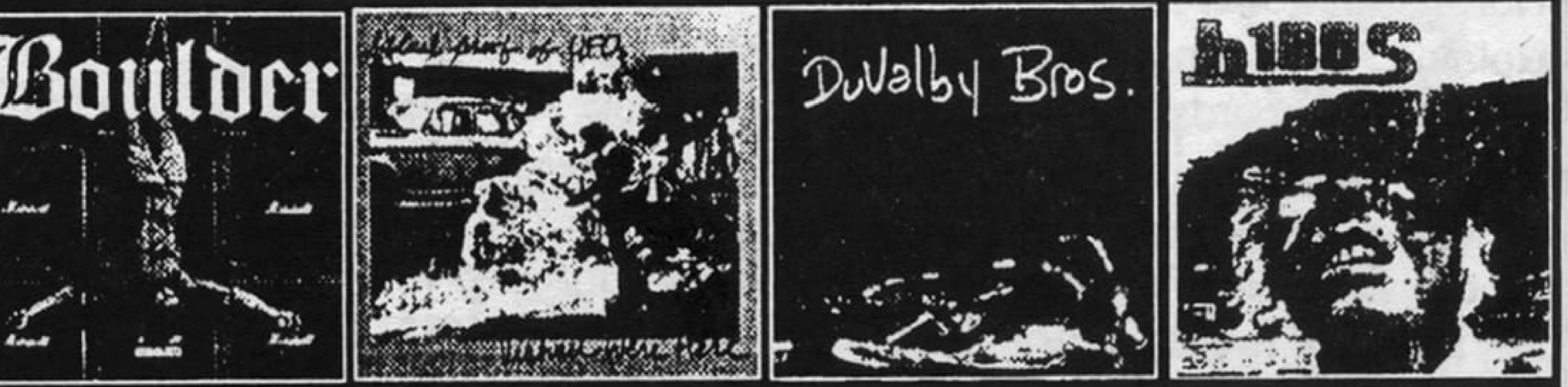
BIBLICAL PROOF OF UFO's - "Vishnu Were Here" 7" (This oh so tasty 2-song e.p. is only a pinch of flavor the Biblical has to offer. A three piece instrumental outfit that has caught many ears and much acclaim, they are a long missing piece in the regions growing scene.)

DUVALBY BROS. - "Sleepytime Medicine Band" 12" LP/CD (One of the most original bands in Cleveland today. Introspective lyrics are delivered in a sometimes passionate, sometimes chaotic manner. Though the DuValby Bros occasionally creep along like molasses, their varied dynamics and tunings create an astonishing treat for the ears.)



H-100's - mini 3" CD (9 song Japanese import, their final release)

INTEGRITY - "...and for those who still fear tomorrow" 12" LP (First time reissue on vinyl(assorted colors). Comes with booklet and unique foldout cover. Only 4000 pressed ... numbered jacket. + bonus cuts not on original.)

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Flexovit Records: Fueled By My Disgust.

A few words with the boss--Chris Smith

Label: Flexovit.

Started: 2 Augusts ago.

Where do you think you may be known from?

I was in Integrity. People still remember that.

Reason why to put out records:

No good recordings of cool bands. It blows when you see someone tearin' their guts out and really getting somewhere and then you don't have anything besides those live shows. I'd rather be known as someone who put out cool stuff that really meant something to someone, you know, if someone finds it in a few years and remembers the band as something great and the record as something great.

Plus some bands need the help. Some of the bands just ain't got the resources to put out their records or have trouble with the business end, getting it together and organized.

Who's a band you wish you had recorded?

The GUNS: Never had a record out, and should have. They were fucking amazing, lots of energy.

Who's a band you will record that may have gone unrecorded?

GLOCK 9--Death/Doom Metal w/ spazz sax and machine gun rapping. I work kinda as an additional member of the band handling the business end of getting the record out. We all go into it as equal partners to be able to afford doing it.

Are you going to do any bands outside of your geographical area?

Nah, Cleveland only, really. Basically, there is enough around here that goes unheard.

What was the first record you did?

1st was the DuValby's 7-inch. Loved 'em from a 4 track tape that I heard: Boom!--put it out.

Are you saving or burying metal?

Well, I put out Boulder, if that's what you are referring to. Some German guy went nuts on the demo tape then weirded-out on the actual lyrics and artwork. BOULDER: "Limited Rare Hard To Find Special Edition 10- Inch"--A 10 inch stapled to an LP of your choice. Boulder was the first band to play the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. A week before they opened, Boulder set up and played for an hour and 20 minutes. We thought it'd cause a ruckus. People waved. People yelled for Sabbath. People said it was a cool thing they were doing. We thought there'd be cops.

RECORDS: Coming ... Two of the bands I'm in when the time comes up. A possible 3CD Boulder box set. Mail order only for pre-orders only, w/ Stickers, T-Shirts, bones, pictures of famous people, whatever is necessary etc.

As far as the Flexovit/Cambodia thing goes?

It's just basically that Rockie and I are both interested in the same sort of bands. So rather than both release separate products, exhaust our resources faster, and exhaust the bands by releasing too much shit at once, or even "fighting", so to speak, over the material to be put out, it just came down to 'Hey, man, do you want to go in on the DuValby LP together?' We each have *x* amount of time, capital, and resources, so going in on projects together saves for us both, and there is also no point to people, bands, labels, whomever, getting into any competition crap with each other cuz, essentially, most everyone in town with any integrity, talent and balls seems to be in the same headspace. This is about Cleveland and getting this scene's offerings to the ears, eyes, and brains of people who search for viable art in the generally sickening pool of shit that the industry has to offer. Overall, the Flexovit-Cambodia thing is a collaboration you may see here and there, when we find our interests click. But Flexovit and Cambodia are two separate labels.

Once again in closing, what's a smart boy like you doing in a place like this?

Sick of everything going on--it nauseates me. It's like all of the underground energy and intensity got siphoned off into mall marketing. Nothing is intense at the level of what I liked and do like and what I came up with. I've put out 7 records, if I had more $ I'd put out 27. If I can put out the shit that makes a mark, that's what I'm looking for. I do this to get off. It's what I do.

Anything the people need to know before we hang up?

Beware of the Nutsack.

regala,c.

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A to Z AUDIO

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BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ

A quick chat with Carcrashh Records' mogul Jason Pettigrew and Ugly Beauty's Andrew Klimeyk

ANDREW KLIMEYK: Hello, Jason? Andrew here.

JASON PETTIGREW: How did you ever find me?

AK: Well, I knew if I called enough phone booths, eventually you'd answer. Aren't you an editor at a big music magazine or something?

JP: Sometimes, but I also run Carcrashh Records.

AK: So what's up with your label?

JP: Well, I'm in London sorting out the release of a singles compilation of the London band Penthouse. Carcrashh is also doing a split-single with Lake Of Dracula and Monitor Radio, Chicago's new footsoldiers in the No Wave crusades.

AK: Why are there two h's in Carcrashh?

JP: In case there was another label out there who wanted to lay claim to the name, I could say "But wait ..." An elderly local rock critic told me there was a group called Car Crash. I guess I'll have to do a reverse Jann Wenner on 'em.

AK: Why did you start a record label?

JP: A long time ago, I read an interview with the late Jim Nash, who said that the reason he started the *Wax Trax* label was because it was an outgrowth of his obsession with records: he collected them, he sold them in his store, so obviously making them was the next frontier. I've collected them, I've sold them (see you in Hell, National Record Mart), and I've spewed my opinions on them, so ... plus, when I have to deal with crybabies who piss and moan about not being covered in AP, they usually say, "What do you know about releasing a record, asshole?" I explain politely to them and then throw their disc in the 'sell' pile.

AK: How many of each release do you make?

JP: We make 1000 copies of every record. We did 500 on the first three releases (Ether Net, Gem, Nicole Blackman), and was able to sell them. So, I figured we'd increase slightly.

AK: What's the story on the Cobra Verde/Ether Net single? They're both old songs.

JP: Over ten years ago, Rob Cherry was in a band called Blue Luggage that once opened for Death Of Samantha. Luggage was a keyboard driven thing, so on this particular night when DOS got on stage, John Petkovic goes, "These are guitars. We play them." Hence, a rivalry of sorts.

Rob and John are now good friends. The three of us went out drinking and the subjects of great British post-punk bands and BL vs. DOS came up. I recalled that Julian Cope from The Teardrop Explodes and Echo And The Bunnymen's Ian MacCulloch had a massive falling out decades ago. Rob likes Echo, John likes Teardrops, and I liked both bands because they didn't sound like the redneck rock so popular in Pittsburgh at the time. Thus, an idea was born.

The record contains all these injokes. The Carcrashh logo is done up in a Clockwork Orange-style font to replicate the logo for Echo's then-label Korova. The second part of the logo was a cow, which is getting run over in the Carcrashh version. The sleeve is a take-off on the album covers that the songs were taken from--Ether Net styled like the cover of the self-titled *Echo And The Bunnymen* album that "Lips Like Sugar" is from, and Petkovic is posed like Julian Cope on the cover of The Teardrop Explodes' *Wilder* LP where "The Great Dominions" is taken from. Compare the cover art of the originals to the homages. It's quite funny, I tell ya. I don't expect anyone under 27 to get it. Most people are much too busy buying Pavement records now.

AK: You place a lot of importance on packaging and artwork. What's the attraction of 7-inch vinyl?

JP: I like the artifact quality of singles; they are a lot like noisy baseball cards. But go to any indie record store in town and you will see countless numbers of singles that have no presence. You could buy a 7-inch for two bucks ten years ago. Now they're $3.99 a pop. Who has got the cash to be adventurous? I think that if you are gonna buy a Carcrashh single, you should get some kinda package you'll want to show friends, whether it's Ether Net's translucent sleeve (an idea that Queue Up nicked for their single), Nicole's Emma Peel fixation, or the mystery butts on the Prisonshake sleeve.

As a singles editor, I can tell you that too many bands are using 7-inches as some sort of credibility badge. If any of the bands on the new Cleveland Music Group sampler released a single you'd laugh, because the people they are trying to reach, who like the sound of the Gin Blossoms, don't own turntables. But a lot of these careerists don't understand that.

AK: Who would your dream artist(s) be for your label if you could pick anyone?

JP: What I'd really love to do is license some older records that people should hear. Right off the bat I'd reissue *Let's Play Domination*, the sole album by a British noise trio called World Domination Enterprises. The rhythm section was tighter than Leona Helmsley, the bassist played 5000 feet below sea level, and the guitarist used a coiled metal drawer handle for a pickup. It carpet-bombs any noise-rock record made in America after Big Black's *Songs About Fucking*.

AK: What do you think of the Cleveland 'Rock Scene'?

JP: The Cleveland Rock Scene (read this while playing Elgar's "Pomp And Circumstance"). It's a love/hate thing. t's cliquey where there should be tolerance and solidarity. Rick Carek (of the Happy-Go-Lucky label) was talking to somebody at the Euclid Tavern about how he kept having o repress that Trans Am 12-inch he released, because the demand was so great. An eavesdropping member of Cleveland's 'underground rock community' rolled his eyes and guffawed like the record was a joke. The payback is hat the record was on many Top Ten lists internationally, and I doubt Local Rock Icon did that well.

Singles by Biblical Proof, Step Sister and Hellvis were quite good. I'm looking forward to the new Craw record. I thought the "Cancer Man" single was a good direction for them, a break from the 'we're-the-meanest-people-in-this-room' schtick. The latest recordings by Home And Garden were quite good as well. There's a lot of dross in this town, though, (will The Frans pick up the white courtesy telephone please) but that just makes the good stuff sound even better.

For instance, I think that one of the most beautiful sounds in the world is made by a splitting maul going through the cerebellum of a U.S. ROCKER editor. What's your favorite sound?

AK: That's entirely too personal. My second favorite sound is probably the squeal of feedback after "And then my mind split open" on the Velvet Underground's "I Heard Her Call My Name".

JP: I see there's a McAlternative tax write-off band called UGLY BEAUTY that has signed to Atlantic Records. Prominent lawyer F. Lee Bailey is now being held in prison for some sort of financial impropriety. Is there a coincidence? So, Andrew, if the Atlantic UB play an End Fest or something equally as inane, will you have their fetid carcasses served with a subpoena and a cease-and-desist order?

AK: I think I'd be happy to have them append a suffix like "Inc." or "Jr." or "the Lesser." Or maybe have them change their name to "Raise Four" (the song after "Ugly Beauty").

JP: What's the most aesthetically successful musical experience you ever had?

AK: Another tough one; I've been fortunate to work with a lot of great musicians. The most aesthetically successful live experience would probably be "On Certainty," a Butch Morris-type conduction I put together at the Root-McBride building (now the site of Hilarities) in the summer of 1986. It was inspired by the book of the same name by Ludwig Wittgenstein, and included banjo, turntables, brass, electronic keyboards, drums, and a guitar section made up of Doug Gillard, Robert Griffin, and Johnny Phlegm. The most aethestically successful recording experience would be, I think, a quartet recorded at the second Beat Farm, basically live, that included ace improvisors LaDonna Smith (violin & viola), Davey Williams (guitar), and Dave Norris (drums), in 1989.

JP: What was your most financially successful musical experience?

AK: I've never made enough to be tempted to quit a job, but I remember Death On A Stick playing with Krackhouse at Tin Pan Alley in New York being a well-paid gig. Though I will take this opportunity to cite them for having the worst bathroom I've ever seen in a club. (Yes, worse than CBGB.)

JP: Finish this sentence: "I'd really like to hang out with you guys tonight, but I'm going home, putting on an Ugly Beauty tape and ..."

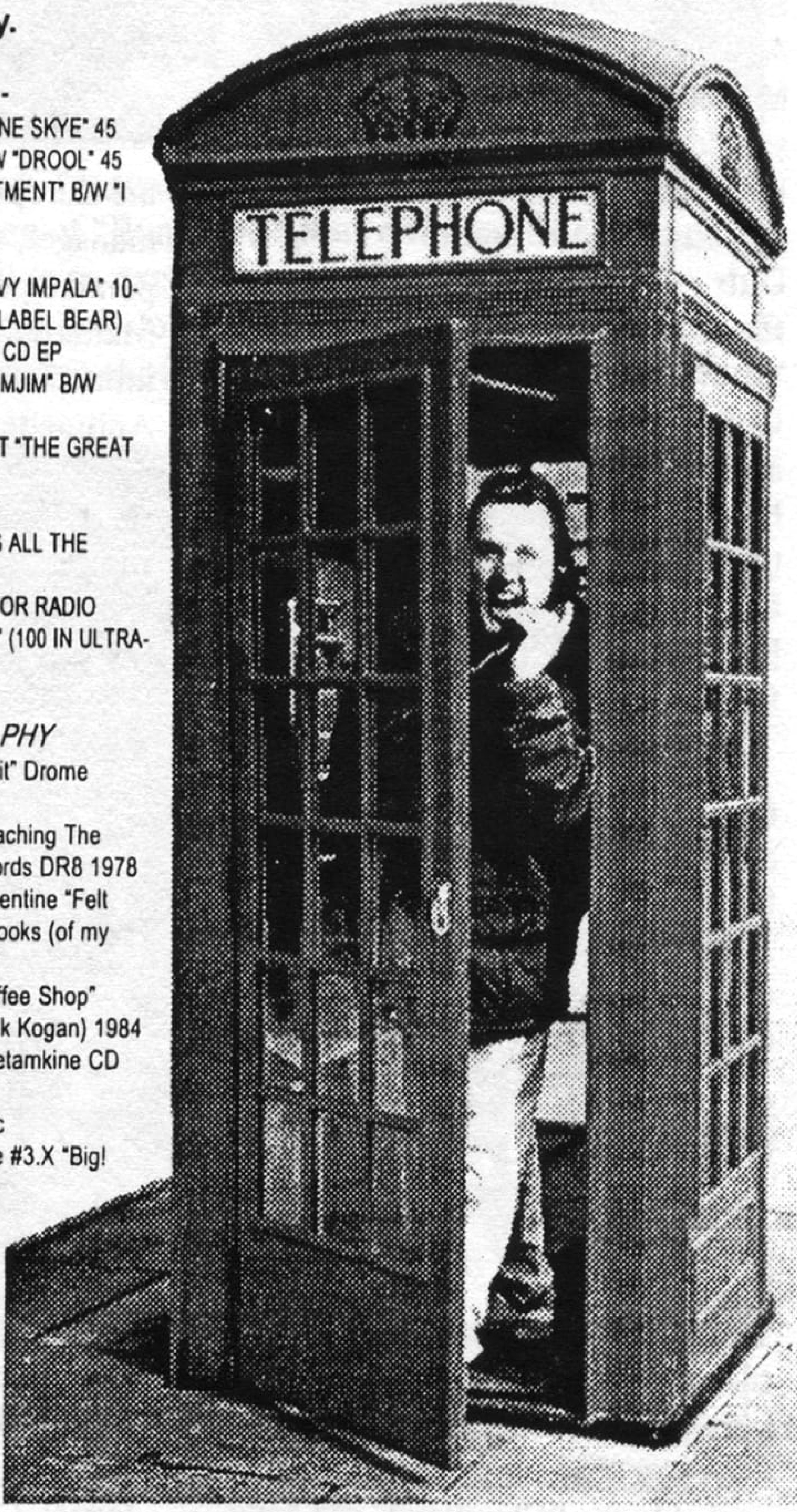
AK: " ... crying myself to sleep."

JP: Suppose, in a parallel world, that you have sold out the Convocation Center. Many luminaries and celebrities have flown into Cleveland to see the show. Unfortunately, there are not enough tickets. Out of these seven names, which three people would you cut from the guest list: Michael J. Fox, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Jesse Helms, Robert Christgau, Ciccolina, Blake Edwards, John Cleese, Anastasia Pantsios, Stephen Hawking's nurse/wife, Rosie O'Donnell, Pat Benatar, or the A&R guy who signed the faux UGLY BEAUTY?

AK: Actually, any of those people should have enough dough to buy their own tickets; Jesse Helms, especially, should have received enough money from tobacco lobbyists to buy a loge for everyone on the list. John Cleese, Michael J. Fox, and Ciccolina could get in for free, but they'd have to perform a skit about the founding of Cleveland. On my guest list, I'd put Rammellzee, Katell Keineg, Patricia Arquette, Faye Wang, Jean-Luc Godard, Oksana Baiul, Brenda Kahn, Marc Ribot, Neneh Cherry, and Derrick May.

CARCRASHH *DISCOGRAPHY* -
CRASHH01 ETHER NET "DIVE"/ B/W "IONE SKYE" 45
CRASHH02 GEM "SUBURBAN GIRL" B/W "DROOL" 45
CRASHH03 NICOLE BLACKMAN "INDICTMENT" B/W "I BELIEVE"
CRASHH04 ICE QUARANTINE CD EP
CRASHH05 POEM ROCKET "BLUE CHEVY IMPALA" 10-INCH (CO-RELEASE WITH NYC-BASED LABEL BEAR)
CRASHH06 COLTRANE WRECK GLORY CD EP
CRASHH07 PRISONSHAKE "JIMJIMMYJIMJIM" B/W "IGNITION"
CRASHH08 COBRA VERDE / ETHER NET "THE GREAT DOMINIONS"/"LIPS LIKE SUGAR" 45
CRASHH09 PENTHOUSE RECKS CD EP
CRASHH10 GEM "SHEEP" B/W "SMILING ALL THE WHILE" 45
CRASHH11 LAKE OF DRACULA / MONITOR RADIO "FOUR TEACHERS"/ "BROWN LEATHER" (100 IN ULTRA-LIMITED DENTAL X-RAY SLEEVES)

ANDREW KLIMEYK *DISCOGRAPHY*
EX-BLANK-EX "A" / "You're Full Of Shit" Drome Records DR2 1977
EX-BLANK-EX "No Nonsense"/"Approaching The Minimal (with sprayguns)" Drome Records DR8 1978
ANDREW KLIMEK - Afterbathinginturpentine "Felt Hammer" b/w "Anna Told", "Drapery Hooks (of my love)" Mustard MR-106 1978
RED DARK SWEET - "Stars Vomit Coffee Shop" (cassette compilation released by Frank Kogan) 1984
KRACKHOUSE - "Drink. It's Legal" (Metamkine CD 002) 1991
UGLY BEAUTY - "European Economic Community","Ariel Said" CLE Magazine #3.X "Big! Wave" compilation (CLECD1) 1995
UGLY BEAUTY - "Halfway Thru The Summer" CLE Magazine #4.0 "Cleveland ... so much to answer for" compilation (CLECD2B) 1996
UGLY BEAUTY - "Next To Me", "Virgo Feedback", "Ariel Said" (production) CLE Magazine No.5 "Cleveland Squawks!" compilation (CLECD3A) 1997



MEETINGS WITH REMARKABLE MEN

by HAROLD REGULAR

Jim Jones is a man who has worn many hats … No, strike that, I don't recall ever seeing him wearing a hat. But, he has been a crucial part of the Cle music scene for a couple decades now, playing bass with Mirrors, Electric Eels, the Poli Styrene Jass Band (later Styrenes) and guitar with Easter Monkeys, Home And Garden, David Thomas and the Wooden Birds, and Pere Ubu. He also produced recordings by Foreign Bodies and The Vivians, and hipped people to a lot of music from his corner of one of the birthplaces of Rock 'n' Roll, Leo Mintz's Record Rendezvous at 300 Prospect (Now the Family Sportswear Company: Jim's area was where the sneakers are now.) A little while back, we met for drinks at the Literary Café. Here is some of what transpired:

CLE: Let's start with a little Word Association.

CLE: Jones:
Baja Aha
Hillbilly Akron
Secret (laughs) I don't know.
Aria Butterfly
Moo (looking at drink) Maybe I should have had this first. Goo—just kidding.

Oh, that "Goo" wasn't a real "goo".

Dub Housing
Banana Nico
Violin Case
Copper Penny
Magic Johnson
Hi-hat Foghat
(mutual laughter)
Bug Theremin
Flannel Grunge
Cardinal Richelieu
Am I allowed to move?

CLE: Tell me what's more appealing: a fast food job, corn on the cob, or interstate drug-dealing.

Jones: What is WHAT? Corn on the cob. Without a doubt, he said unhesitatingly.

CLE: What would you do for a Klondike bar?

Jones: Write a song.

A Road Story.

Jones: I've managed to put most of those out of my head, because they're very painful. I do have one: we were traveling through the Alps (this is probably the "Cloudland" era band—the European tour), and our German tour manager, who spoke very broken English, pointed out the window and said: "Is that the Matterhorn?" And Allen Ravenstine immediately quipped, "No, that's the Antimatterhorn." That was the high point of the trip.

3X
CLE
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•ELECTRIC EELS
•JOHN MORTON
•MIRRORS
•MY DAD IS DEAD

CLE: You scheduled a tour so you could make a pun in the Alps.

Jones: Yeah, "Pun in the Alps" was actually the title of the album.

How "The Mike Douglas with 18" Steel Needles In His Eyes Test" works: We craftily prepare a cassette with a number of pieces of music by various artists, then spring them on our testee without advance information on the artist or the music …

#1 Pop Group 3'38" ('79)

Jones: I know this. I got this & I know this, but … the thing is I just played this recently. I'd say Cabaret Voltaire, but I know that's not right.

CLE: It does sound like early Cabaret Voltaire.

Jones: The phasing on the drums should give it away. I can't …

CLE: Let's throw all the cards over. You were on tour with them.

Jones: Oh, yes, of course! The Pop Group.

#2 Run On - "Doesn't Anybody Love The Dark" ('96)

Jones: Red Cabbage? Is this Red Cabbage? I can't decide if they're Brit o American; I think they're American. If i is a new group, I might as well say Red Cabbage. Who is it? Smashed Pumpkins? They Might Be Smashed Pumpkins?

CLE: It's Run On, from New York.

#3 Beach Boys - "Diamond Head" ('6

Jones: (during percussive intro) Einsturzenden Neubauten? (Pedal steel guitar enters) Now it's Brian Wilson. It's the long lost Blixa Bargeld/Brian Wilson "I'm Digging Up A Good Vibration." It sounds like someone sort-of current tryin to do a Hawaiian lounge-type thing, someone like Henry Kaiser. It's Durutti Column-ish too, I must say.

CLE: You're second guess was correct—it was "Diamond Head" by the Beach Boys.

Jones: That was "Diamond Head"? I don't remember it sounding like that. Wow.

#4 Chris Cochrane "Give Me"

Jones: (chuckling) This is great. The voice sounds really familiar. I like it. Was the Santur (Persian dulcimer) recorded at the same time?

CLE: I think it's a sample.

Jones: The voice is familiar. I don't know—Jeffrey Lee Pierce?

CLE: It's Chris Cochrane, from the band No Safety.

Jones: Put WRMR on, and I'll tell you every song they're playing. That's what I listen to.

#5 Anton Fier with Phew "Emotional Smear" ('92)

Jones: Brian Eno? Bill Laswell? Is Laswell involved in this?

CLE: He's playing bass.

Jones: Palominos?

CLE: Fier solo, actually.

Jones: Oh yeah, "Dreamspeed". It's a

good thing I got this one!

#6 M.J. Harris and Martin Bates "Lucy Wan" ('94)

Jones: Sylvian and Fripp? David Sylvian?

CLE: The singer is from that period.

Jones: The Blue Nile?

CLE: Martyn Bates of Eyeless In Gaza. It's from "Murder Ballads," English and Scottish ballads set to an electronic instrumental/noise backing by Mick Harris from Scorn, Lull, and Painkiller.

#7 Subway Sect "Stool Pigeon" ('78)

Jones: Sounds like a Verlaine riff. (Obviously English vocals start). Oh, is this a Manchester band?

CLE: London—Subway Sect.

Jones: Oh, Vic Godard!

#8 Surprise song from WRMR (The Music Of Your Life):

(Acoustic guitar and celeste intro ...) Jones: This is starting off suspiciously like an Ink Spots song. (*"A rose must remain with the sun and the rain ..."*) I was right!

Word Association #2

CLE:	Jones:
Ten-Gallon Hat	Ten Gallon WHAT?
(Hat—a cowboy hat)	Jack Ruby
Cabbage	Red
Dermatology	Herpes Simplex
Shrubbery	Yew (not Y-O-U)
Quince	Peter
Cardboard	Hat/Heart
Hat Art	Hat Hut
Ireland	Jill
Geezer	Butler
Iceland	Bjork
Penny	Pendleton
Desert	Rat
Foghat	Savoy Brown
Grunge	Savoy Brown

It's been said that History repeats itself, first as tragedy, then as farce ...
It's also been said that "if you don't get out of my way, I'm gonna kick your ass" ...

There Are No Words To Describe My ...

JAGUAR RIDE

Once upon a time, there was a band named the Electric Eels who let loose a fierce spasmodic sound on an unsuspecting world. Their main instruments were confusion, anxiety, violence, disgust, and a wicked sense of humor. They also sang and played guitars and drums, and sometimes clarinet and lawnmower. Phenomena as uncompromising as the Electric Eels usually burn out fast leaving a couple of bodies in their wake, rather like the Hale-Bopp comet. However, all of the Eels survived, and went on to do more work in music, art, and in at least one case, avant-garde religion.

Now it's the 90s, and the world is no longer unsuspecting, just smug, so maybe the time is right for History to repeat ... enter ***Jaguar Ride***, four 20-somethings from Cleveland who know the real deal when they hear it, and want to deal it so you feel it. The scene: Peabody's Downunder in the Cleveland Flats, Thursday, February 13th, 1997. Over the closing strains of "A Quick One While He's Away" by the Who—a band that Eels honcho John Morton once said "made a career out of being bad"—some squeals of feedback pealed out, and there was "Dave E." lying in a jumble of ruined car parts downstage for the opening salvo of "Cards 'N' Fleurs" and "Accident." All the hits followed: "Jaguar Ride", "Refrigerator", "Agitated", "Cyclotron" and more, capped with a rendition of "Bunnies" replete with a vocal imitation of the original's clarinet solo. Then it was all over, except for the applause and hoots.

Meanwhile, down in Atlanta, original Eels John Morton, Brian McMahon, and Paul Marotta were walked out on during a reunion show, when they played a slow song. *Plus ca change.*

—Johnny Toothpick

WAINSTEAD

*For the record, the members of Jaguar Ride were: Brent Collins as Dave E., vocals / Bill Parkinson as John Morton, guitar / Doug Niemczura as Brian McMahon, guitar / Mark Lindow as Nick Knox, drums

Mr. Toothpick is a contributing editor to CLE Megazine and can be found hosting his daily music forum at: http://www.cleveland.com/forums/music.html

ROAD WARRIORS

On the road again,
The life I love is making music with my friends.
-Willie Nelson

The rules of the road have been lodged,
it's people's games you gotta dodge.
-Bob Dylan

Hit the road, Jack,
And don't you come back no more.
-Ray Charles

As if our nation's roads weren't dangerous enough with ice in the winter, heat-haze in the summer, and fog in between, plus crazed truck-drivers hauling two trailers at a time, and people moving houses cross-country, groups of musicians persist in attempting to drive themselves from town to town and coast to coast. And until the time when some enterprising type opens a chain of clubs located next to Greyhound terminals or Amtrak stations, or, even more unlikely, the bands themselves wise up, this sorry state of affairs is bound to continue. So say your prayers and hold your breath, Awaay we go ...

David Thomas, Pere Ubu

Road stories are told in a language civilians can't understand. The hidden context is always the same: endurance. Waves of tedium break round your feet, sucking away the beachy sand, pulling you backwards, stumbling backwards into the sea of pain and enough times you fall back splashing, spluttering you say, Oh it's not so bad here, and you give yourself to the water, drifting on a sea of pain like it's a holiday in the sun if you could only tell the difference. Endurance. Out of context these stories are bizarre & humiliating. The code of silence must apply. Allen once wrote about me demanding my room key 4am from a confused bellhop in an Athens hotel, my shoes perched on the counter next to a grease-stained, dripping box of shredded duck pieces. I find it hard to forgive him. 22 hours earlier we'd flown from Copenhagen to London to lip-synch "We Have The Technology" for a BBC children's show hosted by a puppet rat who in real life was a fan of ours and had insisted in his contract negotiations that they put us on and he was at his peak of popularity soon to plummet but they didn't know that and so agreed. It was the only good piece of TV we ever did. That same evening we had to catch a flight from London to Athens where we had a midnight show and we could just make it, maybe, but the flight was late so the show was delayed and the audience had been kept waiting and anyway we were flying to Germany, or somewhere, in three hours time. My shoes were soaking wet. I had to take them off. I was hungry. I had to snatch what I could from the dressing room. I was tired. I wanted to sleep. What's so strange about said scene that much merriment should be produced at my expense? Only a civilian would be amused. And what kind of band buddy would betray the code of silence for a cheap laugh from CIVILIANS?!

You want road stories? I'll give you road stories!

All day driving in Germany or Austria or Switzerland, what does it matter? and crossing the Italian Alps we hear a voice from the very back of the va sad, plaintive & the timing is immaculate—I tell you the timing is a thing o beauty as it should be cuz we're musicians & we know our stuff—"Help...' [beat] "I'm on tour." Nobody looks around or reacts and nothing more i heard. We drive on in silence.

THAT'S a road story. You want more?

All day driving through Utah or Arizona and then a California desert an we've got the show in LA to do. The heat is stifling. It is stultifying. It' the very hard edge of summer and the air conditioning is broken. Th windows at the back of the van don't really open very wide. Me & the drive are in the front and everybody else is stretched out on a benchseat and th heat is inducing a chemical bond with ingredients of skin, clothing & upholstery. We all hear a voice from the very back of the van, plaintive an phrased just wonderfully, "Hot." Nobody looks around or reacts and nothin more is heard. We drive on in silence. "Hot." We each in our own wa privately contemplate the symmetry and poetry for miles and miles. "Hot.' Later we're lounging in a pool and Jim explains the rules of the game. I becomes the Pere Ubu Tour Game. It's called Cardinal Richelieu. The objec of the game is to do and say nothing. To think nothing. To feel nothing. Th player who moves or shows anything becomes Cardinal Richelieu and a new round begins.

You want more?

Mark Edwards, guitarist/singer/songwriter/drummer, **My Dad Is Dead**

Anybody who's read the liner notes on the Homestead Human Music compilation knows that MDID and cars just haven't gotten along very well...Of course this has extended to our mighty tour vehicles over the years as well... 1991 and 1992 were very good years for vehicular disasters... including a $500 parking lot hit & skipper with a rental van in Boston..., a rotted battery cable on the Silver Dolphin (an early 80's Toyota) in NYC....which caused us no small alarm, when at 3 a.m. in the warehouse district with everybody gone, Matt turned the key and

Matt Swanson and Mark Edwards of My Dad Is Dead.

heard only the fateful click....it only took about 25 more turns before the engine roared to life.. and we kept driving until Albany at sunrise.... One of the more memorable moments was our near death experience in the value-laden $300 Prisonshake van... the only determinable model of which was "Brown". I don't remember the year.. but I do remember having only 5 minutes before wired all the cash we had back home... because we didn't want to carry around the tens of thousands of dollars we had made in Morgantown and Deer Lick. As we happily left the bank, knowing our loved ones would have their wonder bread and bologna for the week, preparing to make a left turn onto the freeway.. a hideous screech and groan erupted from the right side of the van, which suddenly lurched to the right and ground to a halt... As we hurriedly exited the vehicle to survey the damage we scratched our heads and wondered... "Is the tire supposed to be sticking out at a 90 degree angle like that?" We all breathed heavily as we imagined the position of the tire should it have been encountered at 65 mph on I-95. But that isn't the only time the tour gods have smiled upon us.... One cool overcast afternoon on the way to Brussels from god knows where.. we're cruising along in our Mercedes high top van.... with a front window not unlike a bus.. straight up and down and seemingly within inches of the road... Kurt the driver cracking some joke or other about boobs.. heads in the back seat nodding off... when suddenly and in the dictionary definition of unexpectedly the windshield exploded... I have to admit I've never seen a look that better describes determination than the look I saw on Kurt's face in those next few seconds as he guided the van to the side of the road, bleeding from a dozen little cuts... same as Chris Burgess in the front seat... everybody completely silent at the shock and surprise of it... Kurt saved our lives that day.. wherever he is I sincerely thank him for that... but the adventure wasn't nearly over... after we all started our hearts again we headed to the nearest traffic oasis.. where 3 buses of golden aged Germans disembarked and stopped to chuckle at the rock and rollers and their disintegrated windshield while Chris picked bits of glass out of his hair and skin... Kurt had called Brussels and made arrangements for a replacement windshield to be installed the next day.. but we were still 4 hours away with the show scheduled to start in 3 and the temperature dropping into the 50's. What a sight we must have been arriving for the show.. all of us completely wrapped in head to toe in whatever clothes we could dig out of our bags.. covered in a layers of moth wings and fly parts...I developed a new found appreciation for non-helmeted motorcyclists... Trooper that he is Kurt got us there in time to hit the stage and play without a soundcheck (imagine that! ha ha..)... a blistering and brutal set for an unfortunately apathetic crowd. Probably the only time in my life I will see Belgium... oh well.. the journey was more interesting than the arrival...as it is with most rock shows.. now if only some label or other would buy us a nice new van.....

Doug Gillard, guitarist/singer/songwriter, Gem

In 1990, Gillard toured Europe as guitarist for My Dad Is Dead.

We arrive at the Cle airport to take a prop plane to Toronto, then from there to Amsterdam. At our gate in Cleveland are the Cramps, in full black splendor, waiting to board the same plane to Toronto. Ivy was wearing a huge black straw hat with cat sunglasses, and Nick & Lux both had their pomps up with Wayfarers and Beatle boots. We exchanged no words the entire trip. Once in Canada, customs officers promptly detained the Cramps, while the milquetoasts pass thru without a hitch.

Once in Europe, we find we have several days off, reportedly due to lack of interest in booking the band. A couple of days in Nijmegan Holland presents a small zoo in the center of town, and tons of bicycles. Germany was where most of the shows were. Our driver breaks his arm at the show in Frankfurt in a fight. In Hamburg, we play with Ostzonensuppenwurfelmachenkrebs (translation: East German soup cubes give you cancer). We knew later that "krebs" meant cancer when we saw a German Enquirer-type tabloid announcing Sammy Davis Jr's illness—"Sammy: Krebs!" I nearly choked on my grainy bread and Nutella. In the depressed industrial town of Braunschweig (Germany's Youngstown) we played a club called The Line which we had heard lived up to its name. After soundcheck, I was the only one in the dressing room. The young promoter comes up the stairs presenting a large plate as if it were a platter. Actually, it was a huge mirror with crystal meth and a straw on it. I was a guest in their country, so who was I to be rude?

In Berlin, we got to catch a live set by Bevis Frond. Lots of Germany Lemmy-Kilminster lookalikes in the crowd that night. In Austria and Switzerland, the drives between shows were more beautiful than anything yet. We really got to taste the atmosphere when the windshield to the van imploded on the highway en route to Switzerland. The best thing about it was when the promoter took us to our accommodations that night. We couldn't really see where we were, but he showed us to some rooms. He smuggled us into a youth hostel, and when we woke up & looked out the window all we could see were huge pointy mountains which I guess were the Alps. We played with the ducks and roamed the scenic grounds of the youth hostel while Kurt the driver got the windshield replaced.

We then had to hightail it to Belgium to catch the ferry over to England to do a Peel Session. We got to Ostende, Belgium just after our scheduled 6 a.m. ferry left. The next one was in two hours. So we were going to be very late to London. We knew this. We drove aboard the 8:00 ferry, parked the truck in the bow, headed up & had a couple beers in the sun as we crossed the Channel. We arrived at Dover (those cliffs really are white, by the way) then drove to London. There to greet us at the BBC was a furious Dale Griffin, the drummer from Mott The Hoople. He was our producer for the Peel Session taping. The BBC Studios are in a series of barracks (as seen on Gomer Pyle, USMC). The room we were in was where Bing Crosby did his last recording in 1977, according to a commemorative plaque. We loaded in, set up, did our scratchy little basic tracks, overdubbed vocals & leads, the short-fused Buffin barking orders the whole time. He & his engineer kicked us out, mixed the three songs in 20 minutes, and told us to come back in. Mark approved the mixes, and we booked. We went back to Amsterdam for the sole purpose of flying out the next day, and checked into a hotel mainly known for putting up punk and 'alternative' bands of all kinds. I saw posters for Killing Joke, Buzzcocks, and PiL shows among others. To announce what bands were staying there, the hotel had a changeable marquee with black felt and plastic white letters. It read: Celibate Rifles, My Dad Dyed His Head. We were told they thought My Dad Is Dead would offend some patrons!

WAINSTEAD

24 HOURS OF FUN ON THE ROAD WITH STARVATION ARMY

In 1990, our first full-length LP "Execution Style" was released by Rave Records of Philadelphia. That spring we embarked on a 6 week cross country tour - from Louisiana to Texas to New Mexico to San Francisco to the great Northwest and back. Four weeks into the tour, numerous gig cancellations, van breakdowns and days off have taken their toll. Tensions are running high and unresolved animosities are bubbling under the surface. We're abusive to each other out of boredom; we're also almost out of money.There has already been one all-out band brawl in San Francisco (Fraser sustains facial cuts and Tim's arm is yanked out of its socket, which will later need surgery to correct). It's not surprising then that by years end, both Fraser and Tom are out of the group. The following is an excerpt from our road journal. Cast of characters: Fraser Sims (vocalist), Tim Kelly (bass player), Dan Phillips (drummer), Tony Urso (guitarist), Tom Miller (other guitarist).

Fraser Sims :*May 19th*

We pass through barren prairie lands and mountains, the solitude broken by Air Force fighters and runaway trucks, making the van shudder and sway. I would venture to say that there is a haunted quality to this land, a timeless ethereal quality, something that's lost in the industry and progress of the east. Last night we played in Boise, Idaho, basically an overgrown cow town. The band we were supposed to be playing with, NIRVANA, failed to show up. Instead, some local "band" opened that managed to drive away half the crowd with their eight minute, two chord songs. Thanks guys.

About 100 miles from Cheyenne, Wyoming we pull into a gas station somewhat off the highway. Gas was a little expensive, so we only put 10 bucks into the tank. We then went into the station with our plastic cups full of dried noodles, hoping to use the microwave oven or some hot water. The station attendant, a weedy little hick with glasses, proceeded to tell us that the hot water was for customers only. We said, "We are customers, we bought gas," but to no avail. So we stepped outside and Tom and I dumped the cold water from our cups onto the dirt. Suddenly the guy comes running out, all frantic. "What is this - revenge? Ya gonna pig out my place now?" We told him it was just water, but he was still furious. "This is my living room, now pull out of here."

We drive over to a dumpy rundown KOA campground adjacent to the rundown gas station, so we could put some oil in the van and inquire about the hot water situation. No sooner than we did, than the dick appeared again, running toward the van at full-throttle. His voice was now shaking. "Can't you read the sign?"

Oh shit, not again.

"Get outta here, blah, blah, blah..."

Dan told him to take a Quaalude. Meanwhile his guard dog is scampering around happily. We asked him what he was going to do about it, and Don Knotts replies, "I'm gonna call the sheriff."

"Call him then."

"I already did - he's on his way."

"Yeah, right."

Dan is still trying to put oil in the van, but Don Knotts-From-Hell would have none of it. The veins in his neck were standing out like rigging on a ship, and his face was so red I thought he was hemorrhaging. "What are you gonna do - cry?" Tom asked.

"I just might," Mr. Frenzy replied.

"Fuck you, buddy," says Dan.

"I just might do that," our friend replies through a mouthful of spittle. We start up the van and he jumps right in front of it. "Go ahead, do it!" he screams, as if we're going to run him down. We tell him to get out of the way and proceed to maneuver around him, bidding him a fond "Fuck you" and a "Fag". He tries to bust our side window with his puny fist, the little sweat bug. I managed to hurl an empty can of carb cleaner out the window at him, but no other garbage was available, unfortunately. Talk about someone in the wrong line of work! I'd hate to see his response to a gang of bikers. The worst part is, I'm sure the guy had a gun somewhere, and if we had retaliated like we should've, namely by kicking his psychotic ass, there might have been gunplay. The possibilities are endless when you're dealing with insane assholes.

Several hours later we arrive in Denver. Ah, Denver: big enough, ugly enough, anonymous enough, no prevailing culture or character. In short, another Cleveland. I was expecting something more rugged and rustic, I guess - but Denver served as nothing more than the Gateway back to the Midwest. We hung out and had a few beers at the theater where we were playing and waited for the big dump to fill up with people. It looked grim for a while, but eventually 200 or so straggled in.

We were the opening band tonight, and when we finally got up on stage to do our damage, it went right over the crowd's head. And if ever a crowd had a collective head, it was this one. A bunch of 15 year olds, literally and figuratively. If they weren't 15 in years, they were in maturity, or lack thereof. These two little creatures in front of the stage kept touching my legs as I sang. I couldn't tell if they were male or female at first. It turns out they were silly young girls who felt the need to touch the denim clad legs of SOMEONE ACTUALLY ON STAGE! A ROCK GOD AM I!!! Later on I saw one of them, blood pouring from her nose and mouth, running for the restroom. A little while later she stumbled out wiping her face with her punk rock t-shirt, exposing her tiny little breasts. It was pretty pathetic.

The headlining band was POISON IDEA. They were in a word "fat" and in another word "terrible." The guitar player was named "Pig Champion" and he weighed in at 400 or so pounds of love. When he was really getting into some portion of the music he would actually stand up. The rest of the time he sat on a stool, his "throne." What a waste of flesh. The singer was no ballet dancer himself, and the drummer looked like a muppet pig.

Speaking of pigs - Dan must've been calling "Sooooo-

WAINSTEAD

eeee!!" cause he snagged himself a prize bleach blonde big bucketed bimbo. She came with us to the big after gig party.....whoa....what's happening? Everything's spinning - suddenly SA is caught in a time warp...they're back in high school! It's Saturday night and Travis's mom is out of town!!!!! Paaaaartaaay!!! Yeah right. No beer, no nothin', not for us anyway. There seemed to be hidden caches of beer and liquor, but we couldn't find any. All we could find were moronic teenagers. I couldn't even go out to the van because Dan was there with his female friend. Ah, yes, butts slapping against the windows like pressed hams, the squishy squish of waterlogged crickets in a carnal cornucopia.

I was stuck in the house with the Too Live Crew, and to make matters worse, we were all corralled into the basement because "Hank" came home, whoever the hell he was. In the meantime, a keg was brought in from another party - but a keg of what? Well, it used to be beer - but it had lost its carbonation, taste and coldness. Flat, warm barley water: mm-goood!! Our hosts did their best to ignore us as they paired off with their valley girls. A real fun bunch of swingers. Estimated combined IQ? Oh, about that of an especially bright mongoloid, or maybe Lassie if she had been hit by a truck and lived.

I went out to the van and made Dan let me in so I could go to sleep. His girl spent the night in his arms, happily sighing. Tony, Tim and Tom stayed at the party and drank warm beer. They finally passed out sometime before dawn on some smelly mattresses in a corner of the basement.

Tom Miller : *May 20th*

We convene in the morning and let Dan's girl talk us into going to her house to make breakfast. She lives with her stepfather in a faceless Denver suburb, and she assures us that "dad" will not be home. When we arrive, Chef Tony proceeds to whip up an omelet and Dan and whats-her-name retire to the bathroom to "take a shower." As we're preparing the food, I suddenly notice a guy, probably in his late 30's, walking up the back steps. Uh oh. Dad walks in and sees four total strangers in his kitchen, using his food, dishes, etc. He's speechless for a moment with a look of confusion on his face. Finally, some words begin to spill out, but he's like an engine that takes awhile to rev up - he has trouble getting out more that one word at a time. "Whaaa... what... what the... what's.... what's going on here??"

"We're making breakfast," I helpfully volunteer.

He starts sputtering again: "What the... who the... just... just...JUST GET THE HELL OUT OF MY HOUSE!!!!!"

"But we haven't eaten yet," points out Tony.

Dad is now in full overdrive: "GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE NOWWW!!! JESUS CHRIST, WHERE THE HELL IS SUZY???"

He runs off to look for his stepdaughter, and for all we know, to get his shotgun. The second psycho we've encountered in 24 hours, only in this case it's slightly more understandable. We spill out onto the porch, wondering if we're going to be shot. Meanwhile, Dan is still apparently naked in the bathroom with Suzy. From inside we can hear pounding on the bathroom door and muffled female shrieks. We discuss how we're going to save Dan.

"Maybe we should all rush the guy at once, he won't be able to shoot all of us."

"Maybe we should just let Dan fend for himself. No sense in all of us getting killed, right?"

"Yeah, at least he got laid first."

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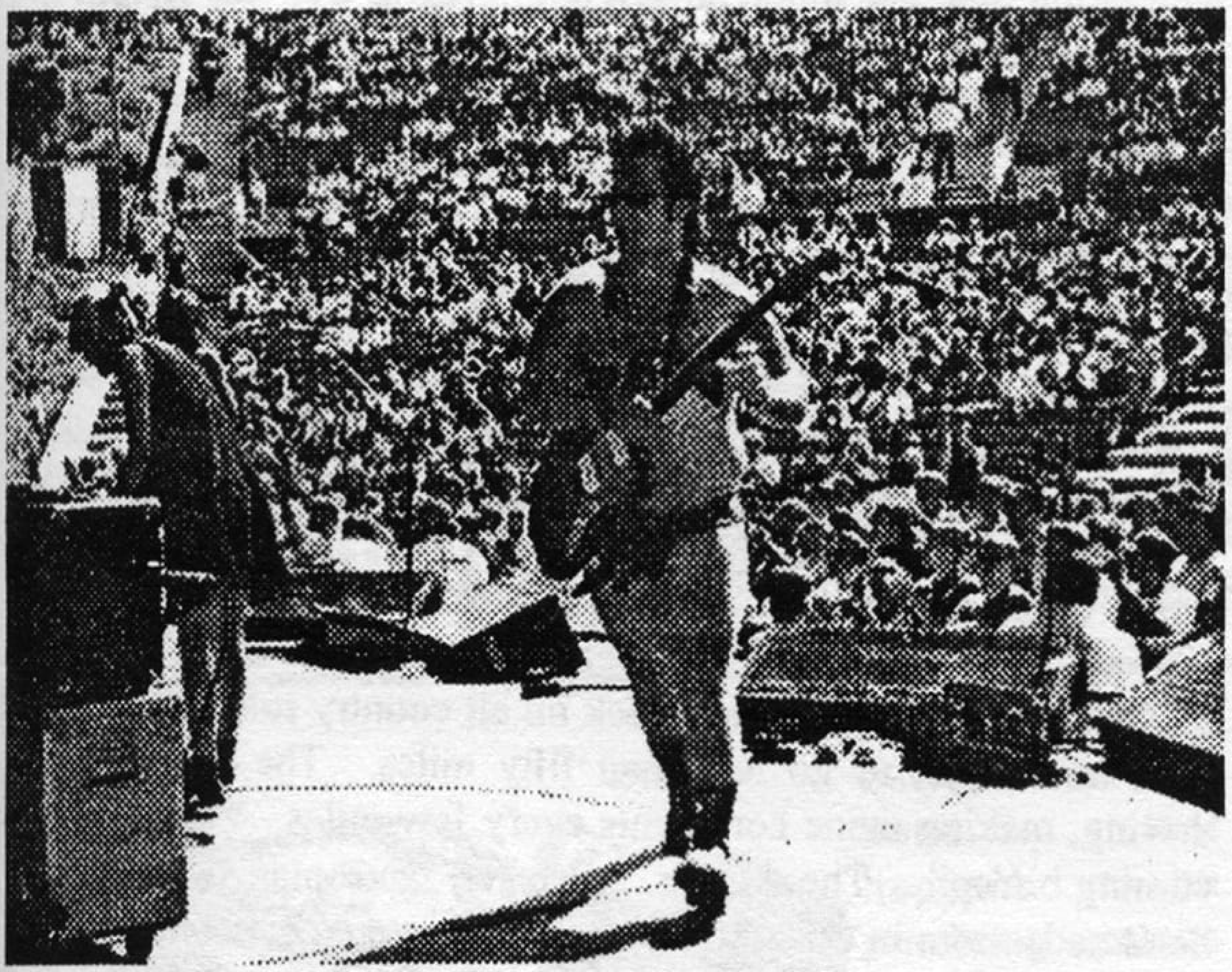
Luckily this debate goes on for only 30 seconds before Dan emerges onto the porch, half dressed and moving at a rapid pace. He managed to run out the door while the girl was arguing with stepdad. We all rush out to the van. It's usually notoriously hard to start, but luckily the engine is still warm. It fires up immediately and we pull out with our tires squealing. "Hey, I managed to save some of the food," says Tony, holding out a plate of scrambled eggs. Someone wonders aloud if maybe dad didn't overreact a bit. Dan opines that Suzy and her stepdad are more than just "father" and daughter. "I think he's boning her," as he puts it.

We drive around aimlessly for a while until we get our bearings and find an on-ramp for route 70 east. Somehow Tim managed to score a little pot last night, and he proceeds to fire up a joint. We're in for another long day. Seven hundred miles of open plains are spread out before us, and a highway that runs straight as an arrow all the way to Kansas City. When we get there we find out our gig has been canceled.



Marky Ray, Rock N' Roll Mercenary, guitarist, 3-D

I believe it was the late, great John Candy who said "If you ever have a dream that you are in your underwear, at a party, it means you're gonna die." Well I haven't died, yet, but for years it seemed I had had that very dream. Not necessarily at a party, but at school, at a ball game, the store, yes, OK even a party or two. And in all of the places, you feel the prying eyes or the laughs. Just like some undignified humiliating experience you've faced at one time or another in your life. It feels as if this is some great fear, or hurdle you must overcome to be at peace with yourself, and your very existence on the face of the planet.

Now I have always lived pretty close to the edge, done a lot of crazy things. I have always prided myself on my life experiences, and challenged myself to overcome the things that troubled me, to make myself a better person. What doesn't kill you make you a better person, right? Well that's positive thinking for you. I mean there are other ways to overcome your fears, right? Yeah, Right!

Los Angeles, August 1992. It was the last day of Lollapalooza II. I was the chief guitar technician for Ministry on their Psalm 69 tour. I had served as a general good vibe merchant on this particular tour, being a veteran of the first Lollapalooza tour with Nine Inch Nails. I felt I knew the ropes, and was there to spread the word, peace, love, yadda yadda. No, really! It was a cool time for all of us on that tour. It was like traveling with 300 of your very best friends.

We had all arrived early that day, because—this being the last day—we knew that this day held special meaning. We also knew that this day would be full of surprises, and the atmosphere was one of a huge party waiting to unfold.

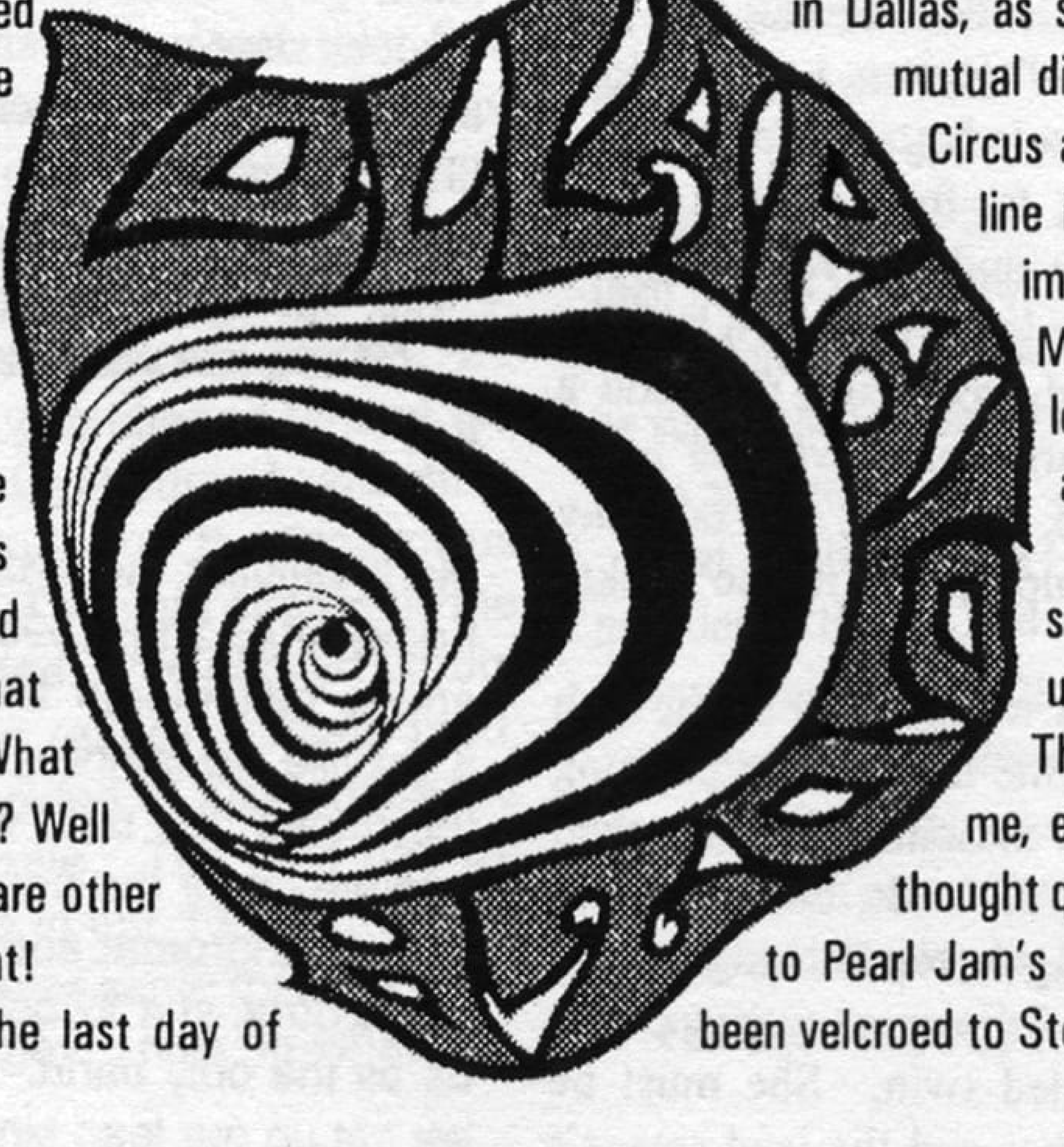
As the show started, I strolled out and introduced Lush—a swell band from England. I had become enamored of them; the two lead singers Emma and Miki being close friends of mine. I had only days earlier pulled Miki out of a seething mosh pit in Dallas. She had gotten drunk and stage-dove into the pit only to have it part like the Red Sea. She'd landed on her head, hitting the concrete, nearly killing herself by splitting her head open. This had been during Ministry's set, and I watched it unfold. I had to retrieve her seemingly lifeless body from the pit. It was horrifying. She was bleeding profusely, and as the ambulance took her away, I wasn't sure I would ever see her alive again.

Mere days after this incident, there she was in all her splendor, ready to sing, like a bird, for an adoring crowd of 17,000. As I got ready to introduce them, the band gave me their thumbs up as if to say "we're ready". I strolled out and gave them the usual: "Wheels spinning at over two hundred miles an hour, for over 8 hours of non-stop rock and roll. Ladies and Gentlemen, would you put you hands together and join me please in welcoming, all the way from London, England in the beautiful U.K. ... 4A.D. Recording Artists LLLLLLLLuuuuuuussssssssHHHHH! The huge scream of the crowd followed. I was used to this as I had done it just about every day for the last six weeks. But it was a wonderful feeling, to know you could speak to so many at once.

I knew the time had arrived!

I thought that, since this was the last show, I should do something special to let them know how much I appreciated their friendship! I had been watching the show, and Bill Rieflin of Ministry and Mike McCready of Pearl Jam had joined Lush dressed in drag on stage, with guitars in hand to start the ball rolling.

I grabbed Turner Van Blarkum, Ministry's "bone tech", (yes there really is such a man). (Turner also was famous for punching Kurt Cobain in Dallas, as seen in their "Live Tonite Video", much to their mutual dismay.) I also grabbed Mr. Lifto of the Jim Rose Circus and exclaimed "Let's do a chorus line in our underwear!" I have always been a tad impulsive, and I must admit, I was a little scared. My fear had come to fruition, and it was time to look fear and John Candy in the face and say "I am not afraid".



At the last song of Lush's set, I scanned the stage, Turner and Lifto at my side. We began to undress. Shorts came off, pulled over army boots. There I stood, my manliness began to crawl inside me, exclaiming "I don't want no part of this!" So I thought quickly, what's a man to do? Quickly running over to Pearl Jam's back line, I grabbed a rubber alligator that had been velcroed to Stone Gossard's amp, and thrust it down my pants, making sure it stuck out both sides, so the crowd would be aghast, staring at my crotch going " Hey!, That guy's got a lizard down his pants!" I returned to stage left, grabbed Turner and Lifto and stepped out into history. Man what a rush!

Whilst kicking our way across the stage, Miki, Emma, Phil, and Chris (RIP), nearly fell over laughing, practically stopping the show. Turner, myself and Lifto kicked and kicked and kicked all the way back and forth across the stage. As we did so I felt the fear that I had held so greatly dissipate into a cloud and blow away. This nearly brought the house down, we danced and grabbed guitars and rocked with the best of them in front of our new 17,000 friends, who also probably wanted no part of this either. Let's just say it was an inside joke gone awry. But, needless to say, I had overcome this nagging fear that had paralyzed me since childhood. I was laughing with them! Or them at me, but who cares? I would never be the same! Not that I have become some sort of crazed exhibitionist, but I'm not some runway underwear model now am I either?!?

Years later, I am still affected by this new found freedom. As 1994 rolled around I found myself as a member, no pun intended, of the Jim Rose Circus. Having once again been reunited with Mr. Lifto, I was Zenmaster Marky Ray, Human chopping block. I would lie on a bed of swords and have a cinder block broken over my chest with a sledge hammer. My choice of wardrobe was a loincloth, with no underwear. We had to wear minimal clothing to show that we were not faking our stunts. Perhaps my choice was a bit too minimal. But that's another story all together! I now believe that when I step out on any stage, no matter how big or small, (and baby, I been there!) I could go out there naked! (and some would say I have done that, my wife in particular). You know, I wouldn't think about it twice.

I would have to say, I have never had that dream again. Maybe the next dream will be me fully clothed at a nudist colony or something. That ever happen to you?

Dave DeLuca, guitarist, Einstein's Secret Orchestra

This isn't really a road story. It's more like a medieval morality tale. A rude one. It all happened a long, long time ago. I was in a band but the material was original, so gigs were few. I had just quit the steel mill. I couldn't stand the 2000 degree heat near the chills, or the nosebleeds from carbide dust. It was unbearable. I saw a classified ad for a country guitar player, so I called to audition. The fact that I didn't know shit about C&W didn't matter. I was willing to take any music gig rather than go back to industrial labor.

So I drove deep into Ashtabula county, far from the Lake Erie shore, down where the population is thin and the women ain't, where yankee-tucky stretches out in old car lots overgrown by cow pasture and the salesman's shack is rotted down to a roof and a window, where rusted busted frozen custard stands weather away every ten miles. The house is the kind of civil war salt box any Chagrin poopy-boy or girl would love to yup-up, but it's po'bucker heaven.

The lead singer was an enormously fat woman, but short, with all the female pushed out in odd angles. She had thyroid popping eyes and an unhealthy smell, and an air of masculinity that reeked of dyke. Her singing consisted of Yoko-like wails, but it's Merle and Pearl on bad acid. She and her singing were shockingly ugly. The manager was a pear shaped version of the same woman, who cloyed and shadowed her like her retarded twin. She must be mentioned because she hired me. It was her and the lead singer's band. The drummer and bass player are invisible to me now, but they were like real young, maybe
high school. At least, I remember pimples. The standout guy in the band was this crew-cut country genius blind piano player who looked like Drew Carey impersonating Stevie Wonder. Thanks to his musical clarity of intent I could play all these songs I didn't even know, and got the gig.

The first gig was in Gustavus, Ohio, a farm community north of Youngstown. We ate in a diner there that was filled with all these autographed photos of country stars, then went across the street to the high school auditorium. The lead singer was decked out in a miniskirt and white fringe jacket, and a huge cowgirl hat. She pranced around the stage making odd grunts to the music, trying to look sexual. Sometimes she'd even sing lyrics to other songs. All the while, the blind pianist was beaming away, making this nauseating schmear sound almost cool. It was a twenty minute set, but the Gustavs applauded every tune, and we did an encore.

More incredibly, people paid to hear it! We were striking the set, loading up, when the manager came over all gushy and hot from after gig zoom-zoom. She led me away from the piano player like a nun escorting a drunk out of Mass: quick, polite, done. "Look," she said, "Here's forty dollars. But don't tell the piano player how much you're getting." She then walked over to him and laid a couple finnskies on him. 10 bucks is all this genius gets for making the whale sound good!?! It made me incensed, but forty bucks back then is like a hundred now, for one lousy set. Still, I decided I was going to tell him the truth, when I heard some crickets and other 'Spring' sounds, and, for some reason, it made me stop.

In the van, we're driving back on all country roads—almost an hour and a half to go less than fifty miles. The drummer was driving, making inane comments every few miles. "Yup, Spring's coming.. Yup" The singer, manager, and pianist were in a handmade room in the back of the van, separated by a blanket. The inane comments and the rip-off of this fine, visually-challenged keyboard man finally got to me. I got up, walked back to the room - not even sure what I was planning to say to them - and pulled back the curtain.

There were the two sweathogs with their muffs and boobies all flopping out, rampaging through a menage a trois with the saintly blind guy! Suddenly the distant, indiscernible sound became obvious slurping and smooching and ow ow ows. I felt like puking. Sometimes god is such a wiseass. The beauty of it was that the blind guy couldn't see 'em. Everybody gets what they need, right? I was embarrassed, they weren't, and the drummer droned on "Yup, Spring's a'comin'."

Of course I quit. But I still wonder. Did they quit? How could they? How could they not?

Mark Gamiere, guitarist, Screwtractor, The Backmonkeys, The Wake

Friday, July 2nd, 1993: Screwtractor was on the first leg of a two and a half month tour when we arrived at our destination in Knoxville, Tennessee. The club was called "Gryphons" and, ove the phone, the deal was $150 guarantee, a P.A. sound system and meals for the band. The "club" turned out to be half of a 24 hour Laundromat and half a bar. Our "guarantee" was now 90% of the door, at a $2 cover, with barely any advertisement, and with us as the only band. There was no P.A. sound system at all, so we set up our lead singer through one side of my stereo guitar rig

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SCREWTRACTOR

and borrowed a microphone from a band that happened to be practicing upstairs from the club. As far as our meals went, we practically had to do circus tricks for our chips and chili dinners. As we savored this fine cuisine, we listened to the drunken ramblings of a diehard G.G. Allin fan who was so upset over G.G.'s death the night before, that he got "drink, fight & fuck" tattooed on his arm and felt the need to show us his new ink by shoving it in our faces several times. After escaping from his drunkenly slurred stories, we played our show, collected our 50 bucks, and started to play the field for a place to stay that night. After a few hours of carousing, we were discussing with the owner of the club the idea of us sleeping on the stage floor, when this angel of a girl offered us the floor of her apartment. We gladly accepted. We packed up our gear, headed over to her apartment, and readily crashed hard, except for two of my bandmates who decided to play chase the weasel with our hostess and her roommate. The next day we were headed out into the 99-degree heat in our 135-degree van to pursue gigs of a similar nature, if they ever came through at all, due to a moronic booking agency. Our next show, in Charlotte, NC did go a hell of a lot smoother, but, after our Knoxville show, dragging a bare ass over hot coals would have been a hell of a lot smoother. We all earned some points on the "paying your dues" list. Before the end of the tour, our label (MCA) had dropped us while we were on the west coast, and a van breakdown almost made us permanent residents of Chamberlain, South Dakota, but I'll save those stories for another time ...

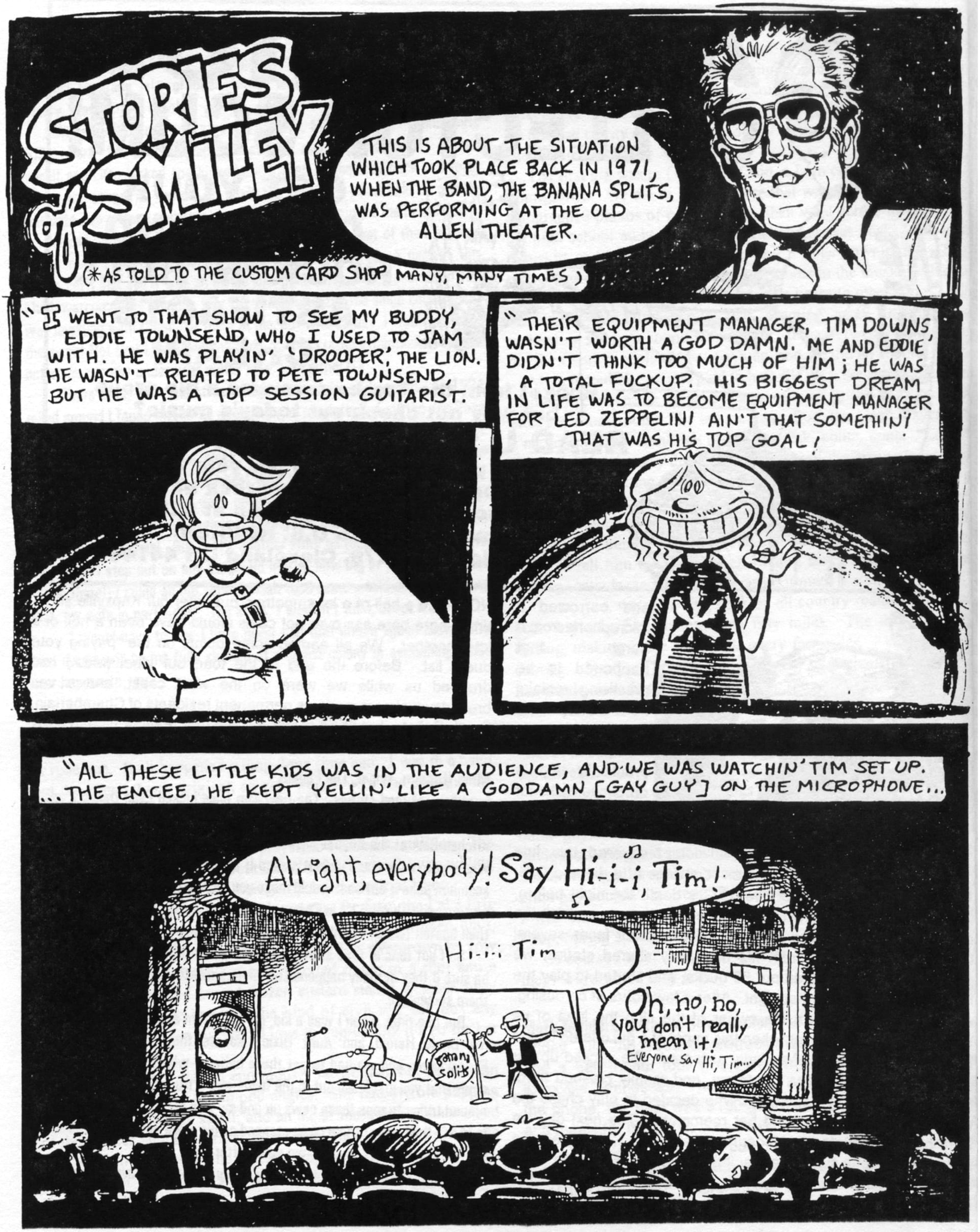
Mike Hudson, singer, The Pagans

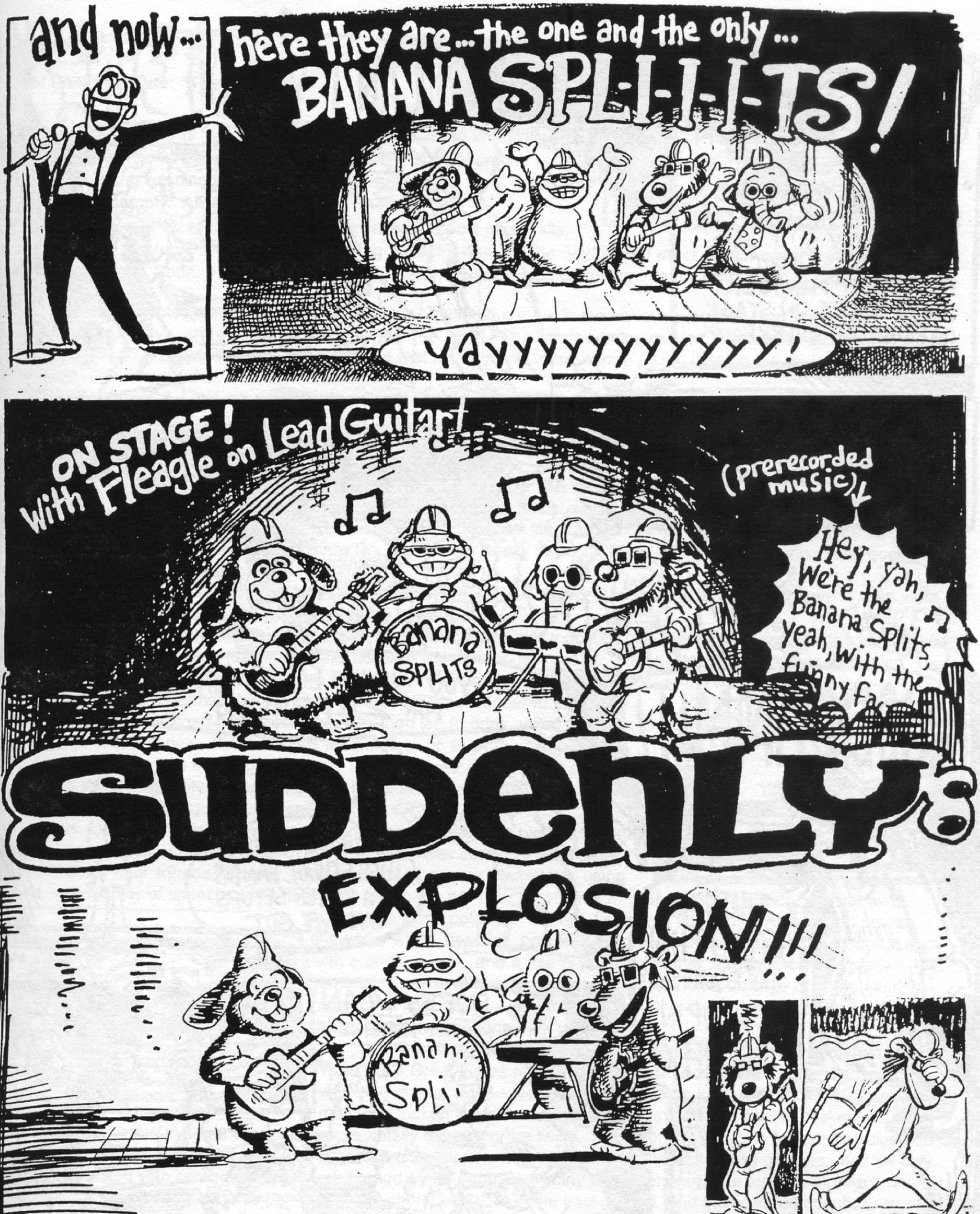
I got tons of road stories. The time Tim Allee kicked Evan Dando's ass in Minneapolis or when Mick Metoff puked a cheese steak sandwich into the Kitchen Sink at the Khyber Pass in Philadelphia and the thing came out so whole you really could've just picked it up and ate it except that you just seen him puke it out so it would make you sick to eat it. One time we were on tour with the B-52's in Chicago and Brian called my wife a whore and then busted two of my ribs in the fight that ensued.

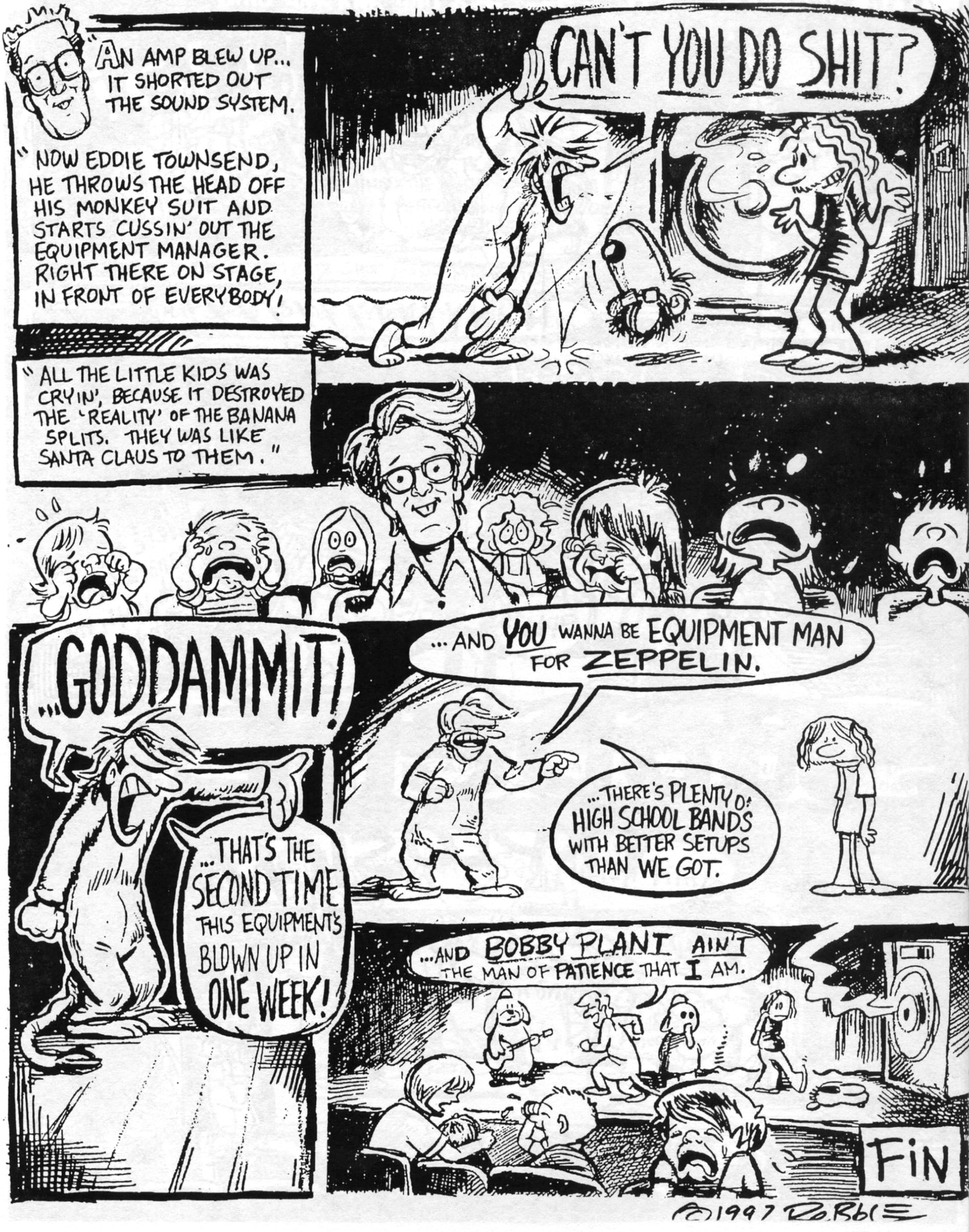
So I got tons of road stories, except that at this late date I can't really be sure if they actually happened or if I dreamed them or maybe I just heard them someplace.

But one time, when I was a kid, me and Brian and my Dad were helping my Uncle Harold and Aunt Dixie relocate their farm from Ohio to Pennsylvania and we had to get these heifers—which are like young, wild cows that you just leave out in the field—into a truck, and we're all running around trying to rope these cows up and my Dad stepped into a woodchuck hole and then one of them cows stepped on his ankle and totally fucked him up. He was limping for like two years after that.

I dunno. I'm pretty sure that story's true. That's my favorite road story.


STORIES of SMILEY*
THIS IS ABOUT THE SITUATION WHICH TOOK PLACE BACK IN 1971, WHEN THE BAND, THE BANANA SPLITS, WAS PERFORMING AT THE OLD ALLEN THEATER.
(*AS TOLD TO THE CUSTOM CARD SHOP MANY, MANY TIMES)
"I WENT TO THAT SHOW TO SEE MY BUDDY, EDDIE TOWNSEND, WHO I USED TO JAM WITH. HE WAS PLAYIN' 'DROOPER,' THE LION. HE WASN'T RELATED TO PETE TOWNSEND, BUT HE WAS A TOP SESSION GUITARIST.
"THEIR EQUIPMENT MANAGER, TIM DOWNS, WASN'T WORTH A GOD DAMN. ME AND EDDIE DIDN'T THINK TOO MUCH OF HIM; HE WAS A TOTAL FUCKUP. HIS BIGGEST DREAM IN LIFE WAS TO BECOME EQUIPMENT MANAGER FOR LED ZEPPELIN! AIN'T THAT SOMETHIN'! THAT WAS HIS TOP GOAL!
"ALL THESE LITTLE KIDS WAS IN THE AUDIENCE, AND WE WAS WATCHIN' TIM SET UP. ...THE EMCEE, HE KEPT YELLIN' LIKE A GODDAMN [GAY GUY] ON THE MICROPHONE...
Alright, everybody! Say Hi-i-i, Tim!
Hi-i-i Tim
Oh, no, no, you don't really mean it! Everyone say Hi, Tim...
Banana Splits


and now...
here they are... the one and the only...
BANANA SPL-I-I-I-TS!
YAYYYYYYYYYYYYY!
ON STAGE! with Fleagle on Lead Guitar!
(prerecorded music)
Hey, yah, We're the Banana Splits, yeah, with the funny fa
Banana SPLITS
SUDDENLY:
EXPLOSION!!!
Banan Spli


"AN AMP BLEW UP... IT SHORTED OUT THE SOUND SYSTEM.
"NOW EDDIE TOWNSEND, HE THROWS THE HEAD OFF HIS MONKEY SUIT AND STARTS CUSSIN' OUT THE EQUIPMENT MANAGER. RIGHT THERE ON STAGE, IN FRONT OF EVERYBODY!
CAN'T YOU DO SHIT?
"ALL THE LITTLE KIDS WAS CRYIN', BECAUSE IT DESTROYED THE 'REALITY' OF THE BANANA SPLITS. THEY WAS LIKE SANTA CLAUS TO THEM."
...GODDAMMIT!
...THAT'S THE SECOND TIME THIS EQUIPMENT'S BLOWN UP IN ONE WEEK!
...AND YOU WANNA BE EQUIPMENT MAN FOR ZEPPELIN.
...THERE'S PLENTY O' HIGH SCHOOL BANDS WITH BETTER SETUPS THAN WE GOT.
...AND BOBBY PLANT AIN'T THE MAN OF PATIENCE THAT I AM.
FIN
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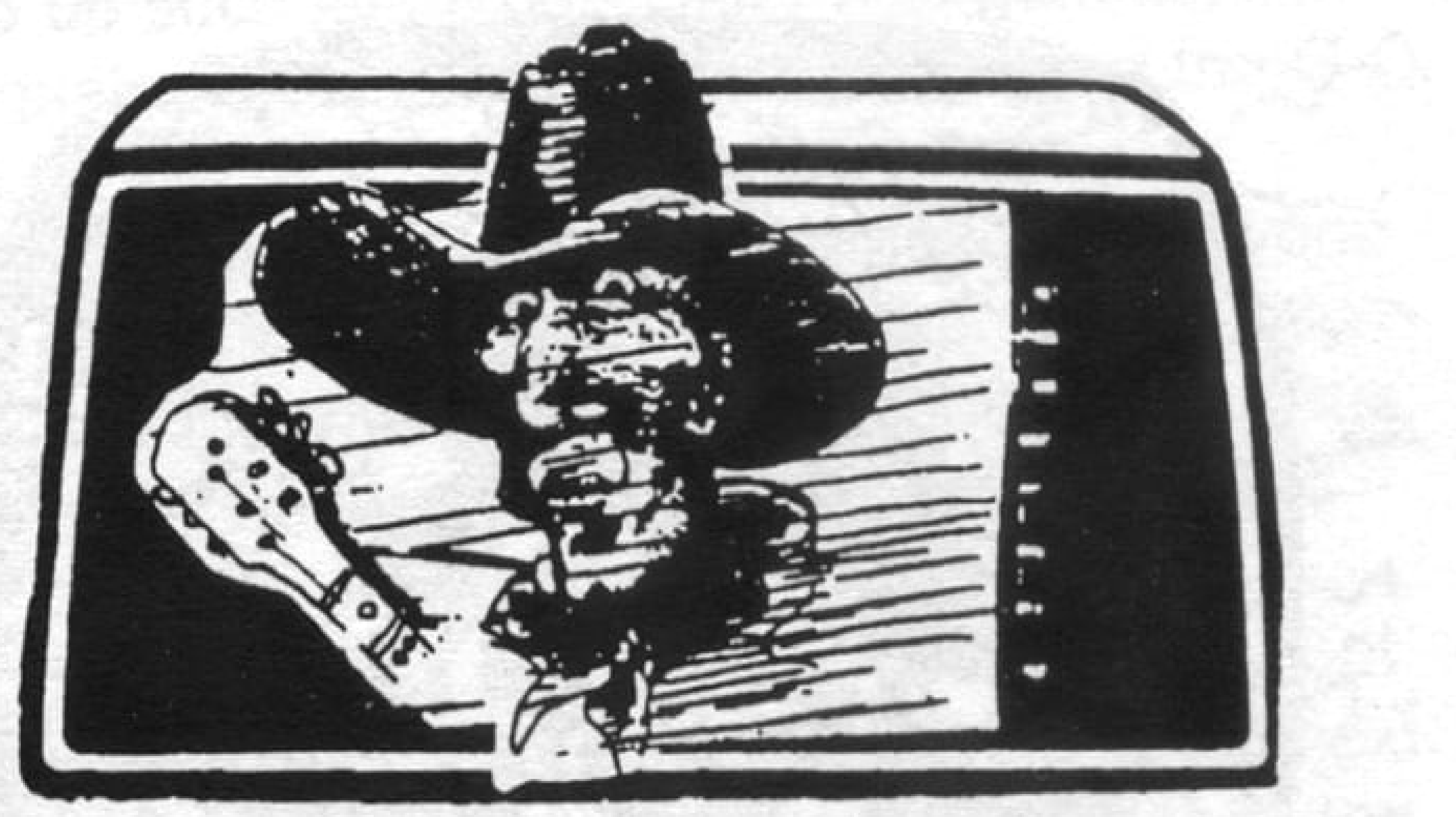
INFOSCAN™

by Dave DeLuca

Excerpt from Part One: "The Set Up"



Outside, it was twilight. A cold front was blowing in from the west. Black clouds poured across the red horizon like puffs of smoke … hiding, then showing evening stars. The windy streets below were empty, but they were always empty. Always, almost everywhere.

Inside, it was screen light. Silver glow baked the pale blue walls, leaving the rest of the room in darkness. The song "Ghost Riders In The Sky" blared away from a warped 45 rpm record on my antique turntable. Soon, if I was lucky, maybe a million people would be tuning into my living room to hear my slant on the story of the Weirds.

I wasn' t eager to relive the whole experience. It almost put me in the unhouse, almost even erased me. But I was an INFOSCAN advo, and the advo's credo is Tell The Truth. I had all the raw, unedited, uncooked, uncensored shots. What else could I do? Besides, the rumor mill had it that I was in line for an "Andy", if my take on the Weirds took off. Not bad for fifteen minutes of fame.

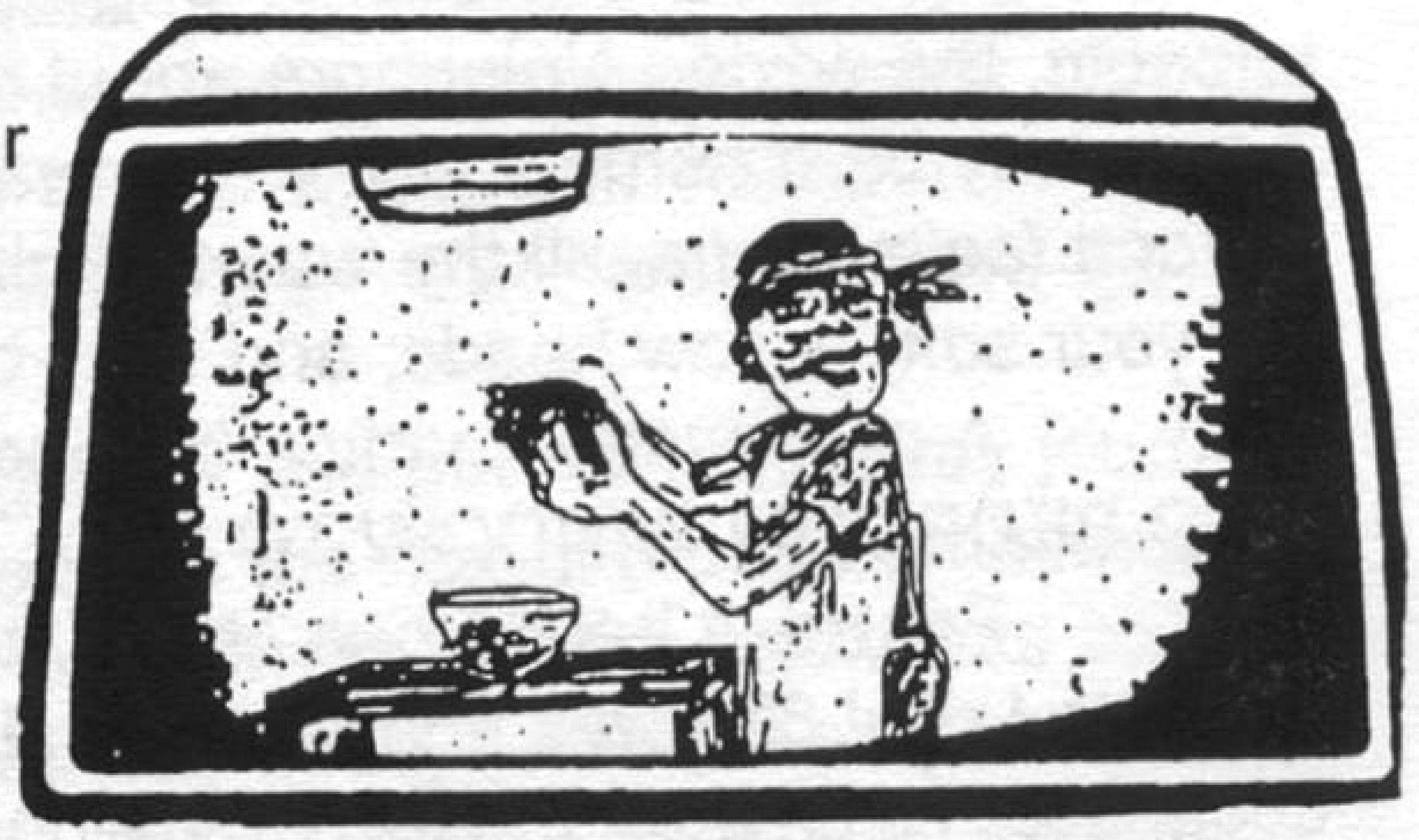
"Up the reverb", I told my screen. The Ghost Riders track swelled, all psi-fi spooky. "Nex us," I told it, and people from around the planet began nexing-in, lighting up the screen like a swarm of fireflies. It was going to be a good night, after all. The worst of the Weirds seemed over, so there was no paranoid scream as I opened my yakking skull and cued my credit to the world.

"Welcome, Neighbors", I said in my old-era TV anchor voice. "Mi casa es su casa."

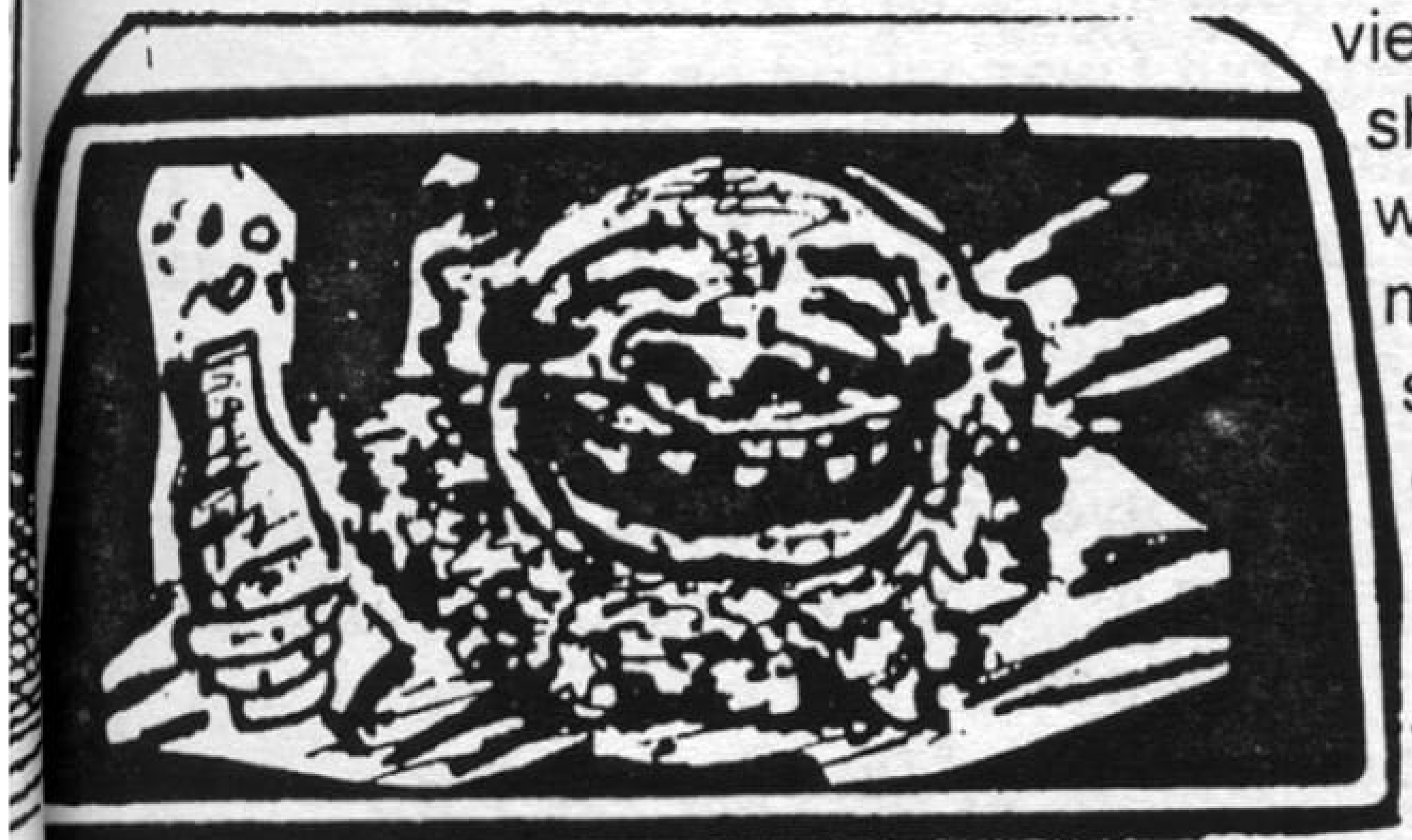
"I'm Standard Mozuck, with 'Cutting On The Action', my personal diary and slant on today's hot happenings on the connector. So get ready, NorthAm and the rest of the world, because you can't afford to miss this one. It's time for 'Trans-dimensional Paradise or Psychic Hell … Where Do The Weirds Really Want To Take Us?' It's rough, uncut, and gooey in the right places … So *dig it* while you can!"

Then the words INTERIOR - LAB - DAY - OVERHEAD SHOT crawled across the top of my screen. These were my directions for the opening shot's location, lighting and angle.

Then the first screen appeared. It showed one of the labs that monitored world programming. All the labs looked alike. No furniture, no gadgets, just white walls covered with luminous screens. These inteleractive screens sampled millions of INFOSCAN broadcasts, and were probably smarter and friendlier than most of the INFOSCAN novices—trainees—there. Once in awhile, bored, silver-lapeled novices wandered into the overhead shot. They watched the screens blankly, then left to drink coffee, monitor, or get lumed in private lounges. Since nobody left home to go to work anymore, the labs' only real purpose was instilling team spirit in the novices. They didn't show much spirit in this lab security footage, though. It looked like just another droned-out workday in the year the old guys would call 2037.

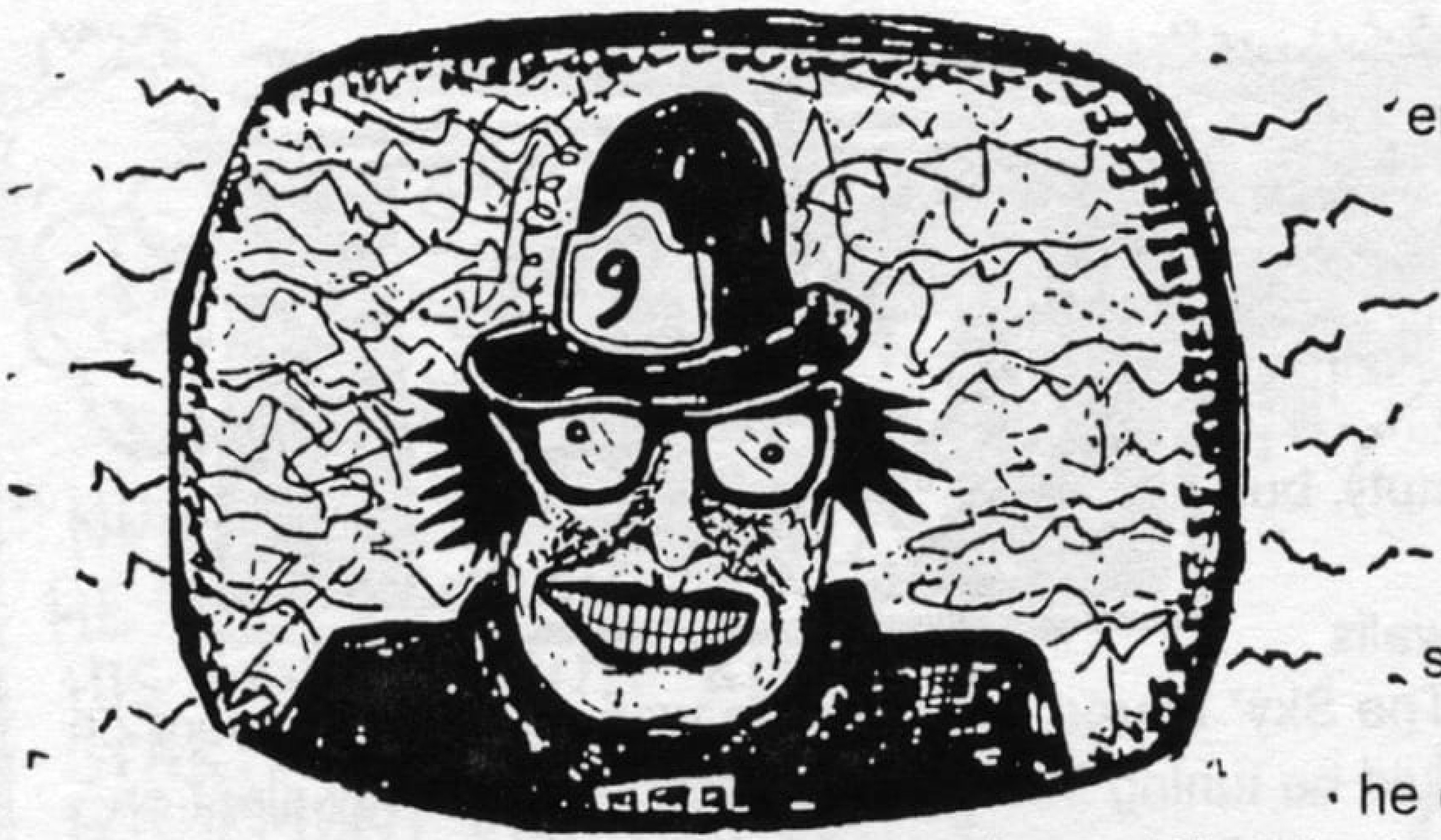


One screen in the lab showed an elderly woman wearing a blue bandanna, as she put walnut pastry in a pink brick oven. The show was coming from a small INFOSCAN Local near Athens, Greece. The screen's ethno-box translated, using her voice and manner of speech, while flawlessly animating her mouth to speak English or Spanglo words. That way, viewers see climb potential, without distracting flubdubs. Another lab screen showed a white, bearded, ochre-skinned Nigerian grandpa selling coconut soda with a drink, a wink, and a hearty laugh. Another screen showed a piney mountain scene. The mountain scene concealed a barrage of mood altering subliminal light patterns, or stimsublims. On yet another screen, a crewless cargo ship ploughed the dark green pacific.



On the screen monitoring a spot coming from a tiny, skin-min Local in NorthAm's Great Lakes region (INFOSCAN Local 838), two fat red-haired women—maybe twins—were conducting some kind of seance. Suddenly, a man who looked like a human cartoon burst onto the scene, sticking out his tongue, waving his arms in some warning gesture, totally obscuring the twins. The shot zoomed into an extreme close-up of his gaunt, bright yellow-skinned face. Thick lips, high cheekbones, bug eyes bulging through dense glasses, and an ugly aquiline nose packed with scraggly hairs, were framed by an enormous shiny black poly wig. On top of it all, like a cherry on a sundae, sat a little red fireman's hat. Then a sunburst blew out in the background, and multicolored spaghetti erupted from his ears and nose, wriggling out like snakes.

Illustrations by Jeff Henning and Dave DeLuca



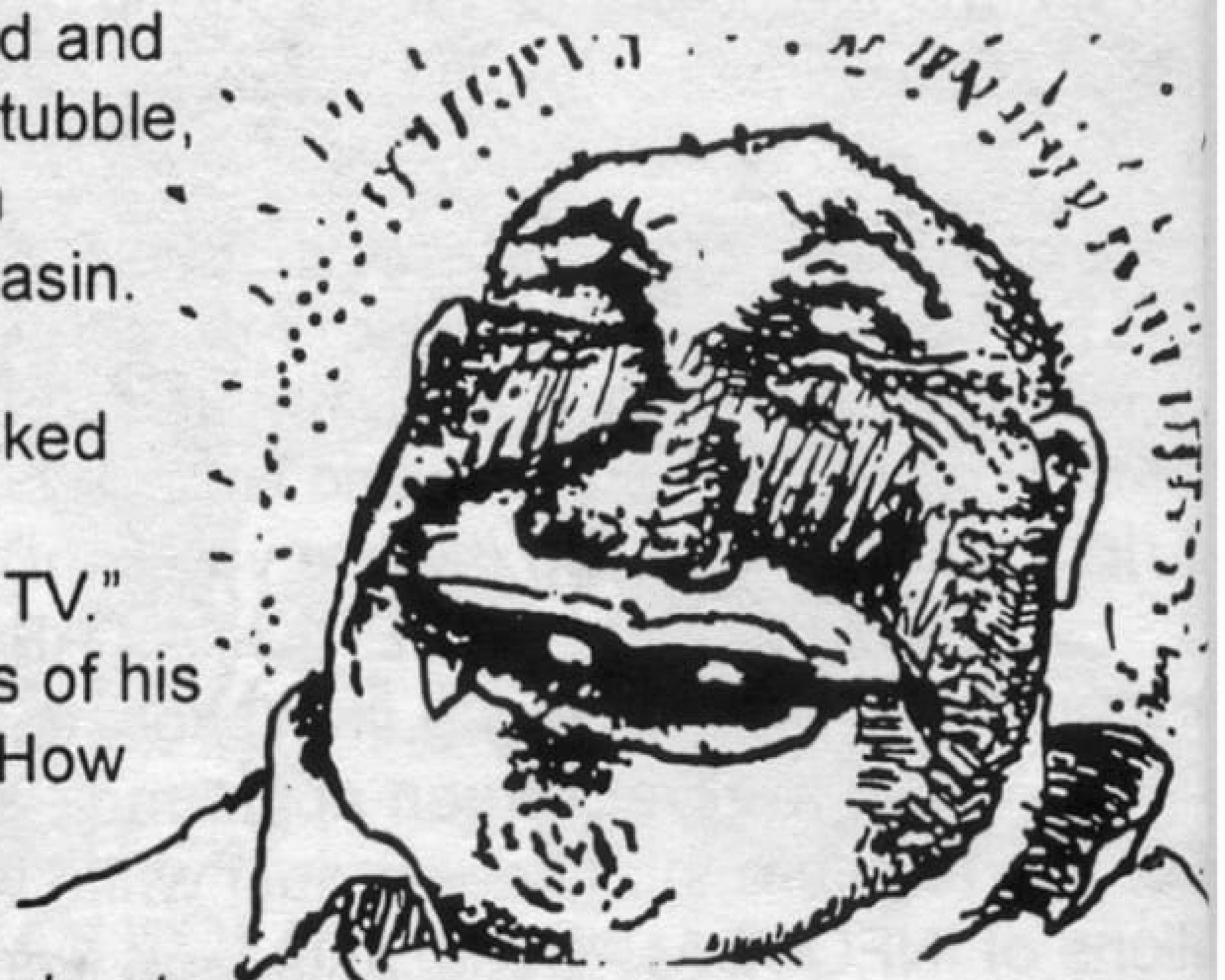
The screen in the lab started shaking violently. Then a deep, old-era B movie trailer voice rumbled "Their origin ... unknown! Their mission ... a mystery! There's no escaping from the transdimensional Weirds! Francis The Sissy! The Dreaming Woman! The Box Man! Martian Bellboys! The Generalissimo! Th Fire Inspector!!!"

Immediately, another more subdued voice-over tagged "Coming soon ... to everyone's forebrain. No screens required."

The shot panned back to the overhead shot of the lab. It showed an alarmed novice pointing at the berserk screen. "That's no supposed to be there" the novice was murmuring out loud. Before he could assess his slender female partner's reaction, all the lab screens showed the Fire Inspector making goofy faces as high pitched noises grew louder. "Hey!" hey shouted, almost unheard under all the screens starting to whine, fizz, and blow up. "That's not supposed to be there!"

FADE TO BLACK on my monitor screen. Then another heading flashed across: EXTERIOR - WEIRDSVILLE (INDUSTROS TRAGICOS) - DAY - ANGLE ON WEIRD CALLED FRANCIS THE SISSY

A full shot of the Weird came up, showing this strange little guy sitting on the front stoop of his old, 1920s style home, in the sun. Except for his baby smooth cheeks, Francis's face was gnarled and twisted like a tree stump. His Buddha-dome noggin sported a coarse, irregular stubble, and was dinged by bad haircuts. Spotty, black, wild-weed eyebrows were woven above glistening brown eyes. His nose was the size and texture of a large moccasin. He wore a bright green sweater made from natural material, probably wool.



Francis seemed unfazed by the magnitude of the question I had just asked him. He looked like a kid ready to answer an easy math problem.

"Simple", he said. "TV goes into my mind. So I make my mind go into TV."

Then, after a short, glassy stare, while spit bubbles formed at the edges of his mouth, the Weird called Francis The Sissy smiled. The cat that ate the canary. How could I argue with logic like that? And how could I tell my boss their secret was that they made their minds "go into TV"?

FADE TO BLACK. A long run of my own HabHome Diary footage was about to begin, the nexing Neighbors about to enter my hab and see my life the way it was, the loose ends and dirty underwear. A hab may be a home, but it ain't always where the heart is. No matter, dear Neighbors. Soon we'll be as one. We'll go beyond feelie-realie, all the way to Point A, to see and experience and feel it just as I did, and how it truly was. So give me your soft, hollow heads, and I will bring light to the small places.

A new scene heading blipped up: EXTERIOR - ABOVE GEORGIAN STYLE HAB BLOCK - MORNING - ZOOM INTO BEDROOM WINDOW TO FULL SHOT OF ME LYING IN BED STARING AT CEILING

For me it began one chilly late-autumn morning, the worst of a streak of bad mornings. A new season in pisshole Local 838 was underway, and I was working long shifts. I was not only producing and directing Spotlights on Local 838, Neighbors, I was hammering out techflow problems for nearby Locals too, often working twenty hours without sleep. My fave giga-goo and daily performance booster was stimsublim—good old subliminal light patterns. New stimsublim patterns were released almost hourly, so getting lumed was no problem, but I was taking on too much of it. Sleep was rare and restless, and there were these horrible nightmares. Huge, grotesque faces chased me, held me frozen, forced me to look at them. On this particular morning, I woke up and the faces were still there. I rubbed my eyes, sat straight up in bed, slapped my cheeks, but they didn't go away. For at least 30 seconds.

Frizzing, convinced that I was smearing—or something even more nekro—I looked frantically around my room fo disappearing faces, up and down walls packed floor to ceiling with antique books, CDs, even records, out into the hall and behind the monitors. Then it hit me. The faces were the same ones we'd been burying in religious stimsublim spots all week—at the behest of the General Offices. Right on cue, my alarm started whirring abrasively in the background, and "Mina, the Yoga Lady", the sweet, sisterly voice programmed to wake me up, began repeating "Time to face the morning, Stan" over and over. The awful noise, the stingy light squeaking through the tall window, all made the realization more sickening. The G-O was releasing dangerous psychoactive stimsublim patterns in 838, maybe the whole Great Lakes grid And it probably had something to do with suppressing Weirds.

"I'm awake!" I grumbled out loud, shutting Mina up. "Jesus, I'm awake already." My mouth tasted like moldy salami. My nerves were shot. My chems blown.

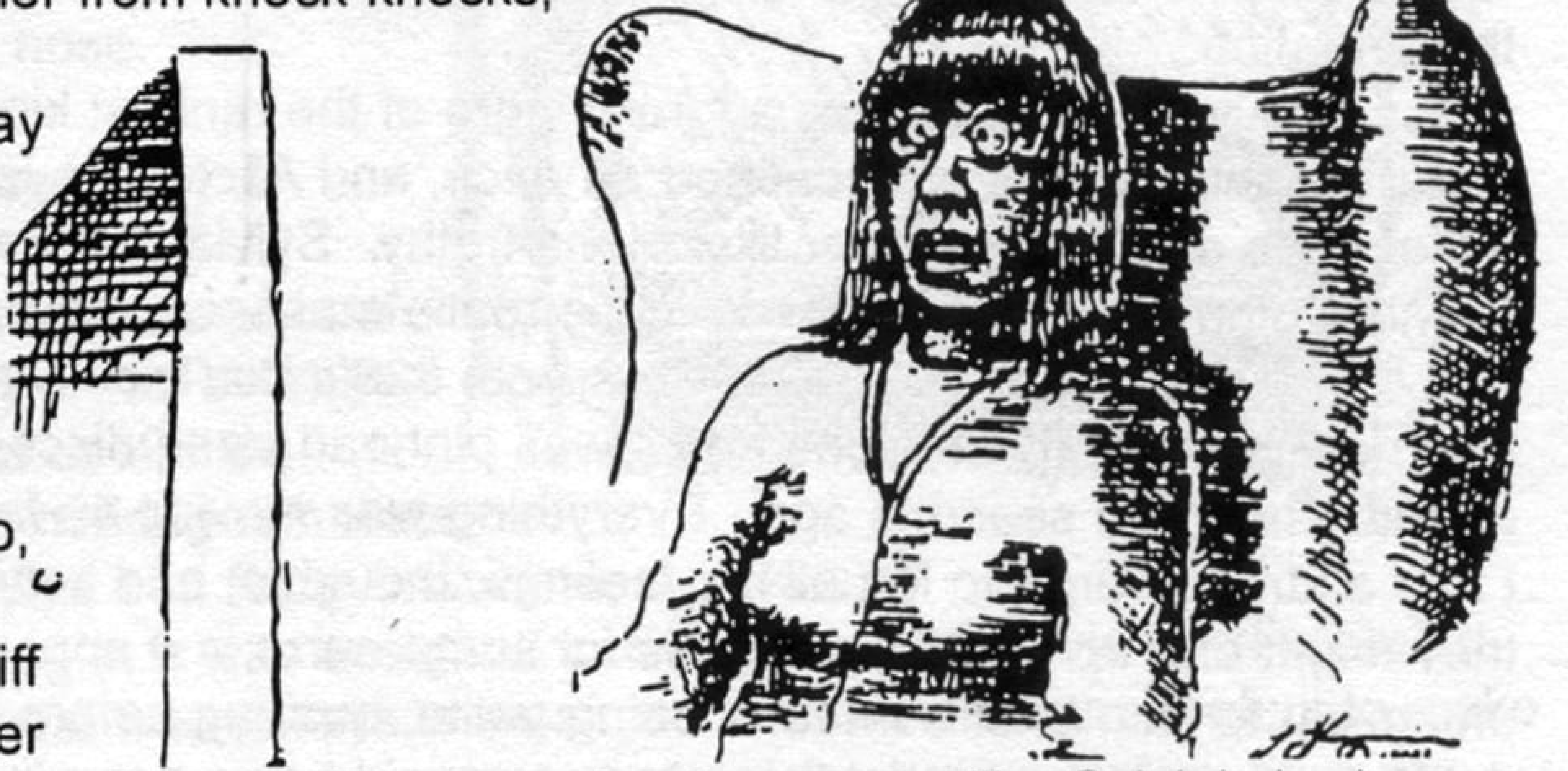
The G-O had been slamming down hard on the Weirds. To the General Offices, it was more than programming disruptions and wrecked gear. The G-O knew that the Weirds were no common box beaters. They scribbled moustaches on all the Bigs, made the truth come out their mouths, and did it somehow with their minds. At least, that's what I thought.

No source could trace them, no recorded images held for longer than seconds. It made the genalts think that the Weirds had to be genetically altered, like them, because only splice-babies could head up such juju tech. Older non-genalts, like my boss, thought they were some kind of mass-hallucination, but that didn't explain much. What was really getting the G-O stinky was that the Weirds refused to Spotlight, to become part of INFOSCAN.

I wasn't really a Weird fan. I thought everybody should Spotlight. After all, isn't 'Everyone Information, Everyone Spotlight, Everyone A Star'? For the mandatory fifteen minutes, or whatever's right? But I sure admired their guts. Only the Weirds dared to laugh at satire bans and ridicule INFOSCAN openly, and show the true nekro of the probes and goons. Without getting caught. They sliced through genalt skull patrons like lasers through cheese. Genalts might still do some things better, but they're still human, and human's can't do stuff like this.

So these sweaty dreams, the nekro fearscape the G-O was running, didn't cut well into the mix. Stimsublim kept me going, but it was killing me, too. And then there was Sylvia, my beloved habmate, monitoring the loud spots in the next room, oblivious to everything but her screen. Sylvia never slept, rarely spoke or ate. She hadn't cued credit or contributed to hab-maint for three seasons. Like most of Local 838's Neighbors, she never went outside to watch the lake's long gray waves smash against the decaying old shore cottages, never took a breath of fresh air, never felt the rain. Except in feelie-realie.

Yes, dear Neighbors, Sylvia was smearing. If it wasn't for me playing amigos with all the 838 probes and goons I didn't have dirt on, she'd have been in the unhouse for sure. And she'd have plenty of company. Knock-knock spots were putting hoards of 838 Neighbors in the unhouse. I shielded her from knock-knocks, because when that surgeon appears on your screen saying "Knock-knock ... Who's there?", you'd better cue credit and say your name in twenty seconds, or you're hist. The servo comes and they pack you off to a bio-collective. For Sylvia, twenty seconds wasn't long enough to remember her name. She was smearing.



Finally awake and alive enough to be hungry, I slumped off to the kitchen. Naturally, with my old-era obsesso, it had the look of a 1950s diner, and the personality of a cranky waitress named Gert. Sometimes, old-era obsesso griff made me call Home's prepro a computer, but could a computer nano-grow our food, clothes and furniture (and do all the flash stuff, too), with remnants of someone like Sylvia's brainwaves still in the mix?

"Hey, Gert!" I barked. "Give me some eggs, homefries, and coffee. Number 3 over here. Point 'em sunnyside."

"Gawd almighty", Gert croaked, going sour. "Hold on. I've only got two hands."

In the mood for some Neighborly gossip, I nexed into a diner-style yakker from some Local near Seattle 12. The yakker's diner set wasn't as cool as my kitchen. I wished Nick & George's, the diner in Car Town, was still open.

"Hey Gertrude", I said. "Give us some 'Nick & George' style nose to go with the b.s." Café aromas filled the kitchen, with a hint of Cuban blunt, de pronto.

I wanted to jump in and come back on the diner yakker, so I doffed my Bogie hat and put my gone-gray journo's trenchcoat over my pajamas, found an obscure booth in the background, and blended into the nex-al-mundo ambiance. I was hoping for some yakk on the Weirds from out there in the land of cowboy boots and berets, but the show was so incredibly limp that I jumped out just as fast as I nexed in. Something wasn't right with my head, I couldn't stay in focus. I dumped the diner search entirely, unbuttoned my coat, and shadow-cooked my eggs, just for something to do. Listless peekers in the land of winky blinkers. Are you smearing out there? Are you all unhouse bound, to the bio-collective, to lose what little individual personality you have left?

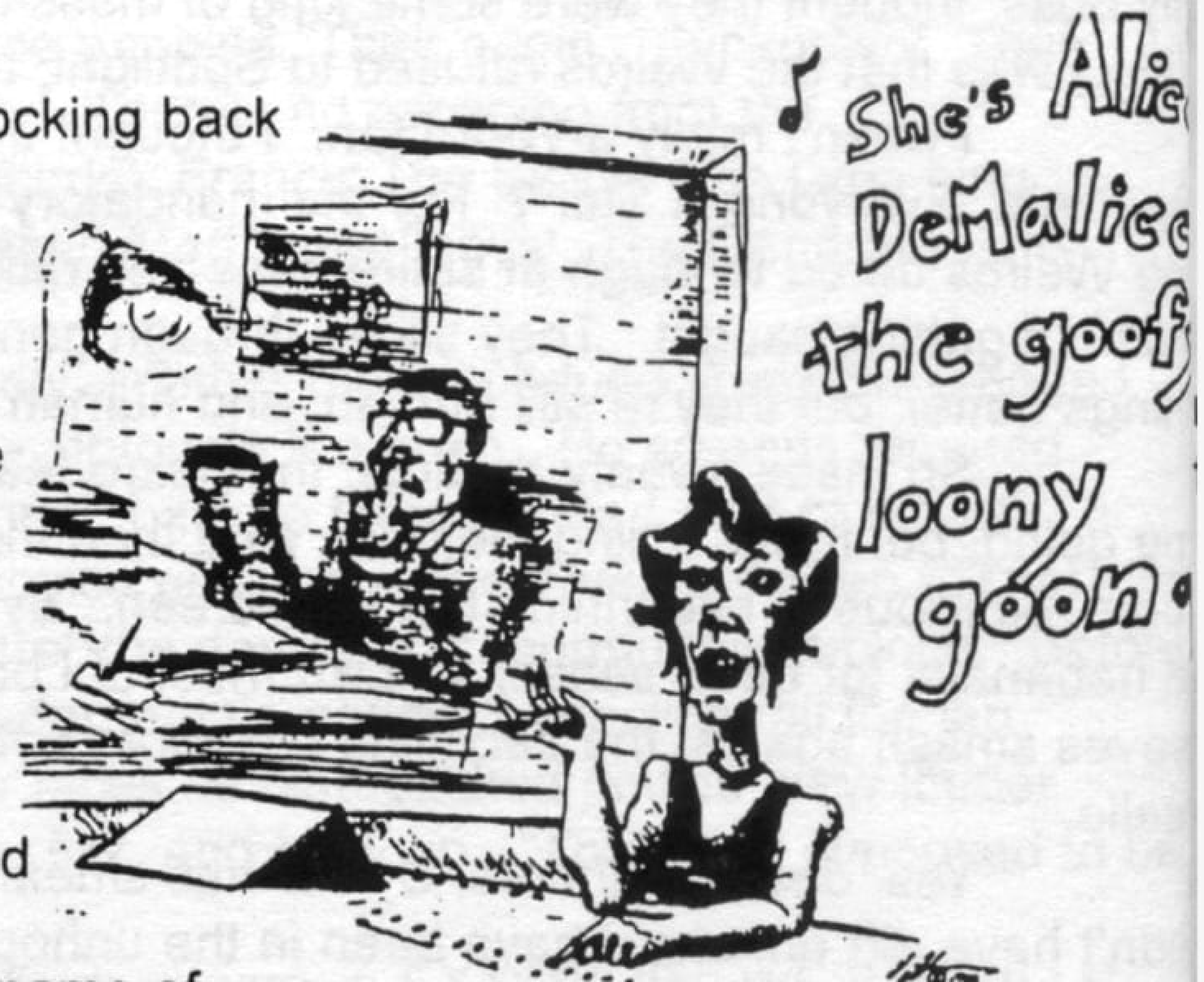
"Play something, maestro Gert," I told my kitchen, "and let me serve my own food."

Immediately, a Beethoven chorale from the 9th, blasted up and under, and Home's weather monitor blended some wind from outside into the background sound. I scooped up the eggs and homefries and plopped them onto a platter. Gert had already servoed buttered pumpernickel and a glass of cider, which I guzzled in one slurp. I had fork in hand, ready to eat, when Sylvia started yelling. She was touching down for a moment, and for that brief interval, she was super-alive.

"Standard. Standaaaard!" she bleated. "Come here! Quick! He looks like you. He looks like you but he's Japanese!"

I got up, told Gert to keep my breakfast warm, and schlepped to the living room, through the clutter of old-era paintings and books, and into the middle of the mess, where Sylvia sat—naturally—facing a screen. She was watching a Shinju, an eroto-slam director, as he babbled about how eroto-slam created a ravenous appetite for consumption, how boners and buying went hand in hand. He was gesturing wildly, like I do when I'm excited, and there was something familiar about his facial structure, but he was no twin.

"You think he looks like me?" I offered, hoping for some communication. Ignoring her would have been easier, but I couldn't. I used to love her. Soon it was obvious she'd forgotten I was there. "Syl," I said, leaning over and speaking in her ear, "are you still monitoring techflow for 'Alice De Malice'?"



Sylvia stared into the glowing electrofuzz with her mouth open, rocking back and forth, her sandy hair and cherub face giving her the look of a retarded child. Glimmerings of recognition bloomed and died in her eyes in microsecs. Then suddenly, her stacks filled and she was with the living again.

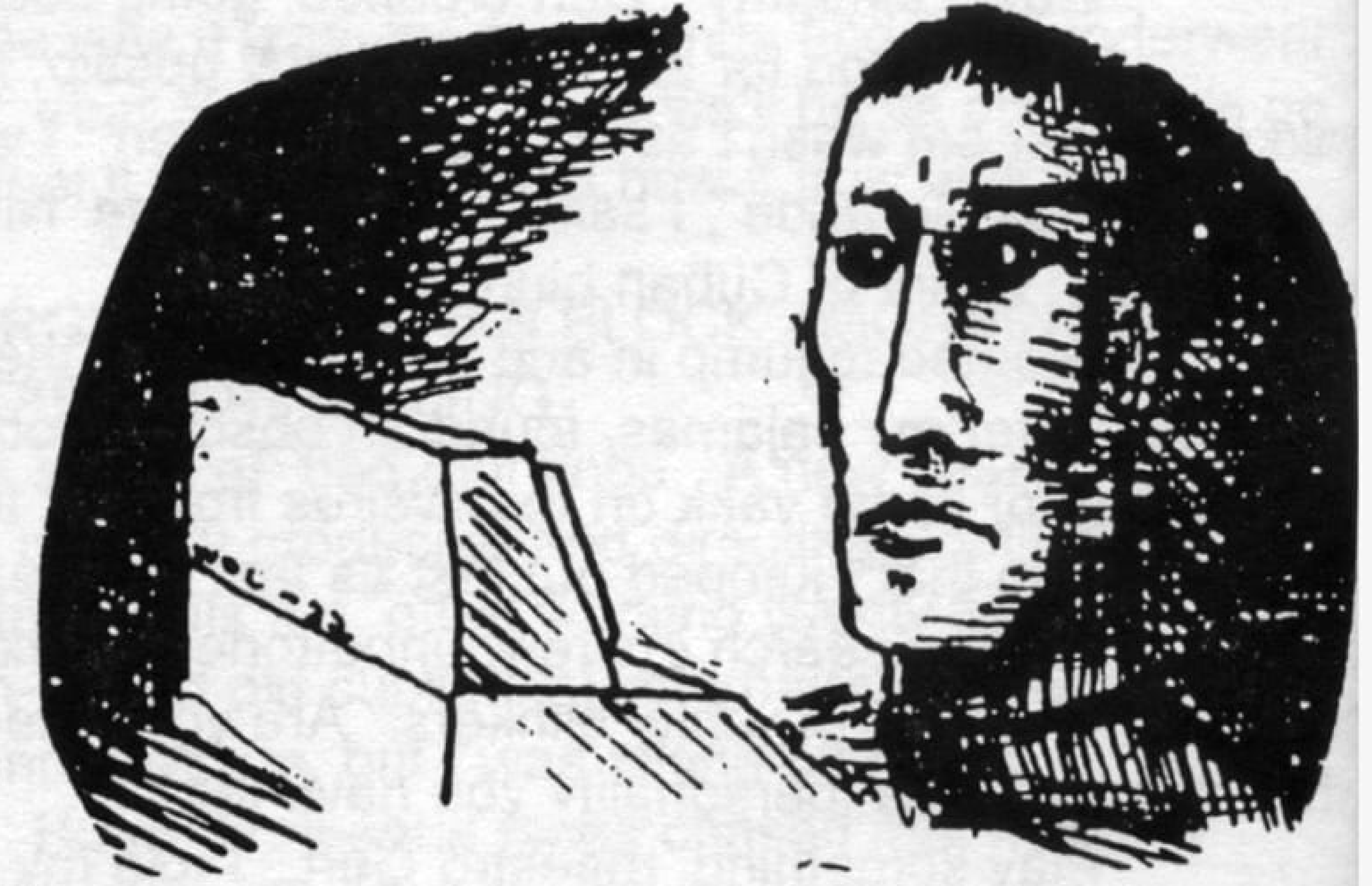
"Oh yeah", she mumbled, like talking in her sleep. "I like it. I like doing that."

I was imagining a huge rubber hammer coming down and bonking her out, when her hand jerked away from the connector and elation lit up her eyes. The Alice De Malice show started, inundating us with her loud, sappy-crappy theme music, like a xylophonic horror from some old-era cartoon. Then, on the screen, a grotesque animation showed Alice as a mad Martian majorette aboard a parade float, sneering, spitting venom and innuendo like a tranced-out parrot, smearing Neighbors in the name of INFOrmation.

Alice DeMalice was aggro-deggro of the rankest kind, nothing but libelous gossip and malicious rumors about Local Neighbors. Every Local had an Alice, and Alice always ran the sweeps. The G-O sure understood the numbers. Alice made even near-smear like Sylvia frothy. Sylvia twitched and bit her nails in the screen light, sinking further into the box, merging with the screaming feelie-realie audience, leaving behind only her body in a worn out overstuffed chair.

I could hear servo-shrinkers from 838's Biz/Tech Directory outside, pulling out the microdots and replacing them with new gels. Sixty seasons ago it was pinhead sized discs, soon we'd all be nexed with our own neurons. The old era ended a hundred seasons ago. Everything was moving so fast. Maybe being genalt was the only way out of the unhouse I had a strange urge to log all my feelings, thoughts, and sensations right then, like something big was going down and they might end up as wrap-arounds for some narro in a spot. Then the connector started buzzing. It was someone unfamiliar to Home, or someone being polite, buzzing before jumping into my living room. I rushed over to nex back, deliberately walking behind the screen to avoid being seen in the old-era duds. Then I turned-off its eyes-in, and answered. "Hello, this is Stan."

Ngo Blgo, the wan faced genalt interested in stealing my job, popped up on the screen. His funny tag was a tribute to the Ukrainian and Vietnamese INFOSCAN stars of the old era. Most non genalts in 838 called him Nogo Blogo.



"Why'd you black my eyes, Stan?" Nogo barked, all nasty.

"Because I'm not dressed Nogo. Want to watch?"

"No", Nogo said, then blew back black on my eyes.

"Cerevello's on his way to your hab," he went on, "and he's steamed about something. His chemstat's twisto."

I couldn't believe it. Going somewhere to actually see someone was practically unheard of, a ritual that symbolized the seriousness of a situation. Even with General Office monitoring, it was for private, hushed-mode, in-person conversation. Hearing that my boss was on his way to see me put me in nervous shock.

"H-he's coming here?" I stuttered. "T-to this hab? T-to where Syl and I live? Why?"

It was barely audible, but I could distinctly hear Nogo chuckling.

"Thanks" I grunted, then denexed.

I walked back into the kitchen, hung up my Bogie and trenchie and sat down to eat. The homefries stuck in my throat, dry and unappealing. The eggs tasted like poly food models. The morning wasn't shaping up too well. The nekro fearscape was growing in the background. I didn't trust Nogo. It wasn't because he was genalt, or because I was jealous of his talent. I didn't trust him because he thought average folks were lower than skurd. Sure, most Neighbors were ignorant. They frustrated me, too. But Nogo, he hated. And though I'd only been in-person with the guy once—except Point A feelie-realie—he'd been nexing in with me every day for half a season, playing amigo. And finally, the worst event possible, my boss was on his way here to talk me into some energy-draining project. Coming up right after this short break. I rubbed my temples and groaned. This whole day was going to be a drag. I looked out the kitchen window, into the dim morning light, and saw it was going to rain, maybe snow. I gulped down hot coffee and tried to brace myself., but was making bad focus, fists clenched, breathing hard, gritting my teeth. My stress level alarmed Home.

"Stan, you're upset", Mina's reassuring voice chimed. "Breathe deeply. Through the nose. Yes."

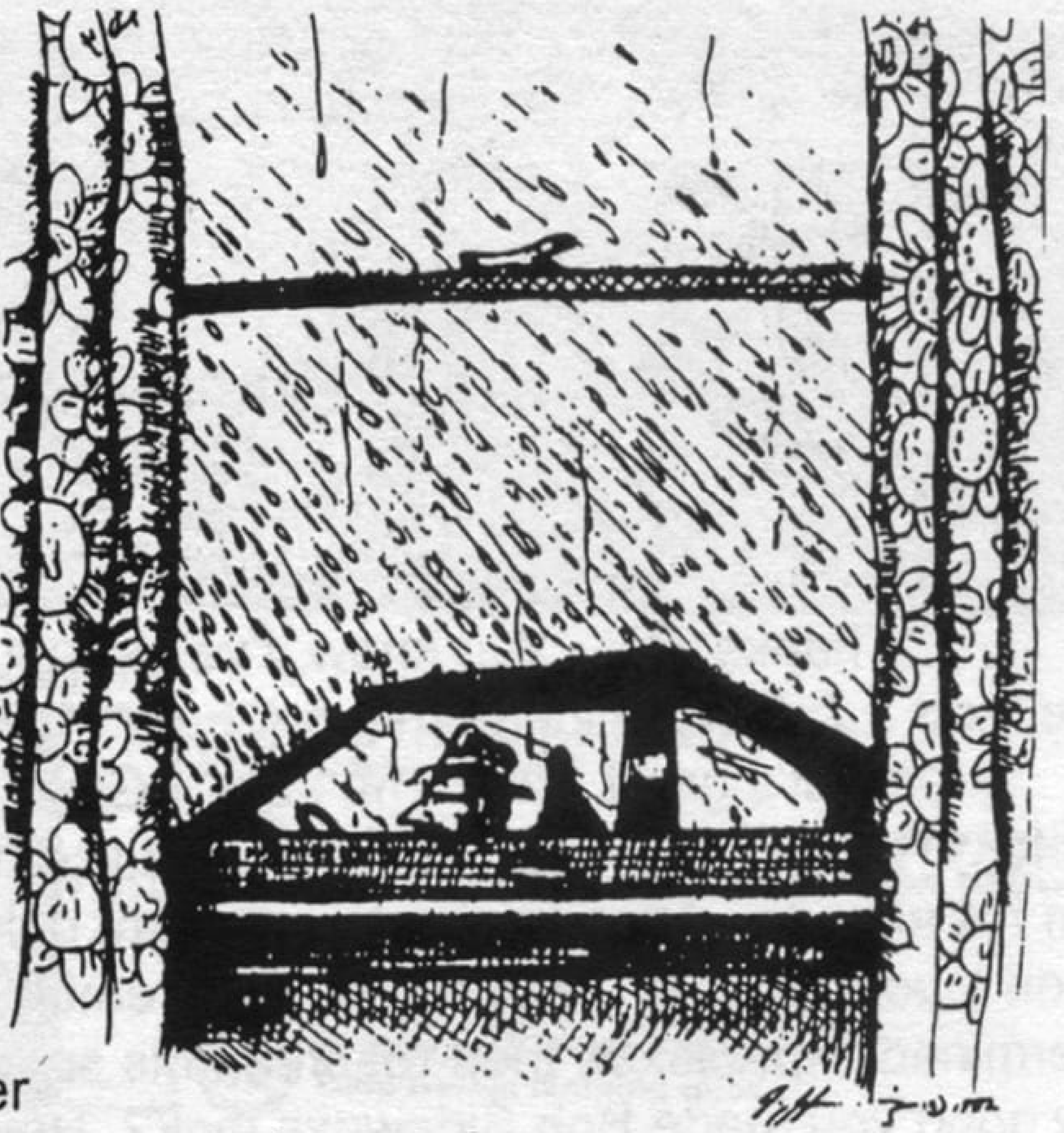
Some yoga breathing restored my equilibrium and shut-up Mina. But she came back pronto.

"Message. A message coming up on the 838 personnel monitor. Oh, Stan. How touching. It's in glyph!"

I was thinking of retiring Mina. Then the message came up on the screen.

Memo: From the console of William E. "Biff" Cerevello
To: Stan Mozuck
—Good news, Stan. Hope you don't mind me stopping by for a little chat. You're being upfielded!

I headed to the bathroom for a shave and shower before Cerevello arrived, but the door had hardly closed behind me when I heard Sylvia's grating nasal voice peaking, filling the whole hab. Christ, she sounded like she was calling me through a thirty foot long schnozz.



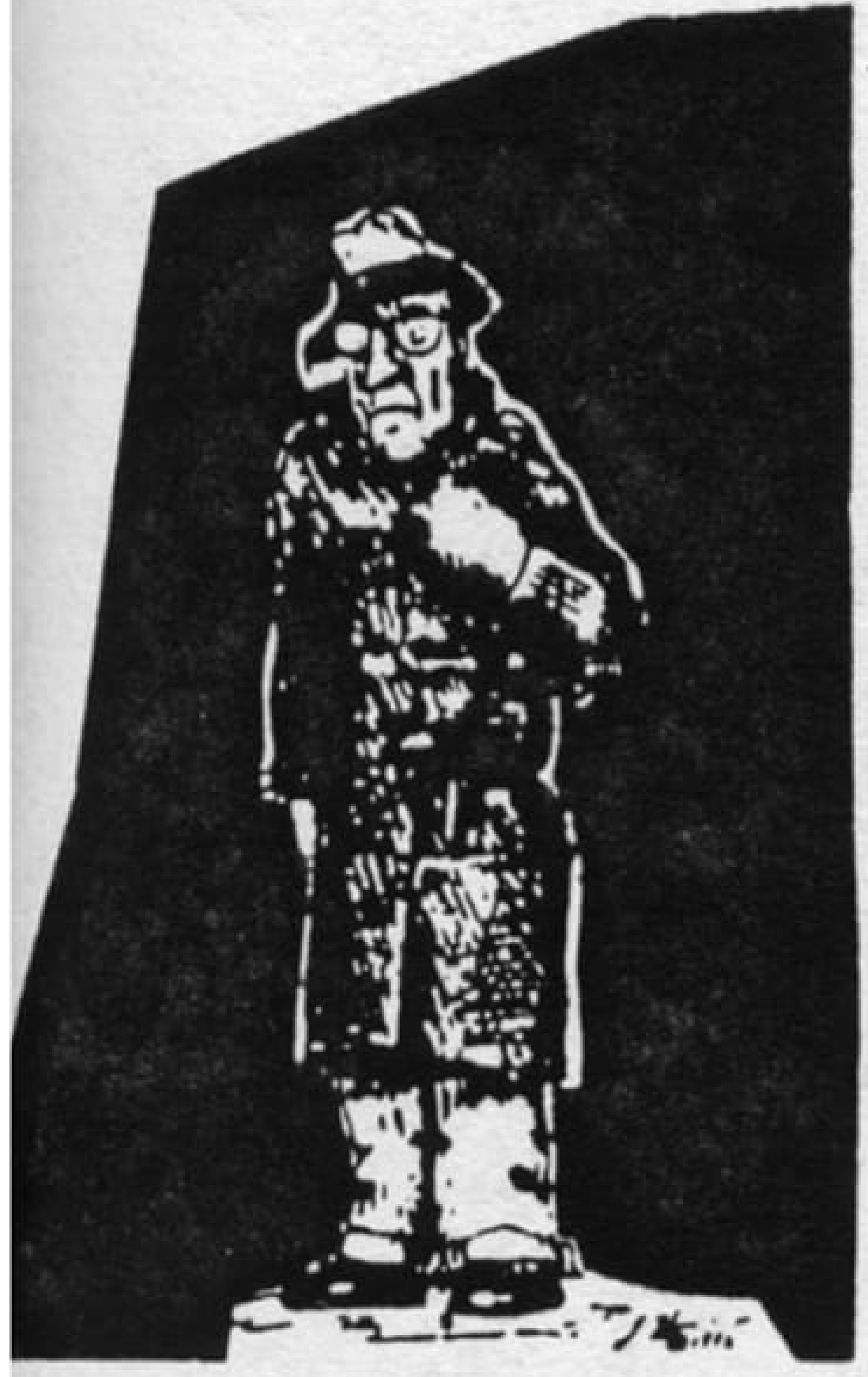
"Standard! Someone's coming. Someone's he-re."

My head was throbbing. I looked into the screen above the bathroom sink. My forehead and neck veins were sticking out. My unshaven face was superimposed on a split screen that also showed the hab's touch-lot. Rain was drizzling down. Then Cerevello pulled into the touch-lot in his little green electromagnetic vehicle. The e-mag was tweaked to look like a 1960s Corvette, a stunning duplication, right down to its four useless wheels. Cerevello stepped out, clenching his raincoat lapels together with his right hand, banging his old-era eyeglasses against the bridge of his nose. Drenched in the thickening rain, he walked to the door.

"OK, OK ... I hear you!" I yelled back at Sylvia. "I'm coming!" I wanted to watch Cerevello, so I yelled "Switch!" at Home.

Home switched to another source from the kitchen, and got a shot of him coming in the door. Heading downstairs, I caught his entry on an overhead monitor. Cerevello closed the door, still nervously clenching his coat, then farted—loudly. In embarrassment, he looked down at the floor, making rain water pour off the brim of his beat up hat onto his shoes. Cerevello was bad focus incarnate, a picture of uncontrolled anxiety. Hunchbacking, duck walking, and groveling in a way designed to create maximum viewer discomfort, he understood the arcane secrets of social science. His chemstat was always imbalanced, and he used that defect to make his crew feel guilty, to get sympathy. Always sick, always needing help, always sentimentalizing about the glory days of pills—but still always trying new stimsublims—he only needed a little of your time.

Projecting a unified motion, ready to climb, I strode into the kitchen to greet my wincing, wind breaking, old-era relic bossman, William E. "Biff" Cerevello. An in-person with Biff required confidence, positive thinking. I began mentally drafting my Upfielding speech. I could see myself at Point A looking grateful holding my Upfielding plaque, thanking everyone for making it possible. I was vividly imagining telling a wonderful anecdote about my grandpa teaching me how dreams could come true, when reality broke through. Cerevello's freaky, jerky movements, and Sylvia's empty-headed stirrings in the other room squashed everything into perspective. Impending doom. No way out, no way.



"Standard", Cerevello whined, still clutching his lapels, "you want me to come back later? You know, I can always come back if you're busy right now." He glanced at the other room, as if Sylvia and I could possibly be busy in a male-female way, and smiled stupidly.

"Of course not, Biff. I've got time. Stick around", I said, starting to grit my teeth again. "Have a donut. Gert just brewed coffee."

I had time because he was my boss. Cerevello sat down at the table, unbuttoned his mac, and pushed back his hat. Abruptly, the sound of Alice DeMalice in the other room ended. Biff ignored me while furtively ransacking his pockets for pills. A K-Factor spot from some famous Chinese garden started blaring from the screen. Most guys Cerevello's age would probably still call K-Factor "Smell-O-Vision" or something.

"Nex-in now for K-Factor", the spot's voice-over said. "K-Factor stimsublims elicit olfactory sensations. Nex-in now."

Trying to feel less panicky about Cerevello's odd visit, I acted like the in-person was routine. I wanted a peek at the new Sino-gush anyway, so I nexed into the K-Factor garden spot via the kitchen table screen. As soon as the light hit my eyes, the rain sounds in the garden swelled in perfect sync with the rain sounds outside my window. Then, unexpectedly, sound combined with overpoweringly real aromas: jasmine, lotus, spices, eucalyptus, pine. Intense. A dramatic demonstration of the power of light over human chemistry, and definitely Chinese tech. The Chinese used aromatherapy for everything from mental health, having fun, even telling time. Jasmine was 1400 hours, lotus was 1500, and so on. The K-Factor was opening me up, making me crack eupho smiles and amigo teeth. But I was still nervous. Cerevello had been bragging to the G-O about the two great guys he had working for him, Stan and Ngo, about how much they liked him and how they'd do anything for him. Which probably meant bringing all the Weirds in 838 into the Spotlight. Going after the Weirds as the nekro skulls of Our Times was not only unhep, it was the wrong box, potentially dangerous. Things always flip-flop. Bad guys one week, misunderstood good guys the next. A misdirected m-line on the Weirds would ruin my chances of getting out of 838.

Biff was polishing his glasses with a well worn snot rag, playing down the visit. The K-Factor was too subtle for Biff's clogged brain, it was stuck in some worn convolution. But it was twisting my chems badly, producing strange side effects, like feeling I was somehow with my boss in China. I was nauseous, so I bolted upstairs to the bathroom without even excusing myself, all gaggy and pronto to toss breakfast. The queasiness passed, so I walked back down to the kitchen, where Cerevello was still cleaning his antique fashion-prop glasses, squinting at the lenses, so absorbed in his guilt game that he hadn't even noticed I'd left.

"Gert, give us some donuts", I told my kitchen, and instantly they appeared. I plopped the plate of golden indigestion right under C-Man's tortured mug. "What some coffee, Biff?"

"No thanks, Standard", Cerevello said, frowning. "Sylvia got me some." Cerevello pushed his un-chic glasses against the bridge of his nose, moved them a little, then rattled and old-era style bottle of pills. I couldn't believe Sylvia had Gert serve Cerevello coffee, but there it was. "Stan", Cerevello said in a sincere, velvet voice. "We want you to know how much we value your work. That is, Alan Dingleman and I. Alan and I have been talking about you all morning. You and Nogo. We really like your work. I just want you to know that." I was optimistic for a moment.

"Thanks, Biff. You know, I've been lucky at 838. Bob Sideways was a challenge, even with the freedom I enjoy here, and ..." Cerevello interrupted, gesturing condescendingly with his left hand, poking specs with his right.

"That's great, Stan", he said. "Great. Because we value your work. That's why I want your help. Stan, I want you to ...". He sighed loudly. He looked like he was shrinking. His opened mac exposed huge perspiration stains billowing from his armpits. After one more poignant poke, he looked intently at the donuts, and began stirring his coffee, banging the spoon loudly against the cup. His lips trembled. He was sweating so much his glasses had steamed over. He mustered a determined expression, then resumed his speech suddenly, gesturing flamboyantly with his handkerchief. "Stan, you know how good you made Bob Sideways look? How you transformed him? Well, you make the Weirds look bad, and you're not only Upfielded, you're made for life! Whadda ya think, kid? Huh?"

To be continued ...

SO DOES MINE, BUT I DON'T ADVERTISE IT ON EVERY FENCE
CASEY'S TOOL WORKS
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VELAND
MAGAZINE

TIME: 9:15 (a.m.)

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"The Gazette Covering the Soft Underbelly of Cleveland Underground Rock N Roll ..."

SHOPPING LIST
for ***GEM***: a new setting
for ***QUAZI MODO***: a new bell
for ***DITCH***: some landfill
for ***HOME & GARDEN***:
a houseboy
for ***CHUMP***: some change
for ***ROLLERCOASTER***:
a new coat of paint
for ***UGLY BEAUTY***: a new name
for ***PUFFTUBE***: a Bunsen burner
for ***EINSTEIN'S SECRET ORCHESTRA***: a tuning fork
for ***THE BACKMONKEYS***:
a new spoon

A POEM FOR SUMMER, 1997: Spring has sprung, the grass has riz
I wonder where CLE Magazine is?

I saw the best minds of ***Repeat The Beat*** out of a job when it closed unexpectedly. Frank Vazzano has resurfaced, however — *Brookpark Road,* that is. Now works for the *highway* division as an asphalt *pounder*, says it's even *more* fun than selling records ... CLUB SEEN & HEARD: ***Downside Dave***, ordering ABSOLUT ***Cintron*** the other night, discussing his fancy, new French sports car—also a ***Cintron***. Far be it from us to ruin it for him .... No, that wasn't THE UNABOMBER at the ***Guided By Verde*** show—just ***Dave Atkins*** from the ***New Salem Witch Hunters*** ... Seen in Divorce Court: ***Disengage*** ... ***The DuValbys*** have clocked out of the studio, and rumors are spreading that rumors will be spreading. We're *sworn* to secrecy, but here's the *coded* message: ghjkil mmndo th gtyum dna manta manta ... Was that ***Satan's Satellites*** orbiting around ***Cruel, Cruel Moon*** or just post-***Biblical Proof Of UFOs***? ... Upcoming split tribute single on Carcrashh: ***The Downside Special*** "Morroco Mole" and the ***The Revellers***' "Secret Squirrel" ?? ...

FOR SALE: Tapes of ***Einstein's Secret Orchestra***, arguing over how many fans they really have. Mono and stereo. Call *Chas Smith*. ... **THIS WEEK'S PUNCH LINE (You supply the joke)**: So I took her to see ***The Backmonkeys!!*** ... *CLE mag* editor *Jimi Ellis* says the new ***Backmonkeys*** recordings are *killers*. The victim? The local music scene. **RECORD REVIEWS**: We reviewed the police record of ***Clay Parker*** this week. It's extensive, but imaginative and worth paying for. A good mixing job, too.

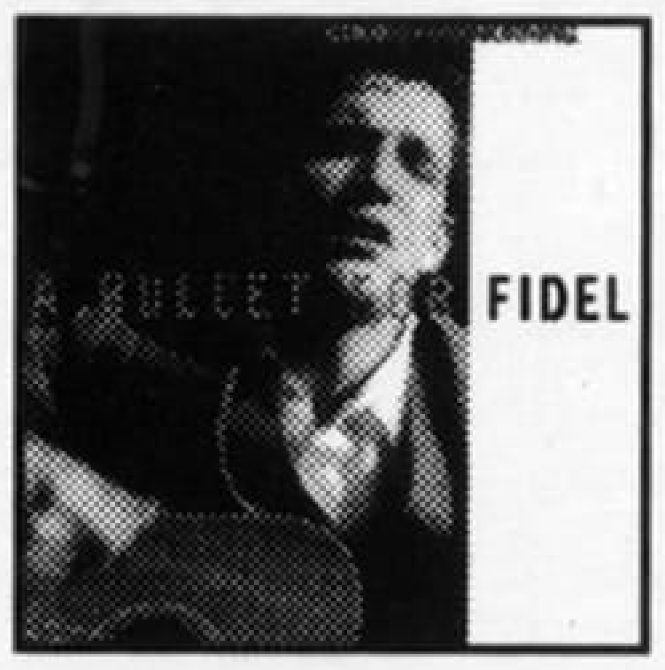
John Morton of the Electric Eels mowing the snow behind a house at Storer and West 52nd St., Cleveland, December 1974.

1996 and projected 1997 releases:

CONTROL FREAK
nothing painted blue

THOSE WERE DIFFERENT TIMES

BIRD OF THE WORLD
BILL FOX


A BULLET FOR FIDEL

guided by voices
vampire on titus

A BULLET FOR FIDEL
The Last Day of Fall

nothing painted blue

the mono men

scat56

scat57

scat58

scat59

scat60

scat61

scat62

EGOMANIA (LOVE SONGS)
COBRA VERDE

scat68

scat97

㊸ **NOTHING PAINTED BLUE**
Control Freak 7"

㊺ **MIRRORS/ELECTRIC EELS/STYRENES**
Those Were Different Times 3x10"/cd [6/97] vinyl: $22 / cd: $16

㊻ **BILL FOX**
Bird of the World 7"

㊽ **A BULLET FOR FIDEL**
Cold Before Morning lp/cd

㊾ **GUIDED BY VOICES**
Propeller cd (reissue)

㊿ **GUIDED BY VOICES**
Vampire on Titus cd (reissue)

(51) **A BULLET FOR FIDEL**
The Last Day of Fall 7"

(53) **NOTHING PAINTED BLUE**
Emotional Discipline cd

(54) **MONO MEN**
Ten Cool Ones lp/cd

(56) **SPEAKING CANARIES**
tba 12"ep

(57) **PRISONSHAKE**
tba vol. I 7"

(58) **PRISONSHAKE**
tba vol. II 7"

(59) **NOTHING PAINTED BLUE**
tba lp/cd

(60) **A BULLET FOR FIDEL**
Lingers & Dies 12"ep [6/97]

(61) **PRISONSHAKE**
tba vol. I lp/cd

(62) **PRISONSHAKE**
tba vol. II lp/cd

(67) **COBRA VERDE**
Egomania (Love Songs) cd

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CHUMP • NEW SALEM WITCH HUNTERS • HOME AND GARDEN • CRAW